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A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

By J. B. F.

We weep for those whose tale is wrought
In amber of the poet's fancy ;
But ah ! too late their plaints are brought
To bearing by such necromancy.
The records of sad lives we con,
And sigh o'er griefs of ages hoary,
While lorn and wasted hearts beat on,
Without an ear to hear their story.

Upon a Christmas eve that set
In tempest on a German town,
A little outcast, tired and wet,
Went feebly plodding up and down.
The night was wild, the wind was high,
And all was bleak on earth and sky.

From homes where genial hearths were bright
And mirth departed in their glow,
Cheer voices stole into the night,
To mock the sinking beggar's woe.
Only the wind that hurried sigh
Bore off his wailing to the sky.



The reveller heard the heart's complaint,
But drowned it in his drunken glee ;
The toiler listened, worn and faint,
But rested neither hand nor knee ;
The mourner made lament alone,
No other's grief was as his own.

The wall was hushed, 'twas Christmas morn,
The wind gusts swept the flying sleet,
And on the tempest's phiona borne
The Child-God came along the street.
The world was deaf to the distress'd,
Christ came to give the wanderer rest.

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OUR CATHOLIC CHIEF-JUSTICE.

On Jackson's election to the presidency a powerful coalition against him was formed in Congress and the Senate. His cabinet refused to support him and resigned their posts. The men who had elected him thought fit to withhold their countenance from the useful but difficult schemes he was revolving. The political world was in a ferment, and there was much to indicate the imminence of the partisan tempest so soon to break. In such an emergency Jackson, as may be judged, made the appointment of his cabinet a matter of nice calculation. His administration was threatened, and if not adequately supported must prove a signal failure. He wanted men of talent, men of action, who would dare to look an excited people in the face and teach them their best interests in the ruin of their pet schemes. Such a one he found in Roger Brooke Taney. He was at the time at the head of the Maryland bar. His life had been spent in legal labors, and though averse to political position he had more than once interested himself in the partisan contests of the time when a matter of principle required vindication or the rights of the people were menaced.

In 1831 he first assumed high official dignity as Attorney-General, and

immediately became identified with the great issues which made Jackson's term an epoch in our political history. By a happy coincidence Taney's policy and the President's had a like complexion. Jackson was the declared enemy of the great fiscal power of the land—the United States Bank. Taney knew as well as he the immense influence it wielded, and had often dreaded its application to corruption. Such a power in the hands of a party might be made an invaluable agent. It could overreach political chicanery as it could approach every official and control every interest in the land. So when, in 1832, came the pompous petition for a renewal of the charter, Jackson did not hesitate to veto it and trust to the event to justify his action. Taney had been the first in the cabinet to propose the veto, and the only one to vote for it. He had embodied his reasons in a letter to the President, and through him they became known to Congress. He regarded this as an issue in which capital was arrayed on one side and good policy on the other. It was the government versus the money-power, the constitution against the bank charter. He did not fail to see that the contest would be waged with desperate energy—that the fiscal

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monster was preparing for a supreme effort. But with Jackson he had confidence in the people, and in that confidence did not hesitate to commit the question with which he had identified himself to the people's hands.

Jackson's reëlection by an overwhelming majority confirmed him in his policy, and from that time no quarter was given to the bank party. When the national debt, which had become small and which it was the interest of the bank to increase, came before Congress for consideration, Jackson claimed that a continuance of the government deposits in the bank would be extremely perilous. Taney, for his part, came forward with a statement of adventurous risks taken by this repository of public trust and solvency, and strongly opposed vesting in it functions which might at any moment involve the nation in financial ruin.

Finding his opinion so ably seconded and his suspicions confirmed, Jackson determined on immediate action. To Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, he sent a letter instructing a removal of the public deposits. Mr. Duane hesitated, then refused to comply, and was at last deprived of office. Jackson looked around among his counsellors for a man of strict integrity and indomitable purpose, and found him in Taney. He was made Secretary of the Treasury without delay, and he immediately carried into operation the President's instructions, which had also been his own counsels. Then came the order for the removal of the deposits, the partial insolvency of the bank, the calling in of loans and discounts, the pressure on the State banks, and the financial difficulties which, severe

as they were, averted a far more grievous calamity. Taney's tact and Jackson's forethought saved the government from impending bankruptcy. The depression of the markets and the stagnation of trade which followed the drain upon the bank's coffers were but an earnest of what might have been expected had the bank directors been permitted to squander the public revenues in unsafe ventures and the purchase of party influence. The sufferings of the poorer classes, which are ultimately affected by all financial agitations, have been left at Taney's door by his political opponents. But does it not rather redound to his praise to know that he of all men detected the impending crash and sacrificed popularity to avert it?

Time passed and the bank question was forgotten in graver issues which arose. Some of the States waxed intractable under an irksome tariff, and loudly demanded relief. Then their rights came into Congress for discussion, together with the question of the government's real powers. The talents of a period fertile beyond all others in forensic genius were brought to bear upon these issues. The wisest statesmen debated them and the sagest jurists passed upon them. It was in the middle of this agitation that Mr. Taney was raised to the high position in the fulness of whose honors he died.

On the 6th of July, 1835, Chief-Justice Marshall breathed his last. He was a man of such eminence that his name has passed into proverbial use as the synonyme of high judicial talents. To succeed him Roger Brooke Taney was nominated. He had enemies who eagerly opposed him; many who ma-

ligned and denounced him. But these were but as the fire that chasteneth; and Taney, in assuming the ermine of chief judge, rose higher in public esteem because of their machinations. History when, after the lapse of years it looks upon this period with a calm eye and surveys the actors in the great drama in their several rôles, will decide whether the chief-justice was really worthy of his high responsibilities. It is only when the temporary spasms and agitations of political controversy have subsided and the schemes of statesmen have been permitted to mature that we can presume to pass upon them.

The records of Taney's term fill no barren page in American history. Never before or since were state questions of such deep interest to the country submitted for adjudication; and never did the exigencies of any time call more loudly for a full and clear definition of the law. The governing laws of the nation were yet imperfect. Complete in themselves, they lacked consistency and directness. Questions of State rights were ever being raised, and were found to clash with the prerogatives of the Federal government. It required a hand to sift and settle everything—to set aside bias, opinion, conviction itself—everything but the letter of the law. Taney's decisions are condemned for their unmitigated rigor. That is precisely the quality for which they should be extolled. The constitution had to be defined. It afterwards remained for legislators to remodel it if they thought fit. It had to be defined; and Taney, laying aside prejudice, sympathy, and self-concern, devoted himself to a task which was

as difficult as it was ungrateful. He did not pretend to say what the law should be; he only sought to show what it was. As expounder of the constitution, he could only interpret it in its literal construction. "It speaks," said he, "in the same words, with the same meaning and intent, with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers, and was voted on and adopted by the people of the United States. Any other rule of construction would abrogate the judicial character of this court and make it the mere reflex of the popular opinion or passion of the day. This court was not created by the constitution for such purposes. Higher and graver trusts have been confided to it; and it must not falter in the path of duty."

Nor did it. Taney's justice was old Roman justice—strict, unerring, implacable. Nothing could pervert it or turn it a hair's breadth from the even tenor of its way. What the law set forth he abided by. If it conflicted with human justice he did not hide its deformity. If it were severe he did not presume to tamper with it. If it faltered he did not urge it on. Taney discharged his duty to the letter. He expounded laws which were not of his making, that their force might be clearly understood, and their flaws, if they had any, be detected.

We will not follow him through his judicial trials, for trials they were. Taney's enemies never let an occasion slip to pick a flaw in his decisions or to challenge his motives. We will come down to the Dred Scott case, than which no legal question submitted to the judgment of courts was ever more important in its consequences. The

abolitionists and free-soilers had for a long time been at points with the administration, and this decision of Taney's effected a coalition between them. Then came the anti-slavery demonstrations, Lincoln, and the war. This Dred Scott case has been a weapon freely used by the enemies of the chief-justice to deface his good repute. They charge him with the grossest perversion of existing statutes, and hold the subsequent legislation on which his argument was based to be idle and impertinent. The eternal principles of justice have more than once been paraded by demagogues, and their violation charged on men of the purest integrity. And so it proved with Taney. For months the opinion of the chief-justice was hacked at with partisan blades. Learned senators and virulent party-men handled it roughly. Their charge gained ground among willing adherents, and has come down with them, to our day, that Roger Brooke Taney was slavery's confirmed advocate. But for him, they held, abolition would have become a matter of civil settlement. But for him, the Slave Power, deprived of legal sanctions, would have shrunk and collapsed.

How idle are these charges may not appear till we look beneath the judge's ermine to the man it covered. Taney as a man was at heart a practical abolitionist. He did not theorize as others did and wait for an example to be offered him. He set the example himself. His own slaves he manumitted, and he reproved the severity of others to their bondsmen. Many and many a little incident is told of his kindness to the enslaved people. He never despised them,

he never oppressed them; he always acted their friend and sympathizer. Taney never advocated slavery. He never by act or utterance gave it support. But he *did* tell his generation what its fathers had decreed years before and which he was not empowered to change.

He interpreted the laws that regulated slavery and recognized it. He only pointed out the works of others without attempting to construct.

Is the tottering *cicerone* you meet in a cathedral on the Continent, and who points out to you and explains the structure's several beauties or defects, to be confounded with the architect who built it? Is he to be extolled for its perfections or held responsible for its blemishes? Assuredly not. And no more is Roger Brooke Taney amenable for his definitions of the law. When history sifts his character and studies it she will fairly acquit him. She cannot do otherwise. But until such time it is well for us Catholics to know that we are warranted in having a just pride in the grand old jurist. He was a Catholic zealous and devout, always strictly observant of his duties and interested in the progress of his creed in the land he loved so well. Long ago he died; his successor, too, has passed to an honored grave. But Taney's memory is a legacy of which time will not rob us. It has become historic. As the years pass it will be honored all the more. And when the student of the future cons the record of this country's great names, surely there will be, beside that of the model Justice Marshall, a fellow place for Roger Brooke Taney.

C. C.

JOHN CARROLL'S WIFE—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

I.

A quaint, old-fashioned room, forming the setting to a picture as bright and pretty as any one of the home interiors which the domestic painters of the Academy love to depict—a room that might have been built in the reign of Queen Anne, so full was it of nooks and angles, in which no modern furniture could by any possibility be induced to fit—a room that matter-of-fact people, with an eye to the economical cutting of their carpets, call uncomfortable and awkward; but a room which, having once known, you never forgot. You might have been happy or you might have been sorry there; but so surely as in after years you looked back upon your happiness or your sorrow, back came the remembrance of the thick walls, in which the doors stood as it were in recesses—walls on which somehow the modern paper looked out of character; and you loved or hated the room accordingly as you loved or hated the people you had met within it.

Something of this Hester Carroll felt rather than thought, as, with her busy little hands lying in unwonted idleness on her lap, she sat waiting for her husband's return on the evening of the fifth anniversary of her wedding day.

Nearly five years ago she entered that room; that had been her first glimpse of her new home; and a happy smile rippled over her lips as she remembered how closely her husband watched her to catch the first gleam of pleasure or disappointment.

"I told him then that I knew I should like it; and I almost think I love it now—my dear, happy home," murmured Hester, and she tried to remember exactly how it looked then; but that was not so easy; there were so many little additions and improvements, that had come one by one, but that seemed part and parcel of the room now. There were the lace curtains she had bought with her first pocket-money, the couch her husband had got for her during some slight illness, the work-table that had been another of his presents, and the fern case that was her own last extravagance.

"It was not so untidy then," thought Hester, looking at the grand piano strewn with loose sheets of manuscript music, and her glance wandering round; "the things were new, but it looks more home-like now, and I'm a better manager. I'm sure the arrangement of the tea-table is a masterpiece; and I don't believe a professed cook could make a better cake. The first I made,

all the currants settled at the bottom. I never found out how that was; I—”

“Didn’t stir it up, perhaps.”

“Oh, John, how silly you are!” cried Hester. “You need not come up so quietly another time.”

“My boots were so fearfully muddy, that I took them off in the hall, for fear of leaving my trail behind me on the stair-carpet,” he replied; “but let’s have tea, darling; I’m both hungry and tired.”

“And wet through, too, I believe,” said Hester, putting her hand on her husband’s coat-sleeve as he kissed her. “Have you walked all the way down Broadway, John?”

“Yes, dear, the stages were more unpleasant than walking, and I could not afford a cab.”

“You could afford a cab, it seems to me, John, better than you could afford to catch cold,” said Hester, as she cut her cake with a great deal of savage determination; “you have no business to do it—you ought to think of Amy and me.”

“Ah, where is Amy?” he asked, “gone to bed?”

“No; she’s asleep on the hearth-rug,” replied Hester; “take your coat off and ring the bell, John, before you touch her.”

Very obediently, being a model husband, John attended to this injunction, and then very gently, as if she were composed of something extremely likely to break, he lifted the sleeping child from the floor, and Amy, after rubbing her eyes for some time, and becoming gradually aware of the fact that she was to be allowed to share the delights of a “high tea,” forthwith proceeded to extend her privileges to the utmost

limits of the law, so that until she was carried off to bed, John and Hester were constituted willing subjects of the imperious little fairy.

For some time after Amy’s departure John sat playing whilst Hester put away the scattered toys; then, coming to his side, she laid her hands on his shoulders, saying playfully, “I think you have had enough of ‘shop’ by this time, and it is my day, you know, dear; come and talk to me, John.”

Her husband smiled at the eager face bent over him, and closing the piano, rose and put his arms round his wife.

“Your day is it, my Hester? Do you know I am not sure that I don’t wish it could be completely blotted out of the calendar?”

“Our wedding day blotted out, John! You are growing tired of me.”

“No, I’m not, little wife. There! don’t try to look indignant; the fact is, I am beginning to fear—”

“What?” she asked.

“That the tide is turning,” he replied. “The first four years after we were married went by so smoothly, without the vestige of a trouble; but this last season has been terribly bad; I have not earned as much as we have spent for some time, Hester.”

“Then we must spend less,” was the determined reply; and Hester looked at the fire, half wondering whether she ought not to begin retrenching at once, and take off a large lump of coal she had just put on, but John understood the look, and laughed outright.

“We won’t give up fires just yet, darling,” he said, “and don’t you worry about what I have told you. Things must take a turn sooner or later,

—'tis only a question of time; and, thank God, we can afford to wait a little. The fact is, I have'nt felt very well the last few days, and perhaps that makes me look on the dark side of the picture."

Hester glanced up anxiously into her husband's face, and she fancied he seemed unusually pale and tired; but she answered cheerfully, striving to divert his attention, although she felt instinctively that the shadow of a great dread had fallen upon her heart and home.

For a week after that John Carroll went on working, and thinking, and composing, with the feverish energy of a man who feels that anxiety for the future is weighing more heavily on his mind than he would care to confess. Hitherto, at the end of every year, there had been something saved; but this last season had been very dull; and now that it was ended, John knew that no exertions on his part during the autumn months, when pupils were out of town and publishers disinclined to bring out new music, could make the money he earned sufficient for their expenses. John's temperament was not sanguine, and he had had to work too hard, had had too many knocks in winning the place he held in his profession, to have remained so, had he been naturally inclined to such a feeling. He had married early—too early, friends said; but had never repented the step. He loved his wife and child very dearly, and his jealous fear least sorrow should cross their paths, was never absent from his mind. Hester saw all this, and tried hard to banish the depression that was settling upon him; but her efforts met with small success.

"I can't help it, darling," he said, one morning as he seated himself at the breakfast table; "it does annoy me to have so much idle time on my hands. I feel as if it must be my fault."

"It would not mend matters to have a doctor's bill to pay, John, dear; and I know you will end by making yourself ill. Amy, where's papa's paper?"

John took the paper from the child, and sat reading it whilst he drank his coffee. Hester was busy in attending to Amy's numerous wants; but after a few moments she spoke to John, and, receiving no answer, looked up at him, as she repeated her question, the words dying away on her lips as she noticed the strange, fixed look on his face.

"John," she cried, starting to his side, "what is it, dear? Are you ill?" There was no answer to the terrified inquiry, her husband simply pointed to a paragraph in the paper; then putting his arms on the table, he rested his head on them, whilst Hester read the account of the failure of the bank in which was placed their little fortune of two or three thousand dollars, every cent of which represented more or less hard work and self-denial.

With a sinking heart Hester laid down the paper. It needed no explanation to show her the full significance of the blow that had fallen upon them; but, like a true woman, her first thought was for her husband's grief, and scarcely knowing what to say, she stood smoothing his hair with that soft, caressing touch that sometimes tells a more eloquent tale than words, and that is often longed for when the fingers are in the grave.

For a minute, that seemed like an

hour, the silence remained unbroken ; then Amy, who had put down her mug of milk, and sat looking on in quiet astonishment, said, timidly, "Papa !" and Hester, noticing that John started at the sound, lifted the child down and bade her go to the servant. Then, kneeling beside her husband, she put her arms round him, and drew his head on her shoulder.

"John, dear John," she whispered, "don't let us give way under the first difficulty that comes in our path. Think how much worse it might have been. We might have lost Amy, or you might have been ill ; the money would have seemed of little importance in comparison with that. We are very young, dear love, too young to sit down and repine. We must make a fresh beginning, and though I cannot help you in your work, I can help you at home. You don't know how economical I can be ; only you must try and be cheerful. No sorrow can crush us whilst we are together ; no trouble can overwhelm us whilst we trust in heaven and in each other. Perhaps, after all, it is for the best ; for we have been so very, very happy since we were married that we were growing forgetful that there was any trouble in the world."

"Well, we are not likely to forget it now," returned John. "Hester, do you know that we have not thirty dollars in the world ? I meant to have got some money from the bank to-day. Now, where is it to come from, heaven only knows ! There's none owing to me, and there are no signs of any business doing. What am I to do ? It will drive me mad to see you or the little one want any of the comforts you have been accustomed to have."

John Carroll hid his face in his hands, with something that sounded like a sob.

"Don't, John, my love, my husband," cried Hester. "Oh, if you knew how this pains me ; there must be some way out of this difficulty ; it can't be intended that we are to yield to it without a struggle. Let us leave here as soon as possible. Amy is very little trouble now, and I can easily manage without a servant. We have had so much sunshine, dear love, that we have no right to complain of this passing cloud."

Thus the wife argued, endeavoring to infuse some of her own hopeful spirit into her husband's less trusting nature ; and she succeeded, at last, in persuading him from brooding over his troubles, that by a series of little loving stratagems she left him seated at the piano-forte, and the aching heart the young wife carried about her as she attended to her household duties seemed in some measure soothed and strengthened by the wild, fitful music of Heller's "*Promenades d'un Solitaire*"; but to her husband it was only a chaos of sound that told no story, conveyed no meaning. His hands wandered mechanically over the keys, but his ears were deaf to the poetry of the music. His overexcited imagination conjured up a picture of his wife, grown pale and thin, and Amy, with all the gladness gone out of her childish features. "Had I been a common workman," he thought, "I could go from shop to shop, until I found work ; there's no such ready market for brains or talent."

John Carroll spoke bitterly, but he spoke as his own experience had taught him. He had worked his way in his profession, every step he took being won by his own exertions ; and he had

thoroughly learned the harsh truth that poverty in New York, if not confessedly reckoned a crime, is tacitly treated as such. Had he been stronger at the time, he might have been less despondent, but his physical weakness made the trouble seem greater, and he thought and thought until the music before him appeared covered with dancing notes. The last thing he recollected was a vain attempt to strike an impossible chord; and Amy, coming in shortly after with some childish request, ran back half frightened, half amused, to tell her mother that "Papa was asleep on the floor."

The terrified wife rushed upstairs to find her worst fears verified. John was unconscious; and the doctor, who was summoned, pronounced the unconsciousness the first stage of brain fever.

Hester did not give way under this new trouble; there was too much to plan, too much to be done, for her to spare time for any idle indulgence in grief. If it pleased God to restore John to health, she would need all her energies in nursing him; if not—and she shuddered as the thought crossed her mind—"I shall have a lifetime for tears then."

II.

"Hester!" The voice that uttered the word was so low, that Hester, writing quickly at a little table placed so that the light of the shaded lamp might not fall upon the bed, thought her fancy must have deceived her, and she paused to listen before moving; but again, and this time more distinctly, the whisper thrilled through the room, "Hester, my darling!"

"Hush, dear!" she said, as she bent

over the bed; and then, forgetting everything in her great joy that the boon for which she had pleaded so earnestly was likely to be granted, she buried her face in the pillow, murmuring, "Oh, John, John! my dear! my love! you will remain with me now. Oh, thank God for this great mercy!"

"Why, little wife, are you crying?" he asked. "Have I been very ill?"

"There, you must not talk any more; go to sleep again, if you can, darling; but at all events keep quiet, and get well, for Amy and I are so lonely without you. You see I have done crying now."

So saying, Hester smoothed her husband's pillows, gave him his drink, and then, after kissing the thin hand lying on the coverlet, drew the curtain between the bed and her table, and with a heart so filled with gratitude that there was no room left for fatigue, she resumed her writing, and wrote far on into the night.

Sweet, patient Hester, type of the purest kind of womanly excellence, surely there is a high place in heaven reserved for your gentle sisterhood.

The next morning John was still better, and his wife began to dread the questioning that she knew must come sooner or later; but it was not until the doctor had been, and Amy had settled down for her afternoon sleep, that her husband mentioned the subject of ways and means, and then, after watching her for some minutes, as she sat mending a heap of Amy's socks, he said, quietly, "You must be terribly in debt by this time, Hester."

"Indeed I am not," she replied, "with the exception of the doctor's bill, I don't owe a cent."

"Then how in the world have you managed?" he asked. "I have been ill five weeks, and I know I left only twenty dollars in the drawer. That, I feel sure, would go a very little way toward the expenses you have had. Come, little wife, put down your work and look me in the face. I must have this mystery solved."

Hester threw the socks on the table and turned her face, bright and glad in spite of its pallor, to her husband.

"I wish you would not ask questions, John," she said. "It cannot hurt me to bear for a few weeks the burden that has always rested on your shoulders. It will teach me to be more lenient toward your shortcomings in the future," she added, laughing; "and as for a mystery, I have not indulged in one. Mrs. Ward has been very kind; she took Amy for a fortnight when you were first taken ill, and—and—Well, I suppose you'll worry till you find it out. The fact is, I didn't care much for my coral ornaments, so I sold them to her. Coral has come into fashion lately, you know, so I made a good bargain. There now, perhaps you are satisfied?"

"Not quite," was the reply. "What were you writing last night?"

"Oh dear!—what an inquisitive man you are," she replied, smilingly. "I was copying some music."

"For amusement?" he asked.

"Why, what else should I do it for?" replied Hester, now half crying with vexation.

"Oh nothing, of course," said her husband; "but I should like to see it."

"Nonsense! you great tease," said Hester, "it's not worth looking at."

"Please, Hester," he said.

"I can't show it to you," said Hester. "I do not know where it is exactly."

"Ah, I understand. You went out this morning. Are you sure this is not your music in another form?" said John, pointing to some grapes and a jelly standing near him on the table.

A crimson flush overspread Hester's face as she said, pleadingly, "I could not tell how long you might be ill, and the money was very useful. Don't be angry with me, John."

"Angry with you, my dear wife! My child, I never loved you as I love you now, for I never before knew, though I may have suspected, what moral courage there was in that little heart. Your conduct has put me to the blush; for, had I possessed your simple faith and your determined will this illness might not have fallen upon me. Hitherto I have loved you, my Hester, as every man worthy of his manhood must love a good and true wife; but, as I watched you moving about my room this morning, I saw how pale and thin your face had grown, I think I felt toward you as some stanch Catholic of the olden time may have felt toward his patron saint; and I shall be more patient, more trustful, in the future, if it please God to give me back my health; for as I lay awake last night, long after you thought I was asleep, and watched your shadow on the curtain as you sat writing, a feeling of intense thankfulness came over me that God, in his great mercy, when He saw fit to try me, spared me my wife. Hester, there is a great Light that shows things in all their plain, unvarnished truth, kept burning in the

"valley of the shadow of Death," to which I have been so very near; and I have learned that the self-dependence, the distrust of others, upon which I prided myself in the days that seem so long ago, the follies that I, in my blindness, called wisdom, were only stumbling-blocks in my path. That is my confession, Hester; my penance shall last my lifetime," he added smilingly. "And now put your hand in mine, sweet wife, and, while I look into your dear face, let me thank you for the lesson your love and trust have taught me; for I felt to-day, when I heard you tell Amy that Christmas was drawing near, that I should, through you, understand better its language of peace on earth and good-will to men, and that the Christmas bells would ring out for me the promise of a better life, a better hope."

Poor Hester could scarcely understand her husband's words. He was her ideal, her model of all that was good and true; and her loving eyes refused to see any spots in her sun; but John only smiled as she tried to tell him this, and interrupted her by saying that he had some business to talk to her about, paying no attention to her entreaties that he would keep quiet, and leave things to her a little longer.

"I must leave it to you, dear," he replied. "I suppose the copying you have done has been for Mr. Dyson?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, there are three manuscript pieces in the drawer of the canterbury," continued John. "If I could sell them, we might tide over until I am about again; I can't bear to see you doing that copying. Will you fetch the

drawer, Hester, dear? and I will find the pieces I mean."

Hester did as she was desired, turning over the music for John's inspection, half fearful that he would tire himself, half pleased to see something of the old love of his art lighting up his face.

"Those are the three I mean, darling," he said at last. "I used sometimes to think it a nuisance that I had to grind away from morning till night; but I shall be glad to be at the old mill again," he added reflectively.

"Well, what am I to do with these?" asked Hester, taking up the music.

"Take them to Mr. Dyson," he replied; "I should think the music trade must have looked up by this time,—and tell him he shall have the three for one hundred dollars. I hate to send you on such errands; but I cannot help it in this case."

Hester put the music aside, with an inward prayer that she might be able to sell it, for the gaunt spectre, Poverty, had come nearer their home than John had imagined. Illness is expensive at all times, doubly so in New York, where the eggs and milk, and hundred-and-one little delicacies that invalids require, are almost as unattainable for those of limited means as the rest and quiet the doctors prescribe, apparently forgetting what impossible luxuries they are to the majority of their patients. So Hester had thought sadly that morning, when the doctor, after praising her nursing, said, "Mr. Carroll needs nothing now besides quiet, plenty of good living, and perfect mental rest."

Nothing besides!—when those three things comprehended all that was the most difficult to obtain; and, knowing

this, Hester's heart beat high with alternations of hope and fear, as the next morning she entered the publisher's office; but, after a few remarks from Mr. Dyson, the hope died out. "Business was so slack," he said slowly, "that he did not care to bring out anything except a little dance-music; and really Mr. Carroll's pieces looked rather dreamy—far-fetched, he might even say; why, his shelves were piled with compositions of the same character, of which he had not sold as many copies as would pay for the printing. He didn't mind hearing what they were like, though. Perhaps Mrs. Carroll could play them?"

Hester could not do that; so the melodies had no chance of pleading their own cause, and with an abundance of polite apologies they were declined; Hester wondering, as she walked back through the shop, how she should have the heart to go back and tell John of his disappointment. Anything would be better than that, she felt; even a repetition of the ordeal she had just gone through. So, almost in despair, she went from one music publisher to another, until all she could remember on Broadway and the avenues had been visited; but everywhere Mr. Dyson's words were repeated. At one or two places, where, perhaps, the publisher was touched by the wistful young face, she was told that she might leave the pieces for consideration; but Hester shook her head, for things had altered since John had expressed his gratitude that they could afford to wait. Fairly tired out, mentally and bodily, Hester reached home, looking round as she entered, on the old room that had seemed so bright and cheerful on her

wedding day, and thinking sadly that its changed appearance harmonized with her mood. It was "tidy" enough now, the music was all carefully put away; no open books, no loose sheets, were scattered about the closed piano-forte. There was no fire in the grate, no slippers on the hearth-rug, no coat hanging over the easy chair. The "tidiness" was there, but the home-like charm was gone; the room was lonely, chill, and desolate.

Hester sat a little time to collect her thoughts, "I have never deceived him yet," she said, half aloud, at last; "and it's hard to begin now; but I cannot disappoint him. I dare not risk it. He shall have perfect rest!" and she smiled sadly, "at any cost for a little while."

Hester rose, and taking her husband's manuscripts with her, went up into Amy's little room, where she put them into a drawer, where they were little likely to be seen, murmuring as she did so, "My poor John!" For herself, womanlike, she had no thought, no dity; and then, bathing her face and smoothing her hair with the same care for her husband as she had felt six years ago for her lover, she went into the invalid's room.

"Have you succeeded, my darling?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," replied Hester, feeling a choking sensation as she uttered the falsehood.

"And you got the money?" he continued.

"Oh yes," was the reply.

"Thank heaven!" said John. "I can rest now. I should not have had a moment's peace if I had thought you were going through what you have endured the last month. But what makes

you look so dull, Hester?—though I need not ask. I expect you are fairly tired out; and what you have done this morning is not pleasant work for a woman. But try and forget it, darling; I'll take all the disagreeables on my own shoulders when I get well. And I won't grumble at old Dyson again just yet. I know it must have gone to his heart to give you one hundred dollars down. He can't bear the ready-money style of business; but he is a good fellow after all. And you can manage now till Christmas, can't you, Hester! I shall be able to get about then, and something may turn up."

"Yes," replied his wife, "I can manage very well;" but she felt sick at heart as she wondered how the managing was to be done.

With the little time Hester had to devote to it, music copying could only bring her in a few dollars weekly. The trinkets she had were of little value, and she possessed no friends or relations of whom she could borrow money, even if she had been willing to adopt a measure to which both her husband and herself were so opposed: whilst if, as she once or twice felt tempted to do, she were to tell John the truth, the anxiety would be sure to retard his recovery; and until he was well he would be powerless to help her. So she persisted in the deception that an angel might have hesitated to call a sin, working, planning, scheming, denying herself the commonest necessities for the sake of her husband and child. And John remembered, after he had learned the truth, how, through it all, she had always had a bright smile or a gentle word for him and Amy.

III.

The evening shadows on Christmas Eve came creeping into the room where Hester Carroll sat alone; came creeping in, filling the recesses with strange, weird shapes, distorting everything, and making the piano-forte look like some ungainly monster. They had it all to themselves that evening in the old room, that, on every previous Christmas Eve of Hester's married life, had glowed with light, and comfort, and a cheerful woman's presence. Now it looked dark and dreary, whilst Hester, with bowed head, sat thinking wearily of the impossibility of finding a path out of the misery that surrounded her. How she had struggled through the last few weeks she scarcely knew. Her trinkets were gone, and, one by one, the little prettinesses of her home had gone too; but the money thus obtained had been barely enough to satisfy immediate wants; and so, on Christmas Eve, Hester found herself possessed of scarcely a dollar; whilst, as she ran over the list of her belongings, she could think of nothing that she could, without John's knowledge, convert into money. She knew he must learn the truth soon; but on Christmas Day, the day on which he was to come down stairs for the first time since his illness, she had hoped he might be happy; and the only way in which she could ward off discovery for a day later made her heart ache as she thought of it. Whilst she hesitated the door opened, and Amy came in.

"Are you all in the dark, mamma?" she asked, as she looked round. "Papa's awake now, and he wants his tea; but he says he'll wait if you're making the puddings."

"Shut the door, my darling, and come here," said her mother. "I want to speak to you."

Amy obeyed, rather awed by the tone in which the words were spoken. "I am in sad trouble," continued Hester, "and my little daughter is the only one who can help me. You know to-morrow is Christmas Day, Amy, the day on which, above all others, we should try to make every one happy; and you and I would like to make poor papa happy, should we not, dear?"

"But isn't he happy, mamma?" she asked.

"He will not be when he knows something I have to tell him, darling," replied her mother; "but that need not be till to-morrow, if you will help me. Listen to me, Amy. I am talking to you as if you were much older than you are; and you will understand me better by and by. My trouble is that I have no money, not enough to buy our dinner for to-morrow; and I have not even anything for which I could get money. There is something of yours, darling, if you would lend it to me; you shall have it back as soon as ever I can get it. Oh, Amy, my little one, forgive me!"

"Oh, mamma," said the child, in great distress; "please don't cry, mamma. I will give you everything I have — only — only — not Peepy, please," she added, looking half inclined to cry at the thought of her little black kitten being given in exchange for anything, even a plum-pudding.

"It's not Peepy, darling," said her mother. "Do you think you would mind lending me your silver mug, Amy, till papa is quite well and busy again?"

"Oh no, mamma, I never use it," said Amy, "you may have it to keep."

"God bless you, darling," said her mother, "I hope you will have it back before long. Pray God you may never know such agony as it has been to ask you this, Amy; I would not have done it had there been anything left of my own. And now go back to papa, my dear little pet, and tell him tea will soon be ready; but, remember, that you must not say anything to him of what I have told you. That, for a little time, must be a secret between you and me. Papa is to be happy to-morrow, is he not?"

For a few moments after Amy had left her, Hester sat huddled up in the corner of the couch, weeping hot, bitter tears, that would be shed, however she might struggle to keep them back by telling herself that she ought to be very thankful that John was spared to her and not sit crying there on Christmas Eve. However, at last she scolded herself into calmness, and then, drying her eyes, she began the preparations (such poor little preparations as they had gradually grown to be) for tea; and, her task completed, she carried the tray upstairs. Up there everything was warm and cosy; there was a bright fire, and John, seated by it in his easy chair, with Amy standing, with her kitten in her arms, beside him, looked up with a glad smile as Hester entered.

"Why, little wife," he cried, "how pale and pinched you look! — and you are as cold as ice! What in the world have you been doing? Is there no fire down stairs? Is that why you brought the kettle up here?"

Hester thought sadly of the impossi-

ability of keeping two fires lighted when she had brought up the last scuttleful of coals; but she answered cheerfully, "I have been busy, and did not want a fire. No, indeed, I can't let you cut the bread-and-butter; you are much too lavish with the butter."

"Why, what a little screw you are growing!" laughed John; and then he added, more seriously, "you are right to be careful, darling; but there can be no harm in being happy on Christmas Eve. I am so thankful to have my health again, and I feel so much better now (almost as well as I have ever been), that I shall be quite glad to begin work again. I can't think what has made you such a tyrant as to keep me upstairs all this time."

"Because you would have been in my way," she replied; "there, now, sir, you know my reason. Amy, I am going to leave you to wait on papa, for there are some things I want to buy."

"I thought you had done all that this morning," said John, "so that we might have spent this evening together; and I don't like the idea of your roaming about the streets, alone, after dark."

"Indeed I don't, John," said Hester, smiling, "and I shall not be long, dear. Amy will take care of papa till I come back; won't you, darling?"

Before John had recovered from his temporary disappointment, Hester had kissed him and the child, had put on her bonnet and cloak, and with the silver mug in her little black bag, had gone out, taking with her a remembrance of the home scene she had just left, that for a time made the present seem less dreary, the future less uncertain; but the memory of her troubles came back as she hurried along

through the crowded streets, where from the shop-windows, resplendent with all their Christmas decorations, floods of light poured down upon the passers-by, all of whom the young wife thought looked so eager, so happy, as if the gladness of the morrow had already thrown its halo around them; and a group of noisy children standing around a toyshop window, discussing the various attractions it contained, recalled bitterly to her mind her inability to buy any of the little presents that had always been spread out by her bedside on Christmas morning; whilst a feeling of bitter repugnance to the execution of her errand, made her pause irresolutely at the pawnbroker's door. When, however, at last, she had summoned up her courage, and entered the shop, she could have snatched the mug from the man's hands when he roughly removed the paper in which it was wrapped, turned it round and round, and finally held it up to the light, so that Amy's initials, it seemed to Hester, stood out as plainly as though they had been written in fire. But there was too much business doing that night to allow much time to be wasted, and so poor Amy's mug was soon consigned to a place amongst many another relic of better and happier days.

On leaving the shop Hester's face grew crimson, for she noticed a man who stood, as if waiting for her, beside the door, and who, as a sudden gust of wind blew aside her veil, she saw to be Mr. Dyson. That momentary glance sufficed to convince her that he had seen and recognized her; but as much ashamed as though she had been detected in the commission of some

crime, she hurried past him without speaking to him, feeling thankful when her purchases were made, and she had fairly reached her home.

As she decorated the sitting-room with the holly and other evergreens on which that morning she had been unable to resist the temptation of expending a few cents, Hester tried hard to banish, for that night at least, all thought of gloom or despondency, and she succeeded so well, that when, half an hour later, she entered her husband's room, John inwardly blessed the bright, loving presence that was in spirit and in truth the sunshine of his home.

The next morning Hester was up betimes, bustling about, like the household fairy that she was, in order to have breakfast over in good time; and when at last it was cleared away, she was so busy and interested in her preparations for John's "coming down" that a double knock at the door had to be repeated before she noticed it, and then, wondering who their unexpected visitor could be, she ran down stairs, and opening the door, started back as she let in a gust of cold wind and—Mr. Dyson.

"Good morning, Mrs. Carroll," he said. "Of course your husband is at home; can I see him?"

Dreading that her secret should be told before the time for its discovery had arrived, Hester felt half inclined to refuse the request; but a moment's thought showed her the folly of doing so, for John would be sure to have noticed the knock and inquire who had been calling, so she answered in the affirmative, and then said, hesitatingly, "You will not tell my husband that you

saw me last night, Mr. Dyson. I do not want him to know it to-day."

Then, somewhat reassured by his kind nod, she continued, "And if John should speak to you about the music I brought you, it would be such a great happiness to me if you would in some way keep him from knowing that you declined it! The fact is, he was just recovering at the time, and I was so afraid that any fresh anxiety would throw him back that I told him you had bought the pieces."

Venturing to look up to see in what way her confession was received, Hester was surprised to find herself patted on the head and called "Poor child," just as if she had been Amy; and she caught herself wondering whether the grave music publisher had taken leave of his senses, or whether Christmas generally had such a softening effect on him.

John looked surprised when he heard his visitor's name; and when he entered the sitting-room he was scarcely prepared for the warmth with which Mr. Dyson greeted him.

"Ah, Carroll!" he exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you again. You've had a long bout of it; but perhaps the lesson will be useful, and you'll take better care of yourself. You young men are terribly careless."

"I shall not want another lesson like it in a hurry," returned John, smiling. "I don't believe I should have got over it had it not been for my wife's good nursing."

"No, I don't expect you would," was the grave reply. "But I am come here to tell you a story, John Carroll. Are you in a patient mood this morning? Ask your wife to

stay," he added, as Hester, doubtful of what was coming, was about to leave the room; and thus detected in her attempt, she was obliged to take the chair Mr. Dyson placed for her. And then, John saying he was good for any amount of listening, their visitor commenced.

"My parents had only two children," he said, "myself and a brother a year or two my junior; and whether it was because our tastes were alike, or because we were in a great measure dependent upon each other for amusement and companionship, I know that from our earliest childhood we were more united than brothers generally are; and when we lost our parents the tie between us grew stronger.

"You will think all this very uninteresting, but I am coming to the part that concerns you almost directly. Well, in course of time, we grew up, and as no one ever heard a suspicion of our falling in love, or even thinking of such a thing as marriage, we came to be looked upon as confirmed old bachelors; and so, though I had no right to entertain such feelings, I was both astonished and angry when my brother told me one day he intended making an offer to a young lady whom he had met a few months before. As it turned out, I might have saved myself and him the pain of such an exhibition of selfishness, for he was refused; but that was his first and last love, and he never forgot it, though until he was on his death-bed, four years ago to-day, he never, even to me, mentioned it in any way. Then he told me the whole story—how the girl he had loved so truly had refused him, gently, but firmly, in order to marry a younger

and much poorer man. Still he had never felt for a moment the slightest tinge of resentment toward her or her husband; on the contrary, his true heart honored her for her love, that in its integrity was akin to his own. And so from his dying lips I learned that from the time of her marriage he had watched over her, eagerly gleaning from friends and acquaintances every particular relating to her home life, and feeling his own loneliness cheered by the knowledge that she was happy and safe in the keeping of a man who knew how to prize the treasure given into his hands, almost as well as he himself would have done. 'I have watched and waited,' he said, almost with his last breath, 'but no need for helping them has yet arisen, no shade has yet appeared to darken the sunshine of their lives, no trial to test the strength of their love. To you, my brother, I must leave the fulfilment of the task I had imposed upon myself; for sooner or later sorrow will come upon them, and, somewhere in the future, the dangers that beset every human life must lie in wait for them. So watch for this, and when the hour has come, help them as I had meant some day to do, with kindly heart and open hand; and perhaps, in after-years, if no nearer or dearer ties are around you, there may be a place reserved for the lonely, childless old man in the happy home her presence makes bright.'

"This, John Carroll, is the first part of the story I come to tell you—you, who were my brother's favored rival, whose wife was the girl of whom he spoke."

As Mr. Dyson paused, John put his hand on his wife's shoulder, and she

turned to him with her old, loving smile, although her eyes were dim with tears, as he said: "So you might have been a rich man's wife! You never told me this, Hester;" then, addressing their visitor, he added, "I am quite ready to hear the rest of your story—nothing will surprise me now, Mr. Dyson."

"Chanceseemed to favor my brother's views," he continued. "You and I were connected in business, and after I had seen your wife I did not wonder at what I had hitherto called infatuation. Of what occurred before your illness I need not speak, except to say that I fancied the dull season must have nearly affected you, for you seemed anxious, and the idea became a certainty when, a few days after you were taken ill, your wife came and asked for copying. I gave it to her, gave her as much as she could do. Still that much brought in very little to meet the expenses of such a time; but through seeing her so often I grew to know her better, and learned to esteem her for her simple faith and untiring industry, and to love her for the love she bore her husband and child; although I knew not (for no word of complaint ever passed her lips) how nearly want—real, stern want—had reached you. I only thought to try her a little further, when—forgive me, Mrs. Carroll, if I tell your secret—when I refused to purchase the manuscripts you sent me."

"What!" cried John, starting from his seat, "did you not buy those pieces? Hester, is this true?"

"Oh, John, John, my dear husband, forgive me!" cried Hester, falling on her knees beside his chair. "Indeed I never wished to deceive; but I feared lest you should be taken from me, and

I told the falsehood—the first, as it shall be the last—to keep trouble from you until you were well enough to bear it, strong enough to remedy it, and I might have told you to-morrow. I only wanted this—our Christmas Day—to be, for you, free from care. John, my husband, forgive me!"

Very gently, very tenderly, as though he were half afraid that she might vanish from his touch, John stooped and raised his kneeling wife, clasping her to him, while Amy looked on, wondering what all that was being said and done might mean, and Mr. Dyson felt a sudden need for his pocket handkerchief.

"My Hester, my poor little faded flower," said John, "I understand it all now—all the care and thought for small things at which I, blind fool that I was, used to smile; all the loving little stratagems by which you avoided sharing any of the things procured for me; and I know now why every day you have been growing paler and thinner. My darling, don't reproach me so bitterly by the mockery of asking me to forgive you, for never, through the longest future, can the debt I owe you be repaid. And now, Mr. Dyson, let me hear the end, if there be one, of this story."

"There's not much of an ending," said Mr. Dyson; "but what there is I trust you will think a happy one. I wanted to tell you my brother's story on this, the holiest and happiest day in all the year—the day on which, four years ago, his honest, kindly spirit went back to its Maker. Knowing that you had a small banking account, I thought things could not be so bad that you could not afford to wait. However, yesterday morning I learned

that your money had been in one of the banks that failed this autumn; and, as though to chide me for my delay, I saw, during a walk I took last evening, a figure, that seemed like your wife's, enter a pawnbroker's. Actuated by something more than mere curiosity, I watched her, and saw her give up a mug—a little child's silver mug—and meeting her face to face as she came out, I found that my suspicions were correct. That such an expedient was ever necessary, none can regret more than I do; for had I guessed anything of the truth, I would gladly have bought your pieces of music over and over again."

"You have no need to reproach yourself, Mr. Dyson," said John; "you were perfectly justified in declining anything you did not think would suit you."

"There, don't get on the stilts, John Carroll," said Mr. Dyson. "I am come to make reparation; that is, if you are not too proud to accept it; though, goodness knows, the favor is conferred on me, not on you. The fact is I want a partner, some one who understands music (for I can scarcely tell when it is upsidedown), to take my brother's place in the business. And, after all, though it does not sound so well, I suppose a good business is better than a profession, at all events, for a man with a family. You see, an artist may look very well in his velvet coat; but it doesn't wear like good old-fashioned cloth, and 'tis not much use to his wife or children. Do you think you could come down from being a professor to the level of a tradesman?"

"I would come down to the level of a crossing-sweeper," replied John, "if by so doing I could bring back the

roses to my wife's cheeks; but your kind proposal is out of the question, Mr. Dyson. I haven't a dollar in the world."

"Nor brains either, I presume?" smiled Mr. Dyson. "Why, man, they're your capital, of which no broken bank can rob you. Mrs. Carroll, I hold you responsible for your husband's good behavior. We can't get the business done to-day: but the day after to-morrow, when people have got over the effects of their Christmas dinners, we'll have it all settled."

And so, with Hester's head resting on his shoulder, and Amy's fingers performing an imaginary fantasia of her own composing on his knee, what could John do but put his pride in his pocket, fling his cares to the wind, and be made happy that Christmas Day? Then Hester suddenly discovered that all this time a coach had been waiting for Mr. Dyson, that gentleman confessing, in explanation, that he had given his housekeeper a holiday for the day, after she had packed up the largest possible number of good things in the largest possible hamper, which hamper he had brought in the coach. Then he added, desperately, by way of finale, "And I am come to spend the day with you."

His self-invitation was indorsed almost before it was spoken; and when that happy Christmas Day was spent, the publisher thought his lonely home seemed more lonely by comparison with the one he had just quitted.

Since then other Christmas Days have put that one—in date at least—into the background. Other little faces than Amy's gather round John Carroll's

table; other little feet help to wear out the carpets in the old room; and amongst them, sharing their pleasures, softening their childish griefs, standing in their affections next to father and mother, is Mr. Dyson.

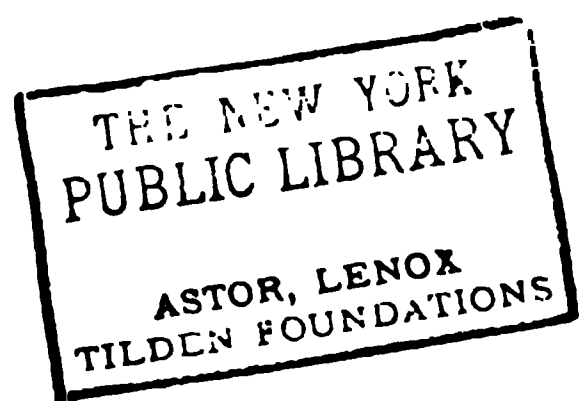
For many months after that memorable Christmas Day, Hester wondered how it was that, having such a keen appreciation of home enjoyments, Mr. Dyson's own home had been without a mistress; but her wonder ceased when one day she went into a neighboring jeweller's, and had her attention attracted by a large open locket which was being repaired; and the man recognizing her, gave it into her hand, at the same time volunteering the information that it had been brought there by Mr. Dyson to have a new ring made to it.

Hester started as she heard the name. She had been gazing intently at the miniature the locket contained—a sweet, fair face, with the word, "Viola" under it; and now she felt as if she had unfairly detected something not intended for her knowledge; but the incident had nearly faded from her memory when John, during Mr. Dyson's temporary absence from town, was applied to by a firm in Brooklyn, concerning some difficulty in the design of a new marble slab for a grave for which his partner had given orders, and, thinking it was either for

his brother's or his parents' grave, he went to see it in order clearly to understand the matter. He found to his astonishment that the slab bore the simple inscription "Viola, aged 18," and a border of broken lilies. John heard, also, that this one was to replace the original, erected more than thirty years ago, and that from the time the grave had been made a gardener living near the churchyard had been handsomely paid to keep it always surrounded by the fairest and most fragrant flowers, and that from time to time his employer—a young man when the agreement was made, but ageing rapidly now—came down to see how the work was performed.

Out of this Hester, womanlike, wove the sweetest and saddest of love stories, and her wonder at Mr. Dyson's loneliness ceased, while her memory of the old-fashioned locket and the carefully tended grave, made her very careful for, very gentle toward him; and though the little we have told will probably be all she and her husband will ever know, certainly all they will ever try to discover, that little seems to them to be the index to a character formed on the principles of Him who was born on Christmas Day; which principles Hester had tried to carry out—the principles that lead us to say, in the darkness as in the light, "Though we suffer, yet we trust."

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as work:
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.





"In royal Bethlehem," the angel said,
"This night the Ancient One is made a Child."—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By C. M. T.

The hills and valleys shout aloud with joy
To skies whose opening splendor routs the night,
For God hath raised his orient, to destroy
The shades of death and be his people's light.

"In royal Bethlehem," the angel said,
"This night the Ancient One is made a child,"
And o'er the earth the tidings glad have spread,
Till winter blossoms as tho' spring had smiled.

And from the hills yet angel voices sound,
The heavenly host proclaim the new-born king,
On whom mild Peace shall tend, till earth around
Is covered with the white shield of her wing.

TOLERATION.

FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE DE LA SALLE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

<p>Some months ago an effort was made in our courts, to bring to justice several individuals who unblushingly and defiantly published and circulated a vile, scandalous journal. It is not necessary to go into the details of the case further than to say that several wretched women were implicated in the outrage upon public decency, and that they gloried in a system which embodies the lowest form of social degradation that can be conceived. While the authorities, in the face of the indifference of the larger portion of the community and the morbid sympathies of a smaller class, were endeavoring to punish</p>	<p>these offenders, I read an editorial in a Catholic paper published out West, demanding the release of the culprits, and grandiloquently identifying their cause with that of the freedom of speech. Of course the writer knew little about the character of the persons or the merits of the case he defended, but it was no less painful to observe that such inexcusable ignorance and false sentiment should display itself in a journal presumably representing Catholic principles. I had noticed before, this loose, reckless manner of dealing with problems more or less affecting the interests of society, and</p>
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it seemed to me that some effort should be made to arouse the popular intelligence from the complacency with which it views the introduction of dangerous innovations. Your average American citizen never troubles his mind with fine distinctions between liberty and license. All he knows is, that "this is a free country," and with that assertion, like Podsnap, he waives out of existence every apprehension of danger from a too free exercise of his liberality. It is true he cannot be expected to enter deeply into the questions underlying government and society, but there are truths which he can understand, and which should be brought home to him as affecting his most cherished interests. I am inclined to believe that many a popular error could be corrected and many a catastrophe averted, if the great minds of the world would oftener let themselves down to the level of the average intelligence of men—not that I mean they should popularize truth at the expense of its integrity, but that they should make clear and intelligible to the ordinary comprehension the application of fundamental principles. If demagogues engross the attention of the masses, it is as much to be attributed to the indifference of those who should be their leaders as to their own ignorance.

For myself, as a young man standing upon the threshold of active life and conscious that I must take sides upon the issues which will in a great measure determine my future and the future of those around me, I refuse to accept as an infallible authority and guide those twin prophets of our time—the editor and the politician. And because I

feel that the glib utterances of these partners in cheap philosophy tend to mislead me and my fellow young men upon this question of toleration, I am here to ask for a consideration of its importance and to test the value of the popular, fashionable impressions regarding it. As the whole drift of public opinion is ostensibly toward the extension of toleration, I shall content myself with inquiring how far that liberal spirit is justified, and what danger, if any, is to be apprehended from it. Much could be said upon the other side, in favor of toleration as against persecution, and I fancy it would not be difficult to prove that there is no intolerance more violent than that to be found among many of the loudest-voiced champions of toleration. It has also happened before in the history of the world, that the ardent, sincere lovers of a cause have brought about its defeat and destruction. And it is worth inquiring whether we may not be so liberal and tolerant as to pave the way for the worst kind of intolerance.

What is toleration? The dictionary will tell us almost as well as any philosopher could. "Toleration is the allowance of religious opinions and modes of worship in a state, when contrary to or different from those of the established church or belief." That is, toleration is not a *right* to be demanded but a *privilege* to be accorded. Now the established belief in the United States, the essential element underlying its government, the basis of its social system, and the source of its law, is Christianity. That cannot be disputed. Webster, in an argument before the Supreme Court, said: "There is

nothing we look for with more certainty than this general principle that Christianity is a part of the law of the land;" and Judge Story, in his Commentary on the Constitution, forcibly expresses the same view. From that Christianity we have our institutions, and only in so far as their safety is not jeopardized can we tolerate systems outside of Christianity. The dignity of the law must be upheld, the security of the family preserved, the sacredness of the marriage tie vindicated, and a distinctive Christian morality be enforced, as far as human laws can enforce morality. In the year 1810, in this State, a man was convicted at the general sessions, of blasphemy, and was sentenced to be imprisoned and fined. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, and Chief-Justice Kent sustained the decision of the State tribunal. In 1822 a man was tried and convicted for the same offence in Pennsylvania. That was half a century ago, and we have made progress since then! Yes, but it is like much of the progress nowadays—downward. At the present time an atheist's evidence is of no value in our courts, but I have no doubt that even that safeguard will be swept away if the people continue to be tolerant at the expense of their safety.

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion," was the solemn warning of Washington, and the history of the world is a witness to its timeliness. De Tocqueville, who is too often disposed to treat of religion as a matter of political economy and is therefore insensible to the dangers that are produced from doctrines of which his

own formed a part, did not attach much importance to the evils which might arise from the freedom and toleration he witnessed in this country. But yet in his great work on Democracy such expressions as the following are frequently to be found: "How is it possible that society should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? and what can be done with a people which is its own master, if it be not submissive to the Divinity." And again: "If among the opinions of a democratic people any of those pernicious theories exist which tend to inculcate that all perishes with the body, let the men by whom such theories are professed be marked out as the natural foes of such a people."

I have dwelt upon the Christian character of the nation and the inviolability of our moral code, not because I mean to consider the objections usually urged by infidels. It is useless as well as foreign to my present purpose to enter into speculations as to the value of a social contract in which God shall have no voice. There is nothing more certain in this world than the worthlessness of human obligations not ratified by a divine authority. But because even the best disposed among us are inclined to forget how closely our interests as a people are identified with Christianity, it is well that that connection be constantly kept before our minds.

Now, with a government based upon the principles of Christianity, to what extent shall we tolerate those who profess doctrines which, if put in practice, would entirely overthrow our social

system? It is a difficult matter to fix the limits of toleration, but it is one of those problems that must not be shirked, even if we cannot arrive at an absolutely perfect solution. Let us understand at the outset that we are not striving to find a means whereby government may force men to practise Christian virtue. That is impossible. No law can reach the consciences of men. But because men cannot be made Christian is no reason why Christian men should be at the mercy of those who are disposed to be their enemies. And while it is not to be forgotten that every allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature, and that the cause is blest which can vanquish its foes with no arms other than those of reason and charity, it must also be borne in mind that there does come a time in the life of individuals as of nations when a bold and decided stand must be taken for the truth, and no compromise made with its foes. It is our task to inquire when that limit of endurance has been passed.

And first we should say that when opinions manifest themselves in actions which affect the supremacy of the law, then they come within the legitimate sphere of government, and if government has any authority at all it must deal with these actions whether they are cloaked with a creed or a system of philosophy. Further than this: the *propagation* of opinions is in itself an action which may be more or less injurious to the interests of the community, and which can and should be restricted. That is, a Christian community can recognize no immutable rights in the freedom of speech or of

the press. The exercise of these rights is liable to abuse, and is therefore amenable to law—a necessary consequence which no one really denies, but which is hidden under heaps of rhetorical rubbish and newspaper bunkum. But while it is imperative upon a Christian people to defend their institutions against the assaults of falsehood and error, they are justified in making distinctions in their treatment of even dangerous foes. Thus the scientist or philosopher, who has set himself up as a god, is an enemy to all true civilization, but as far as his blind egotism permits he may be honest in his investigations. At any rate he does not threaten society with immediate disorganization, his modes of warfare cannot take us unawares, and he can be successfully combated without the intervention of the civil power. But the socialist who publishes a vile, scandalous work under the pretence of revising our moral code, and who insults all that Christian men hold sacred, is an offender who should be summarily dealt with. The demagogue who takes advantage of a “strike” to fill working men with the pernicious theories of the Revolution and to goad them on to violence is nothing more than a disturber of the public peace and should be treated accordingly. Nor should we in such a case wait until these incendiary doctrines produce the intended effect. Their propagation is of itself a serious offence and calls for punishment. It does not matter what cause these individuals style themselves representatives of; because they speak and write fluently, eloquently if you will, they are entitled to no more clemency than

any other dangerous criminals. True, they may be fanatics. If so, it is the duty of the community to put them under restraint, as is done with other insane people. If they are dishonest they deserve punishment for that and their maliciousness.

Am I contending for something that has long since been granted? Does everybody recognize that society must be protected, that its enemies and all disturbers of its peace and security should not be tolerated? Let us see.

Not long ago I read an account in the papers of a convention held at Chicago, where the theories advanced were such as could not be described in decent language, and yet this was only one among a hundred instances of flagrant violations of public decency to which the popular mind has become accustomed. I said to myself, these shameless men and women are too insignificant to deserve the notice of the law, and yet I could not resist the thought that from just such beginnings have grown calamities which terribly scourged the human race. What crime, what vice, may not take unto itself the pretence of progressive ideas and attack the sanctity of our homes if such public exhibitions of moral depravity as these are tolerated?

Your question of Mormonism—what is it but a notable abuse and perversion of toleration which the American people lack the courage and the honor to put an end to forever? That for which men are suffering in the prisons of one section of our territory has been made the foundation for what is called a religion in another, and a Christian people calmly contemplate the monstrous anomaly.

You will remember that a few years ago permission was solicited and obtained from the authorities of this city for a procession to pass through its streets commemorating the Communists who had paid the penalty of their crimes. Think of it. The blackest deeds of murder, of sacrilege, of robbery, and of treason, that ever threatened the world with all the horrors of anarchy and barbarism were covered with the mantle of liberty, and their perpetrators honored as martyrs in a city numbering thousands of Christian citizens. I must confess that as on that Sunday I watched the procession pass through one of our principal avenues, there came upon me bodings of a future not far distant when this demonstration would have obtained a deeper and more fatal significance. I could see that the men passing before me were most of them weak and deluded, without even energy enough to make their bad cause very dangerous, but I felt that they afforded just such material as could be used by a few knavish and desperate leaders to inflict a cruel blow upon society. And, will it be believed! I saw with my own eyes in that band of Internationalists, Communists, and Free-Lovers who were honoring the memories of the murderers of Archbishop Darboy, two men widely known among their own countrymen as patriotic and Catholic Irishmen. What feelings of contempt and disgust we must have for such shameless apostasy as this—but after all, these men had only learned the lesson of the times. They had caught the popular conception of toleration and meant to turn it to the advantage of their petty schemes.

I might multiply instances where this false spirit of toleration has led the community to assist the propagation of doctrines destructive of its own existence; but let those I have stated suffice for the present occasion.

Macaulay asserts that "the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion, whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey." That cannot be denied, but neither are we to forget that on the other hand men are often lax in upholding their beliefs, not because they have any doubt as to being in the right but because they make of their own failings a miserable apology for shirking the logical conclusions of their principles. It is a piteous spectacle to observe one who professes Christianity holding his hands out to its bitterest foes and pluming himself upon a liberality which is nothing more than a mixture of cowardice and ignorance. With such a man principle is but a matter of politeness and convenience, and I doubt if he is to be classed much higher than the persecutor described by Macaulay.

One thing must not be forgotten, and that is, that the unworthy claimants for toleration who so play upon our sympathy that we ignore our judgment, will not tolerate us when through our good services they get the upper hand. They cry out for the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press, but woe to us when they become the masters and we the suppliants. As Lacordaire puts it, "The combat between truth and error is always that of Cain and Abel. Cain constantly says

to his brother: Come, let us descend together into the fields of liberty—but it is only treasonably to murder him there."

A favorite argument in the mouth of those who would stretch toleration beyond its legitimate limits is that it is better for a government to endure the evils engendered by certain systems of belief or unbelief than by interference with them to invest their followers with the dignity of "martyrs." A measure of prudence which under some circumstances is worthy consideration, but which has been too often insisted upon in cases where it should have had no weight. Whenever the operation of a just law has resulted in creating an undue sympathy for the offender, an explanation will generally be found in the fact that it was only after an exhibition of weakness that the law was at last enforced. Had Napoleon been in Louis XVI's place on that memorable day of the tenth of August, there would have been no Reign of Terror, though the *sans-culottes* might have had a host of "martyrs" to mourn for.

One of the causes which lead a people to calmly contemplate the introduction of dangerous influences among them is an unwarranted confidence in their own strength. And when the hour of peril comes, when the influences they have weakly tolerated, gaining power, threaten social disorganization and anarchy, a great majority of law-abiding citizens find themselves at the mercy of a few desperate adventurers, as was the case in Paris during the Commune. And while the cause of order must assert its ascendancy sooner or later, a work of destruction can be accomplished which may take years

to remedy but which might have been prevented by a far-seeing and a firm, uncompromising enforcement of the law. This policy of temporizing, of false toleration, has been responsible for many of the evils which have cursed mankind.

The authority needed to prevent abuses of toleration cannot be exerted unless sustained by a healthy, vigorous tone of public opinion. Our laws have already suffered in some degree from injurious legislation—the disgraceful divorce laws, for example—but there is still power in them to protect us from the advances of pernicious doctrines.

We need not wait till anarchy and disorder proclaim to us the policy of those who are warring against Christian society. We know their plans and must prepare accordingly. Rash action may precipitate a contest which seems to be inevitable, and there is too much at stake for that. But over-zeal is not the weakness to be feared. It is this playing into the hands of the enemy—this miserable, counterfeit liberality, the product of our ignorance and slothfulness—that we have to struggle against or we shall be the agents of our own ruin. As citizens of the republic we are pledged against tyranny, and that tyranny which, under the insidious guise of progress overrides our law, which threatens our homes and our altars, which is undermining the foundation of our liberty and peace cannot, must not be tolerated. Let it slink into the caves and dark places of the earth. We shall not follow it there as they did of old, and bring it to the rack and the axe. But it must not show its brazen face in our

public places. We shall have none of it. As God knows our hearts we hate error—not men. As God upholds us we shall battle to the last against a toleration transformed into license which would open the doors of our prisons and send forth their criminals as the propagandists of a hideous revolution!

Gentlemen, I am aware many will refuse to recognize the importance I am disposed to attribute to the question of toleration as affecting the future of this country. It may also be objected that I have not developed the real issue underlying all the popular delusions and fallacies of the age. As to the first objection I have only to say that looking about me, observing the drift of public opinion, and the ease with which infidel notions and schemes obtain a foothold, I cannot help thinking that history is repeating itself amongst us with startling rapidity. As to the second objection that I have not gone to the source from which this false spirit of toleration proceeds—that I cannot deny. It is true that men are becoming tolerant of error because they themselves are falling away from the truth. But it is also true that there are vast numbers of men with reverent minds and hearts who, while they would shrink with horror from infidel and materialistic attempts to drive God out of the world, are in reality aiding and abetting these attempts. And they are induced to do this not as sacrificing their principles but upon the false plea of tolerating anything and everything that claims the right of free speech and of a free press. It will be remembered that I am addressing those who, thank God, are safely sheltered

from the doubts and distractions of the time in the bosom of the Catholic Church. They at least can stand upon firm ground and logically uphold a toleration which shall not be contracted until it becomes persecution, for that is an extreme to be avoided, as we love the truth—but they cannot, on the other hand, consent to extend the limits of toleration until it degenerates into the merest license. I am aware that they will have to go farther and deeper than this in defending their principles against modern liberalism in all its forms, but I have contented myself with calling their attention to a law of society, the necessity for which comes under their own experience and observation. If I have succeeded in unsettling any careless notions they may have entertained on this question of toleration, and if in studying out the true nature of liberty they are led to a further examination of the great truths underlying all human government, then indeed shall I have repaid in some little measure the attention with which I have been honored.

THE THREE CHICKENS.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Three chickens went hopping on the ground,
 Out on the ground when the sun rose high,
 Each went from the coop with a terrible wound,
 A head chopped off and a ticket to die,
 But men must work and women must eat,
 And tender spring chickens make very good meat,
 And Christmas-time is coming.

Three roosters they set up a terrible squawk,
 And they stretched out their necks as the fowls went down,
 And they looked at the hens and tomahawk,
 As much as to say, Don't do it up brown!
 But men have stomachs and women must eat,
 And nice chicken pie is hard to beat,
 And Christmas-time is coming.

Three corpses all cut up went into dish,
 The crust was put on and the edge scollop'd down,
 As juicy a pie as the stomach could wish,
 When the oven had baked it all through, nice and brown,
 For men must kill and women must eat,
 And good chicken pie is a very great treat,
 When Christmas-time is coming.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

A NEW YEAR'S VISION.

BY J. C. REEVES.

All day long, by the mystic sea
Whose waters verge on Eternity,
On a cold, gray rock, that stood alone
Where the winds and the waves made desolate moan,
Two maidens stood. And the raven hair
And dreamful eyes and dejected air
Of her who gazed on the ships that sailed
Far into the blinding mists that veiled
Sailor and keel from the eyes that fain
Would look in the face of their lov'd again,
Bespoke a soul that would oft recall,
From Memory's silent but throngful hall,
The joys that died, and the hopes that woe
And pain had nipp'd in the long ago.

All day long, by the mystic sea
Whose waters verge on Eternity,
Two maidens stood. And the golden hair
And winsome beauty and hopeful air
Of her who looked from the shore and the sea
And the clouds that lower'd so gloomily,
To a rift of gold in the sky that gleamed
As though 'twere an angel eye that beamed,
Told of a soul that was brave and true,
When Duty said there was work to do ;
Of a soul, whose hope, like the ceaseless flame
Of an altar-lamp, burned ever the same.

"Ah me," said she of the raven hair,
The dreamful eyes, and the languid air,
"If in from the wastes of Memory,
No desolate hopes came back to me,
To taunt my soul with their vacant stare,
Their pale, wan faces and ghostly air,

My life would be as the tuneful lay
The birdlings warble the livelong day ;
And never more my thoughts would be
On the phantom ships and the moaning sea !
But woe is me ! as the old year dies,
The ghosts of hopes that have died arise,
And visions of wasted moments press
To add to my spirit's bitterness,
Till waking and sleeping moments seem
The phantasms of a horrid dream,
And life no more hath aught for me
But the pale, wan spectres of memory !”

Answered she of the radiant hair,
The healthful beauty, and winsome air :
“ Sister ! God in his mercy gave
For every sorrow a Lethe wave,
That none might want, if his heart were strong,
Of true contrition to mend his wrong.
But never have dreams performed a deed
That man in the annals of men shall read,
And never have sorrowings near the grave
Of their buried hopes stretch'd forth to save
A wandering sinner, nor passed the Bread
Of Life to the soul that would fain be fed ;
But to strive and fail and strive again
Is never to spend one's life in vain,
For the highest law to the truly great,
Is the heavenly mandate, ‘ Do and Wait.’ ”

All night long, by the mystic sea
Whose waters verge on Eternity,
Two maidens stood, till the roseate ray
Of morn told of the new-born day.
Then spake she of the raven hair :
“ O glad New Year, to a soul of care
What bringest thou, that I may not see
The pale, wan spectres of Memory ? ”

Answered she of the golden hair,
The sparkling eye, and the joyous air :
“ O pale, wan sister ! unto thee
The New Year bringeth an argosy
Of golden moments, and each its own
Sweet fruitage hath, if the best be done ;

The field lies waste where the useful seed
 Should flourish instead of the noisome weed;
 A soul cries out from its den of pain,
 That God would see in His fold again;
 And, each new day, if thy heart be true,
 Will find some Christian work to do.
 The ghastly spectres that round thee press
 Will yield to an inward joyousness,
 And never more thy thoughts will be
 On the phantom ships and the moaning sea."

From my dream-bound eyes the mystic sea,
 Whose waters verge on Eternity,
 The cold, gray rock and the maidens fair,
 Of winsome beauty and languid air,
 Faded away; the gladsome swells
 Of the lamp-lit city's swinging bells
 On my senses broke, and the notes of morn
 Announced that the glad New Year was born.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Some say there is a wrong as well as a right way for doing a thing, but this is a mistake; for that which is called the wrong way is doing something else. There is none but the right way.

Many persons call that common which is general, and which they understand; and to avoid being common they are apt to talk about things of which they know nothing.

To become wise and good at once is as impossible as it is to build a house with one stroke of a hammer.

People can only deal with little things, and if they accomplish anything great it is by the accumulation of many of these little ones.

Better people than ourselves we are apt to despise, while worse ones, if there are such, we perhaps feel as if we could pity.

Persons generally use their time, money, and friends, pretty much alike.

It takes a body and a mind to make a man. Some people act as if they did not know this.

The greatest folly I know of is for a person to hope to prosper by oppositions and contraries. The less opposition the more speed; and nearly all opposition can be avoided.

To give up when you are even sure of being right, is generally the easiest way, and often the only one by which you can conquer an opponent.

HOW JASPER STANDISH WAS BADLY SCARED.

BY DANIEL CONNOLLY.

"Don't b'lieve in 'em, eh? Well, I do; and I guess you would, too, ef ye knowed as much about 'em."

"Knew as much about them! Why, gracious me, Aunt Jerusha, what can you know about—"

"Never you mind, Sophia Ann, how I come to know about 'em, but I do. Not that I ever see one on 'em myself, but that don't make no diff'rence. I b'lieve there is sich things, plenty on 'em, and I can't never forget that Chris'-mas night when Jasper Standish come runnin' into our house—the old house down yender, Sophia—scar't a'most out of his life. He'd been a-comin' pooty of'en, Jasper had, not that I ever gev him—but never mind about that, dear. It was long before your time, and of course ye don't care nothin' about it."

"But of course I do care a great deal, Aunt Jerusha. Come now, that's a good dear old aunty, tell me who was Jasper Standish, and what was it that scared him so much."

Aunt Jerusha and her niece were sitting by an old-fashioned New England farm-house hearth on Christmas Eve, passing the time chatting about various trifling things, until the little aunt, who was much smaller and seemed five times older than her blooming, pretty niece, finally and without any provocation thereto, suddenly dropped into regions of the super-

natural. She was a sharp, serious-looking little woman, but with a generous fund of kindness under the mantle of severity that seemed to infold her diminutive person. Her niece, Sophia Ann, to whom she habitually did the injustice of ignoring the remaining portion of her name—Summerton—was spending the Christmas holidays with her, much against her own inclination, for this peculiar old lady's temper and manner were not at all attractive to the young; but in filial obedience to her parents, who would have indignantly repelled the insinuation of being mercenary, but who knew that Aunt Jerusha had some money, and did not like to contemplate the possibility of its going out of the family. Aunt Jerusha, pinched and somewhat petulant, and Sophia Summerton, plump, pretty, and pleasant, were sitting before a cheerful hickory fire when the conversation recorded took place.

Aunt Jerusha did not at once respond to her niece's desire for further information concerning Jasper Standish and the cause of his scare, but seemed absorbed in softening reminiscences; for her usually grave face became mild and almost tender, while the blooming girl beside her waited eagerly for a resumption of what she thought must be an interesting story.

At last, awaking from her reverie, Aunt Jerusha vigorously attacked the

blazing wood on the hearth, poking and punching it violently with the old tongs, as though it had offended and she were inflicting summary and salutary punishment, and then, settling herself once more in her comfortable chair, abruptly returned to the point at which the conversation had been dropped.

"Well, then, Sophia Ann, ef ye really do care, I'll tell ye all about it. This is Chris'mas Eve, and—let me see—yes, it will be forty year to-morrow night since Jasper was scar't a'most to death."

"But what was it that scared him, Aunt Jerusha? I'm sure it could not have been—"

"Child, ef ye can't keep still, I shan't tell ye nothing about it. There!"

This threat had the agreeable effect of inducing pretty Sophia Ann to put one arm around Aunt Jerusha's neck and give the displeased and venerable maiden half a dozen rosy kisses; then, with a little coaxing and a promise of no further interruption, the old lady consented to go on.

"Well, as I was sayin', Jasper came in drefful badly scar't, lookin' a'most as white as the snow that was lyin' deep all round, and a-tremblin' as though all the ague in Tuckertown had got into him right there. Father—your grandfather, Sophia Ann—was settin' at one side of the fire, and mother was settin' at the other, and Jemima, your mother—she wa'nt more'n about ten then—and me was a-lookin' at some picture books between 'em, when the door opened suddent and Jasper came in without knockin', which 'peared kinder strange, for Jasper had good breedin' anyhow. We

all turned quick, and there stood that creetur, lookin' so awful shook that father jumped up and took hold on him and made him sit right down by the fire, at once. He didn't say nothin' at fust, and I rec'lect how I was wonderin' what could be the matter; but by'n by he come round a little and 'peared to feel better, seein' real human faces about, and then, when he'd stopped shakin', and his narves got nat'ral agen, he up and told us what it was and how it all happened.

"In them times, Sophia Ann, folks didn't hev new notions, like nowadays, and wasn't above believin' things jest because school-books said they couldn't be so. It was arter the witch times, consid'erable, but folks was still a-talkin' about them days, when old women was soused and sich for bringin' badness on people that never done 'em any harm, and a story had been goin' round that suthin' strange was happenin' at nights down to Jelliker's Pond, nigh the road from our house to Jasper's, and that Nancy Jelliker, who was drowned ever so many years ago for bewitchery, was 'pearin' down there, floatin' around in the air, and sometimes divin' down into the pond and risin' out of it agen, and floatin' and floatin', jest like ef she was a fish-bird. It was dark that night when Jasper started up the road, walkin' fast on 'count of the cold, for it was a drefful winter and the snow along the road was froze 'most as hard as ice.

"Deary me, what a long time it do seem since that night! Sophia Ann, ef you stay in this world as long 's I've ben in it, and don't have no husband to make things light and easy and socia-ble for you—though indeed some on 'em don't do that, but quite contrary

the road, and so weak and shakin' that a baby could ha' made him ashamed. When the pr'cession was goin' out o' sight at the turn down the road, he moved round so 's he was lookin' at the pond agen, and there it was, all ice, and nothin' but snow and bare trees all round it, but before he could get his eyes off agen a figger come up through the ice and rose in the air and floated around and pointed 'way down the road where the pr'cession had gone, and then sunk back through the ice, and Jasper didn't see it no more. When it was floatin' in the air it 'peared to move round on a broomstick, or suthin', though Jasper couldn't see that quite plain, and it was dressed jest like the old woman that was throwed into the pond right there before his eyes."

Sophia had moved close to her aged relative while the foregoing narrative was in progress, and when the old lady had concluded she asked in a low, tremulous voice,

"And Jasper—how did he ever get away from that horrid place?"

"That, dear, I dunno, for certain, but when the poor creetur come into our house that Chris'mas night, he certingly did look a'most scar't to death, as I told ye at the start, and father wouldn't let him go back that night, for he didn't 'pear to have any sperit more 'n a sick kitten."

Sophia was silent for a short time, and then again addressing the venerable Miss Jerusha, she said,

"But, Aunt Jerusha, you don't really believe those awful things he saw were—"

"Now there, Sophia Ann," exclaimed the old lady, bristling up, "I

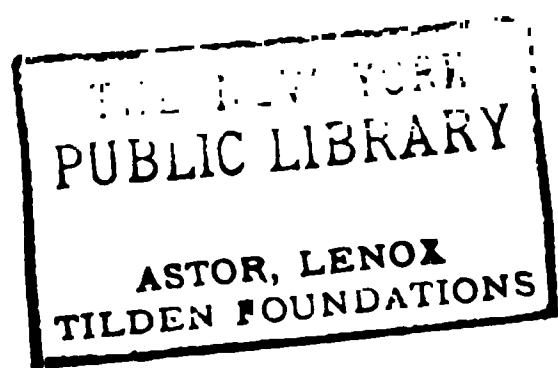
do b'lieve they was jest what you mean, for I'd often heard grandfather tell how Nancy Jelliker was drowned for witchery, and it all happened jest the way Jasper saw. There, the fire is a'most gone out! Why ain't ye spryer a-puttin' on wood? When I was a young gal like you, and Jasper was—"

"Oh, aunty, do tell me why you didn't marry Jasper? I'm sure he must have liked you, and I think you liked him, too—just a little, aunty, though you hav'n't said so yet."

"Pshaw, child! What's the use o' talkin' 'bout things that happened so long, long before your time? I've a'most forgot just how it was, but I s'pose I was foolish, like most young things is, and when Jasper spoke to me, all bashful and awkward like, I sorter laughed it off and said it was ridic'lous, and p'rhaps hinted suthin' about havin' plenty o' chances when I wanted 'em; and it all ended by him gettin' angry and then I got angry too, and he went away to some far place, vowin' there was no one to be trusted about anything."

"And do you know what became of him after that, aunty?"

"No, dear, I never heer'd nothing more about him; but when Chris'mas time comes round I always think of that Chris'mas night, and 'pear to see him jest as he looked then, all scar't and fluttered, a-tellin' us what happened when he was comin' by Jelliker's Pond. Sophia Ann, don't you ever make a young man go 'way to some strange place, thinkin' ye don't care anything about him, if ye do; for you're sure to feel sorry when it's too late. Now, dear, it's bedtime and to-morrer will be Chris'mas Day."





"But scarcely a moment or two had I slumbered,
 When up from the lawn, in the moonlight, there lumbered
 A sleigh that would do for Goliath,
 With a dozen of toy shops' lumbered."—A NEW YEAR'S BRIMON.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISODE.

By J. J.

The old year was going, the new one expected,
And Johnny and I on our pillows reflected
That, of all this great world's blessed children,
We two were the saddest neglected.

Said John, as he looked at our socks hung asunder,
"How is it that Santa Claus don't often blunder,
For how can he know good boys' stockings,
When one's like another, I wonder?"

I gave up the riddle, and without replying
Drowsed off into sleep, and left Johnny a-trying
To find how St. Nick was so clever,
For his shrewdness there was no denying.

But scarcely a moment or two had I slumbered,
When up from the lawn, in the moonlight, there lumbered
A sleigh that would do for Goliath,
With a dozen of toyshops encumbered.

It stopped at the door, and there was such a knocking,
It seemed that the house went a-swinging and rocking.
For who should it be but St. Nicholas
With his gifts to cram into each stocking.

To say he intruded I never pretended,
When he came to the spot where our socks were suspended,
But maintained a most quiet demeanor
Till down to the ground he descended.

Then I peeped through my eyelids and found the sun beaming,
The shutters were open, the windows were gleaming;
For sly Santa Claus had brought daylight,
And surprised all the family dreaming.

Our stockings were still from the mantle suspended,
 From Johnny's a pop-gun and scabbard extended,
 But in mine—O unfeeling St. Nicholas—
 A coal and potato were blended.

Then I rose from my bed and I paced o'er the floor,
 Examined the gifts he had left me, once more,
 And sat down in great tribulation—
 But started—to hear Johnny snore.

I looked—surely spirits were guarding his bed,
 For he smiled in his sleep, though he looked awful red—
 But ha! what was bulging the pillow?
 'Twas a Jumping-Jack under his head.

That brought to my mind a most novel conjecture,
 On which I read Johnny a practical lecture,
 And uttered some pointed allusions
 As to altering his head's architecture.

Then agog with excitement, I sought to explore,
 And the more I examined I found all the more,
 Till St. Nick stood acquitted. And Johnny?
 Well—I judge that he felt *rather* sore.

To comprehend a man's life, it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best.—*Gladstone*.

Men do not stumble, and blunder, and happen into Iliads, and Æneids, and Divina Commedias, and Othellos,

in a drunken dream of poetic inspiration, but work and grow up to them. It is common, I know, to point to some lazy gentleman, and say that there is a protuberance on his forehead or temple sufficiently large to produce a Hamlet or a Principia, if he only had an active temperament. But the thing which produces Hamlets and Principias is not physical temperament, but spiritual power. What a man does is the real test of what a man is; and to declare that he has great capacity but nothing great to set his capacity in motion, is an absurdity in terms.

A NEW-YEAR'S ENTRY IN JAMES MORTON'S DIARY.

BY FRANCIS XAVIER DESMOND.

One o'clock. The first day of the New Year ended an hour ago, and yet here I sit in my own little room, watching the fire in the grate and mingling my fancies with the bright flames as they flicker to and fro. How strange it is! Many a sleepless hour I have passed when my mind was racked with anxious thoughts, and often have I tried in vain to close my eyes and shut out the cares that would not go away. But to-night my heart is full of happiness and yet I am possessed with the spirit of unrest, I do not think of sleep. Joyful visions of the future press upon me with the same persistency as the forebodings that haunted me only a few short days ago. I could live forever amid such waking dreams as these. God has been good to me. He has blessed my life upon the very threshold of the New Year.

Let me draw my little table toward me and as the lamp streams its light upon the pages of this record of all my joys and sorrows, I shall write out the story of my love. My love! Can I write that word without doubt or shame? I ask my heart, and it honestly answers, Yes. I remember there was a time when I sneered at love, when in my own petty conceit I questioned womanly worth because I had seen a few frivolous women. I recall these callow days of mine with shame. But

the same sweet face that seems now to look upon me from among the shadows of my room, dissipated forever these sentiments unworthy of my manhood. Until I came to know the preciousness of one true woman's heart I had judged all the sex as false and vain. And yet, let me think. Have I gone to the other extreme? Have I become such a miserable being as that hero-lover I read of in novels, who shrines in his heart an idol of clay and grovels in worship before it? No! no! God save me from that! Better that all my life should be loveless than I should fetter myself with the bonds of a mere earthly passion. Because I feel to-night that my soul has found its guardian-soul, I can thank heaven, without fear or faltering, for this pure and earnest love of mine.

Let me begin the record of my New Year's Day. I awoke yesterday morning weary and sick at heart. Without, it was dark and gloomy, the snow falling in dull, heavy flakes, and the wind howling through the city. I looked about me. There was my bare, comfortless room not, as I had been dreaming through the night, my own cosy retreat at home which loving hands made bright and cheerful. No gentle knock at the door. No tender voice to wake me with a "Happy New Year." Ah, my mother, how well I

remember your soft step upon the stair. How I wait in vain for that New Year's message of your love. And then my father. I miss the warm grasp of his hand as he greeted his only child. I miss, oh, how sadly, the solemn blessing, that every New Year's morning he invoked upon my head. Dear father, dear mother—God bless you both! God have mercy on your souls!

As I looked out upon the world wrapped in gloom, I thought of that other love of mine—the only tie left to me unbroken, the one link that death had not severed. Unbroken? No. Alas, only too surely broken, leaving within my heart an aching void, a restless longing for sympathy and love that could not be satisfied. A sad certainty possessed me only yesterday morning that the New Year had no promise for me, that I must go out into the future, friendless and alone—no kith or kin of mine to bid me God-speed. The one pure, generous heart I had built all my hopes upon seemed separated from me forever, and sorely I felt tempted to repress no longer the fierce discontent long slumbering in my breast. As I sat by the window watching the snow-flakes as they fell, there came back to me the memory of just such another day of storm and gloom some two years ago. I can never forget that scene. The streets were covered with ice and snow; a cold, sharp sleet dashed into the faces of the passers-by as they hurried along. Down the avenue came, or rather rolled along, what seemed to be a bundle of tatters and rags. A wretched creature in whom it would be hard to recognize any semblance of woman-

hood, with matted gray hair and blood-shot eyes, half-clothed, and shivering at every step, staggered along, while a crowd of yelling boys followed her and pelted her with lumps of snow and ice. At last, from sheer weakness the poor wretch fell prostrate upon a door-step, and there lay surrounded by the yelling mob. I had barely time to disperse the ruffians when the door of the house opened and a young woman came forward. At a sign from her and without a word between us we brought the now senseless form into the house. I have seen more beautiful faces in my life but I have never gazed upon one so like an angel's as that which bent tearfully over the wretched outcast. No shrinking from contact with that miserable remnant of humanity. Everything was forgotten, save that a woman claimed a woman's sympathy. There before my eyes was a living picture of heroism, such as I had often contemptuously asserted could not be found outside the world of fiction. I suggested that the unfortunate vagrant should be sent to the hospital, but, with the keener perception of pity, the girl bade me go for the priest and the doctor, as she believed that wretched life was fast approaching its end. As I turned to go I could not resist the inspiration of mercy that lighted up the girl's face. An irresistible impulse of admiration seized me, I impressed a kiss upon her hand, and with a fervent "God bless you," left the house. The doctor came, but it was too late for his services to be of any avail. The priest came and ministered to that friendless outcast as solemnly and reverently as if it were a princess upon her bed of death.

Kneeling around that bedside, the girl, her mother, and myself recited the litany for the dying, until, with the glory of a new life shining upon her withered features, the aged wanderer motioned to the girl, pressed one long kiss of gratitude upon those pure lips, and then that sorely tried soul passed quietly away.

This was my first meeting with sweet Alice M——, and it opened to me a new world of hopes and aspirations. To win the love of such a noble woman was worth striving for with all my mind and heart. And that she was not to be won with silly compliments nor petty gallantries made her love all the more worth the obtaining. Even in the days when I flung my harmless shafts of scorn at her sex I had dimly cherished an ideal of womanhood that was now realized, and that shamed out of existence all my doubts and sneers. She soon discovered my ardent admiration and, with a modest simplicity, needing no words for its expression, disclosed to me the secret of her heart. I told her all my plans, all my projects for the future, and she encouraged, strengthened me with the inspiration of her pure and earnest soul. But alas, that happy communing of our hearts was soon interrupted, and it seemed forever. Her father had amassed considerable wealth, and dying, left her under the joint guardianship of her mother and her uncle. The latter was a good, honest man, but gruff in his manner and disposed to sneer at what he called the "romantic notions" of his niece. That she should encourage the attentions of one like me, a poor, friendless clerk, with only a small salary to depend upon, aroused

his anger, and he did not hesitate to show it in more ways than one. Alice counselled me to be patient, and did all she could to remove the prejudice which her uncle had conceived against me. But I, hot-tempered and headstrong, could not endure what was to me his insolence. I never meant to ask his niece in marriage until I could offer her a home worthy of her, and while I was striving day and night for her sake it galled me to the soul to have to endure his taunts and sneers. At last I resolved to stand it no longer. One day he hinted that it was his niece's wealth I was seeking. I indignantly denied the accusation and charged him with deliberate falsehood. Her mother, a good-natured but weak-minded woman, took sides with him in the quarrel, and I was forbidden the house. In my unreasoning passion I imagined that Alice herself did not espouse my cause as warmly as she should, and with bitter words from me and only a gentle remonstrance from her, we parted. It was solely my own act. I had wilfully thrown away the treasure of a true woman's love. Had I followed her guidance all would have been well, for her uncle was at heart a kind man, and could not long resist the influence of his niece. Burning with a sense of wrong, and determined that I should never allow to myself that any of the wrong was of my own doing, I wrapped myself up in business and strove to forget this episode in my life. But the effort was fruitless. I could not bury the memory of the past. Yet fortune smiled upon me. An important position became vacant in the house in which I was employed, and I was called upon to fill it at an increased

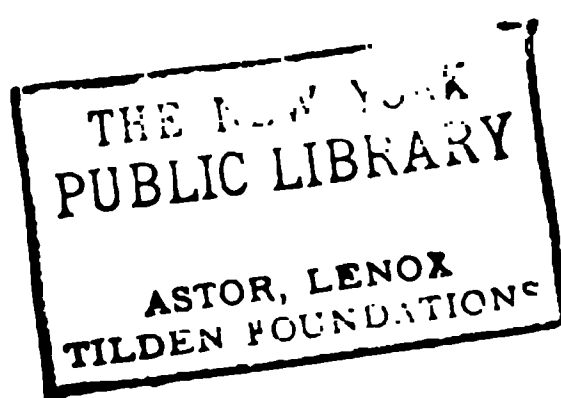
salary. What did I care for all that now?

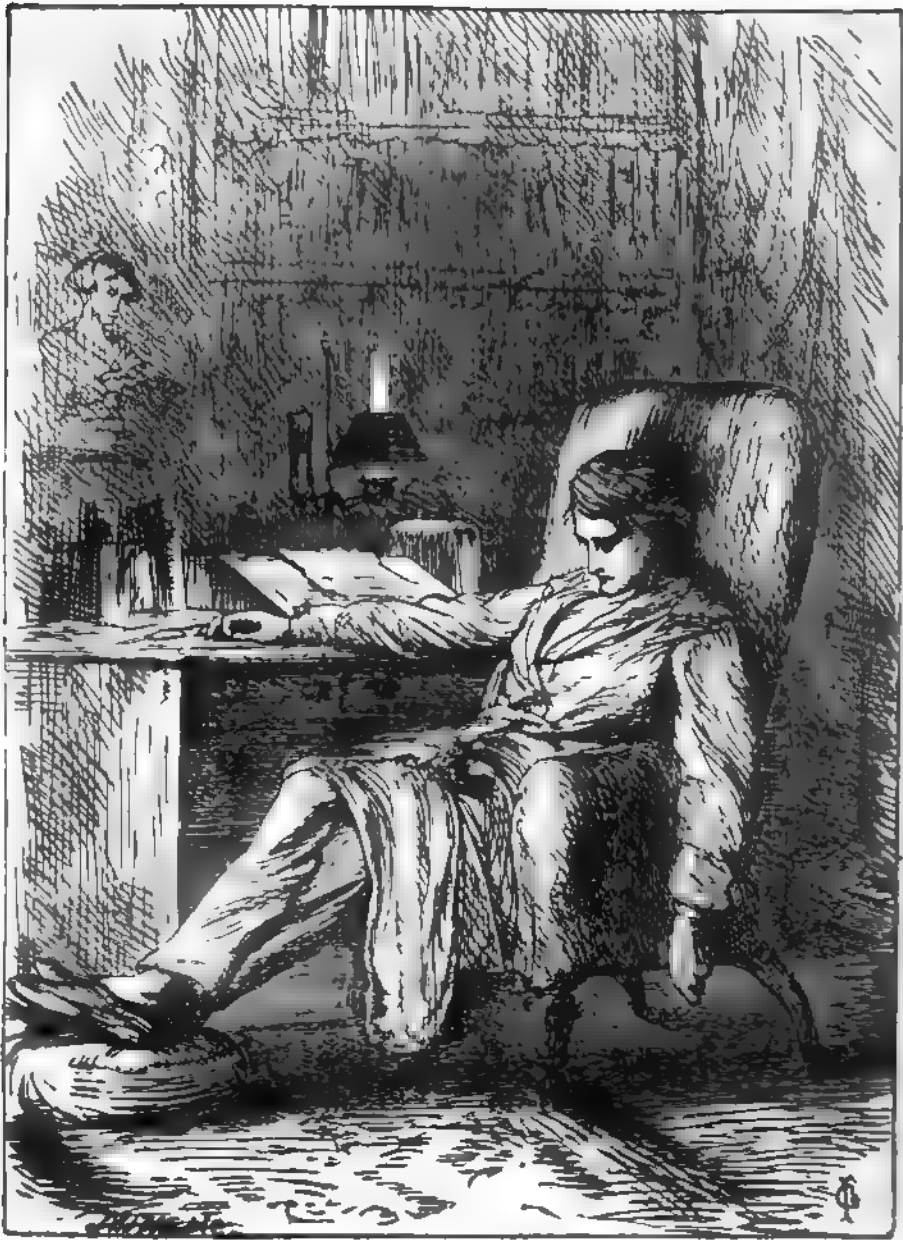
Such was the history of my life, that passed before me in a few minutes as I looked out on the New Year yesterday morning. With a sad and almost hopeless heart I went over all these scenes again and again, until the clock striking the hour broke up my reverie and reminded me that it was time for Mass. As I stepped out of the house the sky was still dark and lowering, but the snow had ceased to fall. I entered the church and strove to follow the Holy Sacrifice without distraction or worldly thought. Mass over, I was about leaving the church and returning homewards when there in the porch, deterred by the storm which had commenced again with redoubled force, I saw Alice. For a moment pride held me back, but it was only for a moment. I was at her side in an instant, offered to shield her from the storm, and we left the church together. It was a year since I had spoken to her, and though this meeting was one of joyful surprise to me I could but utter a few disjointed words in conversation. As we parted at her mother's door, with the same sweet smile upon her face and in the same low musical tones I had once loved to hear, she insisted that I should that evening pay her mother and herself a New Year's call. After that, how long all yesterday seemed. I sat by my window watching the troops of reeling men pass along until I became disgusted with the grossness that turns a kindly social custom into abuse, and makes the first day of the year a scene of brutish revelry. Then I tried to read, but could not keep my thoughts

upon the book. Ever before my eyes was that fair face, exciting now my hopes, now my apprehensions. At last night came. With beating heart I once more entered the cosy little house so memorable to me as the scene of a noble act of mercy. Alice came forward to greet me with smiles and blushes. Her mother seemed oblivious of the past and gave me a hearty welcome. We three sat by the blazing fire together, and whatever restraint was upon us soon disappeared under the genial influence of the season. How my heart lightened when I came to know that Alice had obtained her majority and was henceforward her own mistress! From that moment I heard but little of the long story the kind but garrulous Mrs. M—— told of a certain New Year's Day when she met her husband for the first time, and how it was a case of love at first sight. And when the old lady dozed off into a quiet slumber I could not help thanking her in my heart for that kindly deed. For some minutes Alice and I sat quietly before the fire and then I ventured to break the silence.

"Alice," I whispered, "your mother has told us the story of a New Year's Day in her life. I, too, have a story to tell this New Year's night. Will you hear it?"

"There was once a young man left alone in a great city, without parents or friends. Partly from the experience he encountered and partly because of something lacking in himself, he came to look upon the world with a cynical eye. He felt in his heart a longing for sympathy and love which he could not altogether repress, but his words were words of bitterness and distrust





ESTHER IN JAMES MORTON'S DIARY.

—words that gained him no friends. Most of all he railed constantly at women, though the memory of a mother he dearly loved should have silenced his scornful tongue. One day the knowledge of his own littleness became known to him in a moment. A young, unpretending girl, sublime in her sympathy and tenderness for the unfortunate, disclosed to him that treasure of a woman's heart which he had so often affected to despise. He had passed his glib judgment upon the world, he had found it false and hollow, and yet there before him, in the picture of that fair girl bending over the lowliest and most degraded of her sex, was told the story of a capability for a generous, heroic sacrifice of self, of which he, in his own life, had never given a sign. From that time forward there was a higher purpose in all his strivings, and unworthy as he was he sought that gentle girl's love, and she, beautiful in her womanhood, gave him the inspiration of her soul and opened before him a future bright and joyful as a poet's dream. But the clouds gathered around him again. He had not yet fully learned the lesson of patience and endurance. The mere annoyances of a moment aroused all his stubborn pride, and, unheeding the gentle counsel of his good genius, he allowed his angry passions the mastery, and rudely cast away the treasure of love he had never really deserved. For more than one long year he brooded in loneliness and gloom, and when the New Year came, once more it found him nearly hopeless, the old hardness closing in around his heart. But that New-Year's Day

had not yet passed when, like a gift from heaven itself, hope again revived in his breast. As if it were a dream, he found himself again in the presence of her he loved, and she, he dared to think, looked upon him with the old kindness in her face. Alice, dear Alice, does not that tender smile, do not these modest blushes, tell the young man that it is not all a dream? Speak, Alice. It is you must end my story."

Need I write the answer? No, though it is written on my heart, where her gentle, faltering words shall find their only record.

When good Mrs. M—— awoke from her slumbers her apology was cut short by a young couple kneeling before her and asking her blessing. When one short year has elapsed, I am to take Alice to my home, which I trust, ere then, to make worthy of her.

It is but a few hours since all this passed, and as I write, the face of my sweet Alice comes before me, and again I hear her earnest parting words, "Good night, and God bless you, James, and may He grant you a Happy New Year."

I turn over these pages of my diary and read them again and again. They do not tell a story the world would care to hear, but they contain all the romance of my life for me. And, when in the far-off future, children shall gather around me and read of heroes and their loves, my thoughts will turn fondly back to this little room of mine, where in the silence of the night I now sit writing, with a grateful heart, for God has blessed my life on New Year's Day.

JUDGE BETWEEN THEM!

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

BY JAMES B. FISHER.

PART I.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

In the heart of a great city, and facing on a sequestered street within hearing of a thoroughfare's hum and rumble, stands a comfortable house. It has a genteel front and a look of solvent respectability on every square foot of it, from the polished door-plate to the attic's discreet blinds. There is a sort of frigid dignity in every house on this street, and all the flat roofs seem staring with infinite disparagement at the gables, and giving one another the cold shoulder out of sheer self-importance. It is a very unneighborly neighborhood. To see the Smith family of No. 10 flounce past the Joneses of next door on Sundays, one would be persuaded that an hereditary feud had figured in the last will and testament of every lineal ancestor since the time of the mediæval Smiths and Joneses. And the emphatic way in which Betty of No. 10 gives her broom a valedictory pound on the curbstone when the female retainer of No. 12 appears is full of hostile significance.

More chill and unsociable-looking than ever is the street on this Christmas-eve afternoon. Gusts of wind come sweeping round the corners and, edging up to the closed shutters, rattle

the panes and utter dismal threatenings and complaints to all the eaves and gargoyles. A few flakes of snow fell early in the day, but the blast has long ago swept them off to the lee side of stoops and other nooks of vantage. Some of them are still clinging to the window-sill of the comfortable house, and peeping in at a cosy room where Mr. Claude Chandley sits prozing before a snug fire. Mr. Claude Chandley is a man of superb stature, with a rubicund face and an eccentric imperial. One man in a thousand, nay, in ten thousand, is Mr. Claude Chandley. He is eminent, very eminent, in the literary world—a successful journalist, a popular novelist, a writer on various economies. And he has lectured to large houses, delighted the popular mind with the wideness and beauty of his views, and tickled the popular fancy with his keen satire and ready humor.

A philanthropist, too, is Mr. Claude Chandley, ever willing to set before the world the grievances of the down-trodden masses and depict in glowing colors the miseries of the lowly and destitute.

"Oh, what a dear, warm-hearted creature that Claude Chandley must be," cried Miss Clementine Languid, in a rapture after perusing "The Beggar's Burial." "How divinely he does

describe that death-bed scene. I cried over every word of it."

"A man of large views, of very large views," soliloquized Papa Languid on reading Chandley's brochure on "Our Paupers." "He is a humanitarian, every inch of him."

What Papa Languid and Miss Clementina said was only the reflex of every other body's opinions. So it may be inferred that Mr. Claude Chandley was a man of some importance in the community, and it is only fair to state that no one realized that fact more fully than Mr. Claude himself.

As he lolled back before the cheerful fire and shifted his slippared feet on the fender, he looked the very embodiment of self-complacency under favorable conditions, and his easy equanimity was not a whit disturbed by the letter a servant laid beside him. This was what it contained.

Dec. 24.

Mr. Claude Chandley.

Your two-column Christmas sketch has not yet been received. As the ——— goes to press this evening you will please forward MS.

———, Publishers.

Mr. Claude Chandley, contrary to stereotyped usage, did nothing violent on perusing this communication. Nor did his language at all savor of inelegance. He only yawned, stared into the fire, and muttered:

"A Christmas sketch—charity, holy season, and all that—hackneyed, worn threadbare. But what of that? I'll *dream* again, yes, I'll *dream* again."

And in pursuance of these intentions he wheeled his chair over to a writing desk and fell to writing with such earnestness that an observer would have been very deeply impressed with

the singular facility Mr. Claude Chandley had for dreaming.

The wind that clutched at the window-shutters went chilling through the rags of a little beggar on the street; the daylight died slowly on gable, roof, and spire, and when the lights blazed in the emporiums gaunt shadows gathered in low and dim retreats; but in the cosy room the fire still shone cheerily, and Mr. Claude Chandley was still dreaming on paper of the Christmas times, the season of good-will and peace, the season for the hand to give and the heart to warm to others.

Of great beauty and symmetry was the writer's dream. Quaint fancies strung together—grains of sentiment that bore a hidden life caught from the warmth of their Christmas tone—shades and colors of things that might be. There were pictures in it of an unreal life that shrunk behind a mask of commonplace actuality. It had woven in its texture the wailing of the outcast and forlorn, but there always was a golden thread to twine about it—the cry of want was in it piteous and prolonged, but it had always listening ears to reach and crime's foulness ever was absorbed in the odor of good deeds. Had it a moral? Yes. Mr. Claude Chandley always dreamt morals. The great precept, "Do to others as you would be done by," was its text; "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked," lighten the burden of another's toil, bring balsam to them torn of scourges! Human life is festering in loathsome dens. Human hopes are wrecking day by day. Human hearts, sodden by care and sin, are rotting in their owners' bosoms. Help them all! Men, couched in down, whose lives are blank and

barren, attend to these! Men, grasping with a greedy hand the fruits of others' toil, forbear! Men, wasting mighty energies in worthless aims, a teeming field awaits you! All this and more was in Mr. Claude Chandley's dream.

The night fell; the yule-tide log was lighted; the altar stood grand and solemn in its commemorative decking; the banquet board was spread; the blaze of the bazaar illumed the air; music swelled out sweet and thrilling; light feet twinkled on the dancing floor; and Mr. Claude Chandley hurried off to his club. His Christmas sketch was written, his dream was over, and he felt that his duty to society was discharged and that philanthropy indeed had few knights like him.

Along the dim streets of a fashionable quarter he passed. There were sounds of feasting ever and anon dropping out from brilliant parlors, and merry voices rang upon the wind that bit so sharply. But far unlike all these was the small voice that reached him as he paused to button his coat more tightly.

"Give us a cent, sir, please!" was all it said.

A sharp, quavering voice it was. The whine of hereditary beggary was in it, but it had also the plaint of hereditary want. The lips that uttered it were thin and blue, and there was a pinched and greedy expression on the young face that looked up half beseeching, half fearful.

The philanthropist, the theorist, the dreamer, was before the object of his devices and his visions. The one gaslight streamed on both. Mr. Claude Chandley stopped. A look of glad expectancy came into the pallid face, and as quickly faded from it.

Mr. Claude Chandley stopped, but his eyes were turned away from the eager, white face. If he had heard the prayer for aid he did not heed it. It was toward the open door of a magnificent mansion he was looking. A gentleman was coming down the stoop to him.

"The compliments of the season to you, Chandley," cried Mr. Luchre, the wealthy *parvenu*, for it was he. "You are coming to the club?"

Before the other could answer, the ragged boy stretches out a thin, trembling hand between them.

"Please, gentlemen, give us a cent."

"Be off, you young scamp," cried the philanthropist; and then, to the merchant prince: "Here is a ready instance, my dear Luchre, of the necessity we have of a more comprehensive system of public charity."

Mr. Luchre, a big, good-humored man, had put his hand in his pocket, but on Mr. Claude Chandley's summary dismissal of the beggar he took it out again—empty, for the *parvenu* esteemed the opinion of so eminent a man, and was desperately willing to shape his actions on a model of such perfection.

"You see," went on the philanthropist, "in that boy, an individual member of a class we term dangerous, a class which I grieve to say, in spite of reformatory enterprises, is daily increasing. And why, my dear sir! simply because its growth is encouraged by influences which serve to make destitution self-supporting and enable the beggar to subsist independent of State aid. This is an evil which must be counteracted, you admit, and the readiest way of meeting it is

to cause the suspension of the private and indiscriminate giving of alms. Trust me, if the worthless tramps who infest our city find the means of continuing their lazy and dissolute mode of living beyond their reach, they will soon be gathered into State institutions provided for them. It is our duty as citizens to further this end. Many valuable considerations are involved in it. Observe, sir. You advance industry, you promote security, you diffuse intelligence and insure yourself against the losses of property and life made possible by the existence of an element that only can exist to the detriment of all others. That child is a unit in this great problem, and as such he is an instance of my theory. Refuse him your aid, and he will be constrained to apply for State aid. The State is his legitimate guardian. It assumes all responsibilities in his regard, on his becoming dependent on its bounty, and guarantees to restore him to the community when he is able to discharge his duties as a useful member of it."

Mr. Luchre, walking arm-in-arm with the philanthropist, listened admiringly to these utterances of his. Perhaps there existed, even in his petty brain, certain doubts as to the soundness of this kind of logic; but if there were, he resolutely smothered them under his seal-skin cap and contented himself with saying:

"Admirably put, my dear Chandley—just my own opinions. There should be no beggars. We have made ample provisions for them. We have indeed. And then the labor they represent, eh, that is lost, you know—gone for nothing—ain't it?"

And Mr. Luchre, thinking that he had made a point in the argument, waxed extravagant in his estimates of the harm industry sustained in the toleration of beggars and paupers generally.

When they reached the club, Mr. Luchre, who, like all small-minded men, was ambitious of being considered a thinker, told Mr. Checkgold Smythe, a gentleman of his own mental calibre, about his conversation with Claude Chandley and proclaimed in a cursory way his own astute views on the subject of beggars. "That point of mine about the percentage of labor lost will take down old Smythe a peg—won't it?" he thought.

But Mr. Checkgold, with mulish obstinacy, refused to be impressed even by an argument of such force and originality, and summarily dismissed the question.

"To the devil with beggars and with labor rates," said Mr. Checkgold Smythe. "Sink political economy, my dear fellow, for this night. Merry Christmas is no time for it."

Toll, toll, ding, dong, bell! Midnight in the city. Midnight pealed from a hundred steeples—midnight hailed from a hundred altars—midnight greeted by a thousand hearts in which is the glory of morn—midnight on the night of nights which is to usher in the joyful day. Oh, what a glorious burst of sound pealed from those brazen throats toiling up in the air. How the great, hoarse iron voices melted into the liquid music of the chimes. And how joyfully, gleefully, rapturously, did the metal notes float above the sleeping city. Only for a moment though, only for a moment. A silence fell upon them

quickly. Their tones died into the sky, but the joy they brought with them abided. It was Christmas morn.

The music of the bells stole into the elegant parlors of Mr. Claude Chandley's club. High carnival was being held there. A glorious banquet, tempting viands, delicious confections, superb wines, toasting, laughing, wit, eloquence, sociality—all were there. This was a Christmas celebration of the fashionable and *distingué* kind, and consequently very little was said about Christmas and none of the observances vulgar people associate with it were at all dreamt of. The president of the club, in his address, alluded to it in a cursory way as "the occasion," and one funny gentleman made it subserve the commission of several indifferent puns. It was only when Mr. Claude Chandley rose to the toast, "Our Philanthropists," that any direct reference was made to the great significance of the day which was then about to begin. He spoke of the angels' hymn, "Peace on earth, to men good-will," and impressed upon his hearers the necessity of making the precept a fact rather than a formula. This was the time when men who had at heart their poorer brothers' welfare should lend themselves to proper schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the lowly. There was a large field for philanthropy to labor in. He himself had become familiar with instances of poverty in that very city which shamed our civilization and enlightenment. Then a thrilling narrative of misery and want was recounted, in the Claude Chandley novel style, and a stirring appeal was made to the humanity of the club and to human nature generally, in the

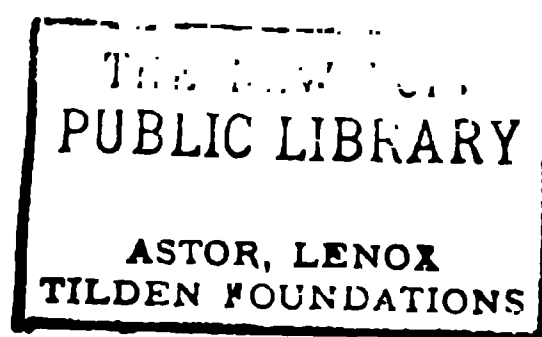
Claude Chandley *brochure* style, and the whole was topped by a brilliant peroration that "brought down the house," so to speak, and played sad pranks with the dignity of listening members. The Hon. Quincy Tuppins, who had been in Congress and was a power in any deliberative body, followed Mr. Claude Chandley and commented very favorably on that gentleman's foresight and discretion. Poverty, the Honorable Quincy admitted, was broadcast. And he agreed with his esteemed predecessor that it was essential for the public good to devise means for elevating the condition of the masses. That end had shaped *his* views during the period of his official labor, and he had hopes of seeing it soon receive more general consideration and support. Poverty must of necessity be done away with, and crime would follow it. "Crime, gentlemen," said the speaker, "crime is the offspring of poverty by laziness."

"It comes of a bad family," Mr. Checkgold Smythe, who *would* have his joke, remarked.

"It has a bend sinister on its arms then," objected a gentleman of strong radical tendencies, with a mighty head of hair in its primeval intactness. "It has a bend sinister on its arms. I deny its legitimacy. Poverty never espouses laziness. Despair may associate them; but the union is an illicit one, and its offspring is a monstrosity which we cannot recognize."

"Till we are forced to by its own presumption," blandly supplemented the Honorable Quincy.

Mr. Luchre laughed loud at what he thought a home-thrust, but as no one shared his joviality he relapsed into





"Crouching on a beam, and with entwined arms, were two children asleep."—JUDAS BETWEEN THEM!

very sudden and ignominious silence. Then the speaker resumed his speech, and, having uttered his share of threadbare platitudes with becoming force and feeling, sat down, leaving a feeble echo of applause after him.

And so the night passed. Sentiment, philosophy, and fun prevailed. Mr. Luchre was the last man on the floor. There was a prospect of morning when his turn came around. He was a trifle incoherent, but very much in earnest. There was a fine frenzy in his eye as he spoke; but, if it must be owned, his nether limbs behaved very outrageously, for despite the gravity of the upper man, these contumacious members displayed a very frivolous and insane inclination to disperse in all directions. The substance of Mr. Luchre's remarks was that he was no orator (interrupted by protests encouraging and complimentary), that notwithstanding this he respected the occasion, very highly respected it, and was unwilling that it should pass without his paying a tribute—a tribute d'ye see—to—to (an oppressive pause) to it. He remembered other Christmas eves (deprecatory coughs)—which—(coughing more emphatic) which he would not now recall (general satisfaction in dumb show), but he would content himself by saying that he wished all his brother members a merry Christmas and that his heart warmed with fraternal feeling for every one of them. Which was not at all surprising in view of the strong waters that had found access to that organ's vicinity. By a manœuvre that required considerable dexterity Mr. Luchre's chair was brought under him and his two

hundred weight of imbecile manhood sank into it and abided there.

Then the glorious Christmas day dawned, and Mr. Claude Chandley went home and—to bed.

The merry peals of the Christmas bells which stole into the parlors of Mr. Claude Chandley's club lost some of their gayety in the chill, damp air of the river and the clogging atmosphere of the contiguous lanes. Weird and almost doleful they sounded in the dead midnight as they came softly and stealthily into the shadow of a black archway almost at the water's edge. It had once been the river gate for a great manufactory and had listened to the surge and bustle and roar of productive activity. But long ago the works had been closed and the great yard was now a tangle of ship-timber and the débris of the docks.

In all the great city there could be no more dismal, forbidding, melancholy place. The wailing of the wind through the dark stone-work sounded like the plaints of a lost soul, and the lonesome swash of the deep, dark river on the timbers of the pier had a dreary and awful suggestiveness. Strange, foul airs, reeking with the odors of decay, stirred in sluggish currents in the black recess, and a dampness as of the tomb ever infested it. On this night it had inmates. Crouching on a beam, and with entwined arms, were two children—asleep. Driven from the stoops and alleys of the crowded city they had come here to seek repose.

One of them had his face raised to the faint reflection of a distant gas-light. It was the beggar-boy Mr. Claude

Chandley had driven off. Here, under the black arch and in the teeth of the biting wind, lay the representative of the "dangerous classes," outcast of society, almost beyond the pale of human sympathy. Of what avail to him was the vigorous rhetoric or the glowing sentiment which the philanthropist was at that very moment uttering in his club. Did it allay the pangs of his hunger or warm into healthful action the blood that was frosted and cold in its channels? In his restive sleep the pale lips twitched convulsively, and the poor limbs, which were bare to frost and cold, shivered and shrunk from the breath of the wind.

Alas for them whose lives an ever-present death consumes! Alas for them whose sad story is locked in a blank despair, and who sink into nameless graves with a life's complaining still unspoken. In a hundred halls man celebrates the birth of love, yet here his brother pines and dies without a joy, without a glimpse of human love or a knowledge of human sympathy.

All is black and baleful in the wild sky, the bleak wind's every moan is a menace, the glimmering lights beyond the stream are fading in a shroud of darkness. The world that scouts the beggar's miseries seems to avoid his contact.

What wonder that a life like his is measured by its woes? What wonder that the deep black stream has in one night like this closed upon a young but hopeless heart, and that the slow current has borne to the oblivion of death what had been oblivion in the life?

PART II.

THE REALIST.

John Regan, bricklayer, lived in Hoyden street, just where it runs into the square. His house was a two-story brick, shared between his own family and that of a taciturn German, Schutz-enheim by name, besides an anonymous tinsmith who was poked away in the basement. On this Christmas eve something was evidently going on in Regan's.

Mrs. Regan herself had been distinctly identified by a half score of her neighbors as the little woman who trudged through Hoyden street that afternoon with the bulkiest of hampers on her arm. A junior Regan, too, had been detected carrying home a bulging mass of something in a brown paper, which from the severe manner in which he discouraged investigation was judged by some curious playmates of his a fruit cake, a plum-pudding, or "goodies" of some kind. Some youthful and indiscreet Regans had disclosed the existence of a Christmas tree awaiting decoration, and from the confidential way in which Mrs. Regan had asked the German family down stairs and the family—"from her own place"—across the way, to drop in that evening, it was certain that something festive was about to transpire.

When the shades of night fell, the Regans' little sitting-room was blazing with wax-candles and redolent with a combination of heart-melting and teeth-sharpening odors.

Mrs. Regan, attired in a brown silk gown that had passed through several transitions of shape and trimming, was making odd dashes here and there to

right imaginary disarrangements, and every now and then flying to the window and peeping up and down the street. Suddenly a rumor spread from the backroom that the German family down stairs were coming up, and it was speedily followed by a descent of young Regans upon the sitting-room. Then there was a modest knock at the door, and Mrs. Regan delighted and of course very much surprised, admitted Herr Schutzenheim, his wife, his fiddle, one immature Schutzenheim and a violin-case. There were a great many unintelligible compliments passed between the two families, and then Mrs. Regan, who had been quite fidgety and constantly made insane darts at the window, could contain herself no longer and boldly proclaimed the cause of her restlessness.

"I wish John would hurry," said Mrs. Regan. "I wish he were here."

John Regan was hurrying. He had dropped into a bazaar to purchase a trifle or two for the children and stopped once or twice to chat with a passing friend. It would be hard to describe John. Not that there was anything peculiarly handsome or noble, or ugly or mean about him. Not a bit of it. John was not in the least peculiar. You might meet a hundred men like him in a day's walk. But there was such a jovial, hearty look spread all over his round, rosy face, and such sly merry twinkles lurking in his eyes, that it puzzles one to find the right sort of expressions to use in describing him. You all know what a cheerful, merry, good-humored face Santa-Claus has, in books and toyshops. Well, if the old fellow were shaved, his likeness would pass muster for John Regan's.

So John went hurrying home, full of glad expectancy and brimming over with all sorts of large-hearted impulses. From the wide thoroughfare, with its stream of humanity swaying and eddying and tumbling along past lighted windows and garish stalls, he turned into a modest by-way. Hoyden street was just in sight, zigzagging between tall houses and blank walls, and John felt that not far off, in a little two-story brick front, there were warm and anxious hearts awaiting him.

"It's thim 'ul be the aiger young sowls, be this," chuckled John, as he thought of his expectant offspring. And with the thought he quickened his pace and went hurrying up the street so fast that the sharp wind went whistling by his ears as if its home were located in the other direction; hurrying so fast indeed that he came within an ace of knocking down a man who was shuffling along with his head upon his breast.

"Excuse me, sur," said John, grabbing the stranger to hold him up, "excuse me, but—"

He stopped to look at the other. He was a cold, ragged, decrepit man. His hair fell in tangled masses upon his forehead, and mingled with the growth upon his cheeks. He had deep sunken eyes with a wild, complaining light in them. His face was pale and wrinkled.

"Lord bless us, what a poor crathur it is," said John. "Say, me good man, where are ye goin'?"

"It doan't consarn you," the other returned in a querulous tone. "Ye'll help me nothing the more, I'll be bound."

"Faith, ye have an uncivil tongue in yer head, me man. But don't ye see

that it's not the loikes o' me that'll be plaguin' ye—"

The frank, honest words melted the stranger.

"I ax yer pardon," he said meekly. "God knows there's so many hard words for me that I can't tell whin I meet me frind. Where am I goin', ye ax. Wisha, I can't tell. Wherever there's a bite t' be had, for sorra a crumb has passed me lips this blessed day."

John could well believe him. The white, pinched face told its tale.

"Come with me, my good man," said he, "I'm goin' home now, and it'll be hard if I can't find a male for ye."

And the two trudged on together.

There was a large and select gathering awaiting John Regan when he reached home. Independent of shoots of his own genealogical tree, with Mrs. Regan herself there were Mr. and Mrs. Schutzenheim sitting very demure in a corner, and Mr. O'Toole from across the way, and Mrs. O'Toole from the same locality, and various O'Tooles of the feminine gender, and others ostensibly of the common gender, mixed and mingled with the young Regans and the sole scion of the house of Schutzenheim.

Maybe there was not a sensation when John Regan's blooming face appeared, and perhaps that sensation was not trebly intensified when his companion hobbled in! Had you only beheld the astonished faces! But John did not give much time for astonishment to circulate. He rose to explain and did so to every one's intense satisfaction and edification. The stranger, when he had eaten his fill, was furnished with a chair by the fire, and,

being a good-humored and story-telling stranger, the zest of the evening's enjoyment was greatly enhanced by his presence.

And such a jolly evening as that was. Jokes, stories, songs, the comparison of family statistics, the tale of every baby's peculiarities told by the mothers—all these enlivened the night. John was in a rapture of delight. With great good-will he joked, with great good-will he told funny stories of "home" and of "long ago, God be with them days," and with equal complacency he volunteered, late in the evening, to go through a regular old time reel. In the accomplishment of this feat Mr. Schutzenheim proved an invaluable co-adjutor, for the junior Schutzenheim having been despatched down stairs on secret service returned with the paternal bow which had been forgotten, and the fiddle was forthwith tuned and shouldered. With the first note John was on the floor, with the second his feet started off on their own hook, and the third found him capering away in a manner that was quite exhilarating to witness. But he was not long alone. The infection spread. The carpet was toed and heeled as it never was before. Herr Schutzenheim laid to with a will and dashed off strains of a most exaggerated and impromptu character. Every one danced, every one capered, and John Regan more than every one, till at length the fiddler rolled off a perfect tempest of fugues and cadenzas which worked them all into a furious pitch of terpsichorean frenzy before which human endurance failed.

It would be difficult to follow up the festivities of the evening—to tell how nicely the fruit cake was done or how

odorous was the warm lemonade served up with it. Nor could the violent expostulation of the juvenile feasters, when bedtime was alluded to, be properly transcribed. It is sufficient to say that the metaphorical marriage-bells were surpassed in merriness, and the Christmas precept of good-will received a just and ample interpretation.

When the bells of Christmas tolled their joyful pæan into the midnight and certain distinguished roysterers in a gilded palace were applauding Mr. Claude Chandley's philanthropic utterances, an old man went through a dark street, and bowing down his shaggy head as he shambled along, he prayed—prayed long and earnestly—for the large heart that had felt how cheerless was his lot and opened to him sympathy and succor; prayed that the good God might hold this man of generous nature, with his family and interests, in the hollow of his hand, and aid them from above. It was only an old beggar who prayed—a tramp of the streets—alien and friendless in the heart of the great city. But may not that heart's petition have risen with the early prayers of the Christmas morn to the throne of the Eternal?

The Great Writings tell us of the joy among the angels on one sinner's repentance. And may not the blessing of a care-weighted heart be grateful to the Father as the voices of those who stray not from Him?

Yes, these cries from lives that are blasted, these prayers of love from lips that care and sin have blanched, this sweetness that comes from gall, surely there is more in them than appears to our short-seeing minds.

The fires long quenched in souls that feel the blight of misery send out their warmth afresh in such petitions, the eagerness of wasted hopes is in them, and the refrain of dead sympathies that struggle into life again.

Surely the old man's prayer rose beyond the fetid places that consumed his life, and was heard that night among the voices of the choirs. Perhaps, too, the white-robed spirits on their errands of mercy and love may have glanced at the objects of the old man's prayer and looked more fondly on them for its sake.

However that be, I know that John Regan and his family slept that Christmas night the sleep of those whose slumbers angels guard. Who will say that the sympathy extended to the outcast of the streets was lost and reaped no rich return? Remember what is written: "A cup of cold water in my name shall have its reward."

EPILOGUE.

This is no story. It has not the semblance of a plot. It is completely bald of incident. Its men and women are not heroes and heroines, but ordinary, commonplace, humdrum people. There is not a day of your lives but you see and talk to and jostle against their like. What is this then? Not a sketch or a biography or a diary-leaf. None of these. It is simply a comparison—a few hours snatched from the routine of two men's lives and put beside each other. Mr. Claude Chandley did as he used to do and passed his Christmas eve as he deemed becoming. John Regan, judging according to his lights and customs, passed the same

occasion somewhat differently. Doubtless each thought his own way the better. The author in his cosy chamber and the bricklayer in his humble tenement may have looked upon the same thing through different mediums. But to us, who stand for the nonce above the plane of life to view it the more fairly, which appears to have acted the nobler part?

Alas, that the world knows not the spot where its gems are buried, but gropes, mole-like, in darkness, taking worthless clods for precious ores. How often does the allotment of its honors shame its judgment! How often do its bays encircle brows that are unworthy of them!

Over Mr. Claude Chandley's *dream*, as it appeared upon the pictured pages of a book, a hundred thousand eyes have been cast; and how many tongues have spoken the praises of the man whose ready pen has uttered the promptings of his warm heart? The world calls him philanthropist. Humanity looks upon him with admiration. His name

is in the mouths of all lovers of the race.

Not a hundred people have ever heard of John Regan. He is a daily toiler, a good husband, a kind father, a decent man. All like him, and among all an old beggar who now and then hobbles to his door and never leaves it empty-handed. He will live on and die as he has lived—and people will call him “an honest man.” That is all, But is it not enough? Who will say? The proverb ranks an honest man very high. And may not his lot be envied rather than the world-known philanthropist's? Let others determine. But this should the lives of these men teach: Let thine alms be thy heart's gift and thine end be good, for good's sake and not for outward show. Ye who applaud the deeds of others and sit in judgment on your fellows' virtues, ye who look upon the highways of life for Claude Chandleys, without exploring its alleys and by-ways for John Regans, be sure, gentlemen, that you give your meed where it is due.

Strange! that whene'er the hour arrives,
Which we have longed for day and night,
To act the purpose of our lives,
Fades all the glory and the light,
Fails to the sense of power and might;
And there are omens in the air,
And voices whispering Beware!—
But never victor in the fight
Heeded the portents of fear and care.

THE TRIFLE GATHERER.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

BY BARRY BURTON.

I returned home the other evening and found some pages of manuscript lying on the table. I read a page or two, and remembered that Henry had promised to give me his thoughts on what he was pleased to term, "hypocritical gush."

The compliments of the season he sends to nobody in particular, in these words: This is the season of gush—refined gush—gush that pushes, temporarily, to the fore-front, a great deal of sweet sentimentalism, about peace on earth and good-will toward men. You meet no man in this festive season who does not echo the sentiment, "With charity for all, with malice toward none;" but hundreds you meet, who, though given to the most elevated lip language, rarely put in practice the advice they so eagerly bestow. To quarrel with the sentiment were foolish, to forbid its lingering on the lips were vain, but with its influence on men's lives and actions, a word of censure might not be out of place. "Millions for charity, not a cent for good-will" is a sentiment that expresses the practical workings of the Christmas season. We all know men who are princes in giving, but the veriest misers in forgiving. A friendship that in early years bound two hearts has been broken; a love that kindled two lives

has been quenched; and the hate consequent upon the deceit and the betrayal has grown with the years, till the very heart in its pulsings, injects its deadly venom into all the currents of the blood. Victims of this hate, save to the special objects of their wrath, I have known to be the most generous of men. They counsel the afflicted with kind words; the anger of others they would allay, and incite in them the divine forgiveness of the Saviour of the world. But the fierce fires of their own hate they allow not to be quenched. That is a sacred warmth, specially reserved for their own heart's ease.

"Yours, my friend," this man of infinite sorrows will say to you, "is a common grief. The common lot of humanity is sorrow and tears, but the grief that saps the mind and unships the reason is reserved by an all-wise Providence for a few. I am of this latter class. Compare not therefore your little griefs unto mine." Wonderful logic! admirable reasoning! Did He whose wearied shoulders bore the sinfulness of the world, reason thus? Did He single out one cause of enmity and treasure in his heart a hate that would not be allayed? Scan closely His three and thirty years of bitterness, and say if ever, by word or deed, he resented

even one of the taunts, the injuries, or the scourgings he received? Come, come, let us be candid! Do these fine sentiments of ours reflect faithfully our individual lives? Does the Christmas season, with its plethora of gush and its paucity of reconciliations, bring together the thousand hearts that years and years have estranged? Are all our hates and enmities forgotten under the holly bough? Does the earnest desire of our hearts run out into our Christmas greetings, or rather, is not our "merry Christmas" the merest wagging of the tongue? I ask you seriously—you, my young man, with life bounding in your veins; you, my merry maiden, with the blush of roses in your cheeks; you, my gray-haired sire, whose feet linger but a little while this side of the grave; you and each of you I ask calmly but seriously, "How stands the record of your hates?" Has not the Saviour been born unto you, year after year, finding hatred in your hearts? And has not his natal day faded from your vision, leaving behind the hatred on which it dawned? You have resolved to be reconciled, no doubt; but has not your reconciliation been postponed? "It was your enemy's fault," you say, "he would not be reconciled." Have you tried to reconcile him? "No—but"—There, there, that "but" is sufficient evidence of your shortcoming. You have not sought reconciliation with him, and—is not the reasoning plain—he would not be reconciled.

I am sermonizing, you say. Granted. But I fear it will have little effect on your heart. I do fear it. But grant me this request. If you disbelieve in Christmas as a reconciler of hearts in your own life, do not, I pray

you, indulge in that meaningless twaddle about peace and good-will where-with in this holy season we are surfeited. For the truest believer in his own creed is he who blends its teachings in the actions of his life.

If, therefore, you would preach good-will as a panacea for others, you should first make known its efficacy, by putting it in practice toward the objects of your own hate.

Subjoined to these observations of Henry was this little poem, intended by him to express the duties of the Christmas season.

This is the season of joyance,
This is the season when love,
Like a clear crystal streamlet of hyssop,
Flows from the fountains above.

This is the season when anger
Yields to the influence mild
Of Pity, that changes the nature
Of man into that of a child.

This is the season when mercy,
Forgiveness, and friendship unite
In prayer for the hearts that lie bleeding,
From slander and sorrow and spite.

This is the season, my brother,
To trample the hate and the strife
That darken the home of another,
And poison the spring of thy life.

For the star o'er Bethlehem's manger
Announceth glad tidings to men,
"Behold," says the angel, "the Saviour
Has come to redeem ye again!"

Reading these pages of Henry's called up an incident in my own life. A year ago, Henry and I were conversing on this same subject, when Maurice Cullen, a fellow-lodger, dropped in and joined in the conversation. Maurice believed in the sentiment, but abjured the practice of forgiveness. After a half hour's argument, in which neither succeeded in convincing the

other, Maurice said, "Barry, I have but one enemy in the world, and though an angel from heaven counselled me, I would not forgive *him*. Listen.

"Five years ago I was the sole support of my widowed mother and two little sisters. I had just served my apprenticeship, and commenced work at my trade. My employer would not pay me the wages I demanded, so I sought and found employment elsewhere. Work was brisk for some time and I managed, by the strictest economy, to keep a couple of rooms for my mother and sisters. Things went on well for some time, and had work continued, I could have kept my little family without much trouble. But work got slack, and I, being a new hand, was discharged. I tried hard to get something to do, but in vain. Finally a kind old gentleman gave me a few odd jobs to do, but the little I earned barely sufficed to give us something to eat. I could not pay the rent. I told the landlord that if he would allow us to remain until work got brisk I would pay him all. He gruffly replied, 'My house isn't an infirmary for paupers.' I calmed my feelings, pocketed the insult, and walked away. Almost another month passed by, and I, had neither work nor rent. I managed, by putting in a ton of coal now and then, to keep the wolf from the door. Finally I heard of something up the river, and I resolved to run up and get work if any was to be had; it was about the first of December, an awful cold day, that I scraped together enough to buy my ticket. I arrived late in the afternoon at my destination. The superintendent being absent I was forced to remain all the next day, not caring to have any one get ahead of

me, and not having money to keep running up and down. Late in the evening of the second day, the superintendent came, and he employed me. I hastened home the following morning, to get my working clothes, and to bring the good news to my mother and sisters. There wasn't a man in that train that carried a gladder heart than mine. 'Thank God,' I cried, 'the cold and winter can't touch those I love, now.' I fairly flew down the street to the house, but as I approached, I saw furniture on the sidewalk, and my heart sank when I saw my mother and little sisters trying to gather up the few little relics that were as nothing to those who ruthlessly flung them on the sidewalk, but which were as a boon of heaven to us. Can I describe my feelings at that moment? Can I tell you how my blood boiled, and my mouth fairly foamed with rage? I met the dastardly landlord in the doorway, who told me in a gruff manner, to 'take my traps off his sidewalk or he'd have them pitched in the street.' I could bear it no longer, and the next moment he was lying, craving mercy, and beseeching me not to kill. Mercy! to *him*! I knew no such virtue. I trampled him as I would a rabid dog. Some neighbors interfered, and told me, as I loved my helpless family, to fly at once. Alive to the sense of danger, I rushed upstairs, commended my little family to the care of a neighbor, bade a hurried farewell to my mother and sisters, and succeeded in catching the twelve o'clock train, and getting to work by one o'clock P. M. In two weeks I remitted enough to pay my neighbor, and to provide winter shoes for the girls. But the third week was

a week of sorrow. My mother had contracted a severe cold from exposure, on the day she was dispossessed, and that, with the rheumatism that had troubled her for some years, brought her to her dying bed. My sisters further informed me that I must not come near the house, as the landlord had sued out a warrant for my arrest, and the detectives were awaiting my arrival at the bedside of my dying mother, to drag me to prison. You can imagine my grief. My mother died, and was buried; and though I knew she blessed me with her dying breath, yet nature in me craved to be near her, and kiss the cold lips that could not respond to mine. My younger sister also contracted a severe cold, and in a few months followed her poor mother to the grave. Surely, Barry, God has given me my share of griefs. In three or four years I returned to the city, thinking the landlord had forgotten me. But his fury displayed itself even then; I was arrested, tried, and convicted, but through the aid of kind friends, sentence was suspended. These are my wrongs. A dead mother and sister cry to me from their graves, and can I refuse to heed them? Put yourself in my place, and answer the question, 'Can you forgive?'

As he told me of his miseries I shared in the anger of his heart, and my confusion can easily be imagined when he asked me if I could forgive. I reflected a moment, and thought of the misery it was within his enemy's power to inflict. The want, the hunger of those with whom he had to deal, were known to me, and I inwardly said, "Perhaps one act of forgiveness

might change the sordid nature of the man." Putting these thoughts in words, I addressed myself to Maurice. I first asked him to consider how the landlord's patience was being sorely tried by the unworthy ones who defrauded him of his rent; how it was not given him to be a searcher of hearts; and how, because of the many unworthy persons he had met with, he was unable to tell the sheep from the goats.

Maurice admitted that this was a phase of the question he had not studied.

"Then again," said I, "you must consider how far-reaching' in its nature is an act of forgiveness. Toward numberless others may it not soften your enemy's heart? If to forgive is to heap coals of fire on an enemy's head, may it not also set free the currents of sympathy that harsh conflict with the world has chilled into ice? Suppose it were made known to you by heaven that your act of forgiveness would alleviate the sufferings of a hundred poor, would you still cherish hate in your heart?"

"Nay, nay, shirk not the question, with your, 'ifs,' and 'perhaps.' A kind deed, like a blessing from heaven, is boundless in its influence for good. God touches as well the heart that receives as the heart that gives; and He can be trusted with the care of an act that tends to promote peace and good-will among men."

Maurice was silent; I forbore to press him further, for I knew that his heart was touched. Changing the subject therefore, I said, "Maurice, let us go to St. Stephen's to-morrow."

"Very well, Barry, and as I see you

have something to do before you go to bed, I will no longer interrupt you but bid you good night."

"Good night," I replied, "and don't forget our conversation."

"I'll try hard to remember it," he said, as he closed the door.

Christmas morn dawned bright and beautiful. The crisp, frosty air seemed alive with the pealings of the bells. Henry and I had just taken our last look in the mirror, and finding each particular hair rigidly kept to its own side of the fence, we were about to start, when Maurice entered, fresh and ruddy, with a "Well, boys, are you ready?"

Early as we arrived, we found the church crowded in every part. In a few moments the white-robed altar boys, followed by the priests in splendid vestments stood before the altar, the Introit was recited, the organ poured forth its wealth of harmonic sounds, and the Gloria, with its bursts of gladness and of praise, filled the hearts of an immense congregation. It was a moment when all earthly struggles and vicissitudes were forgotten, and the soul, on waves of harmony, seemed to float unto God. I noticed Maurice once or twice during the mass, and thought I saw a strangely beautiful expression in his eyes. Does the soul visibly express the joy that it feels? Does the halo of the sanctified irradiate the faces of the penitent of heart? While the collection was being taken up, I looked in Maurice's eyes again, and I noticed they were fixed on some one in the church. I followed his look, and became convinced that he who passed the collection box in our aisle was Maurice's enemy.

He was an old man, and as he approached, Maurice nervously grasped my arm, and said, "Barry, the galleries are not crowded, let us go up there."

I divined the reason for the change. I was about to frame an excuse, when a young lady standing near us, fainted away. Maurice grasped her arm, and he and I brought her through the throng to the vestibule. Maurice ran for a glass of water for the fair sufferer. Ere he returned, he who had taken up the collection was in the vestibule standing by our lady patient. In a few moments he returned with a glass of water, and ere he was aware of it, he stood face to face with his deadliest enemy. Their eyes met, Maurice's face grew white as a sheet, and I feared with the returning blood, his passion would overcome him. He turned his head away, but I caught his arm and said, "Forgive! that you may be forgiven."

We turned toward the old man, who drew nigher and addressing Maurice, said:

"My son, I have done you and those dear to you a great wrong. I have resolved to atone for it many times, but circumstances and a stubborn heart forbade it. I thought of you often and prayed, "I am drawing near my end, O God, but let not the grave shut me in, until I have asked my enemy to forgive. My son, I offer you, this Christmas morn, the hand of friendship and of brotherly love. Will you accept it?"

"Gladly, gladly," replied Maurice, his eyes filling with tears, "I have borne you hatred these many years, but this morning I drive it from my

heart. To my friend here," turning to me, "we are indebted for this joy." Thereupon the old man shook hands with me and thanked me, and pressed Maurice and myself to call upon him on New Year's Day. We promised. Turning to our patient, we found she had sufficiently recovered to admit of her going home alone. After cordially thanking us for our kindness, she took her departure.

Returning home that morning I could not help felicitating myself on the part I had played in the reconciling of two hearts. Maurice's gladness was no more fervid than my own. "We must keep our promise, Maurice," I said, "and call on the old gentleman; and, who knows, he may have a daughter."

"If he has, Barry, we shall not be rivals, I assure you."

"You can't tell, Maurice, you haven't seen her yet."

When he did see her on New Year's day his fate was sealed.

Poor fellow! The meshes of matrimony will soon environ him, and his old haunts will know him no more. Ah, well! we should not throw stones at him who precedes us, for our own turn may come soon. The penalty attached to Maurice's act of forgiveness will, I know, be hard to bear. He will without doubt survive the marriage day. Lest I should envy Maurice's good fortune, I wisely kept in mind not to wooing, but the introduction to it, as turned to sonnet-making. Here is the result.

If, in thy heart, the fire of hate doth burn,
That love for human kind cannot allay;
Oh! from thy meaner self on Christmas Day
Arise, and toward the new-born Saviour turn;
And let his chastening influence o'er thee steal,
And win thy heart from anger and the hate
That shuts against thy soul the golden gate
Of God's redemption. Then, if thou should'st find
The Saviour in thy heart, go forth and seek
The brother who has wronged thee, and, with tears
Impress the kiss of peace upon his cheek
And say, "I've borne thee hatred many years,
But my heart yieldeth up its hate. I live
To clasp thy hand and tell thee, I forgive."

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are henceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day, on the morrow

how much dearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish hast thou those mute workmen within thee swept away when intrusive noises were shouted! Speech is too often, not as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stifling and suspending it, so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. Speech is silver; silence is golden; or, as I might rather express it, speech is of time, silence of eternity.—*Carlyle*.

OBITUARY.

JAMES LYNCH.

The community has lately sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. James Lynch. But a few days since his mortal remains were borne to interment attended by the solemn rites of the Christian Church and the fullest expressions of a sincere regret. He was a man of generous feelings and expansive views, a Catholic devout and strictly observant of his duties, and a promoter of all wise and charitable undertakings. For half a century he has led a good and useful life among us. A favorite with all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and well known to the public through his good offices and his manifold services in the advancement of worthy interests, he was eminently qualified to figure in a high sphere and in the discharge of greater trusts. But with characteristic modesty he shunned the world's applause and felt sufficient reward in the supreme satisfaction of having done his duty well. His principles of life were severely chaste, and he carried them with him into his business transactions and his dealings with public interests. Utterly incapable of dishonesty or the dishonorable scheming of the men of the markets, he left behind him in the commercial community a record without blemish.

While cheerfully assuming such financial risks as the exigencies of the times demanded, he always shunned unstable ventures and investments of doubtful honor. The loftiest sense of justice marked his daily intercourse with men, and he never departed from a conscientious discharge of his responsibilities. He was successful in trade; but his was a success earned by persistent effort and intelligent management. He never shirked labor. He courted it indeed, and his, like many another life, has proved that in the strength of the endeavor lies the surety of a favorable issue. Few men were as ready with those little social amenities which so well become the man of business, and it was through his suave and sweet disposition that the friendships of his life were made so lasting. Nor was he distant or severe with his inferiors in social standing. He permitted no vain restriction of rank to trench upon his native goodness of heart; but carried through the triumphs and vicissitudes of his life an unchanged simplicity of habit and an easy grace of manner.

He was not a man of very varied attainments, but, what was better, he had sound, practical common sense. His judgment was profound, and prejudice never impaired or perverted it. He was familiar with most subjects of local

interest, and the wisdom of his views was more than once evinced in the perfection of their accomplishment. Mr. Lynch was not a man to hurry to conclusions and forsake them readily. He always was cautious and discreet in forming opinions; but, though not at all capricious, he was ever ready to defer to a higher authority than his own.

There were many beautiful traits in his private character which escaped the world's scrutiny, but which were not lost to the eager and observant minds about him. He was a good husband and a kind father. In his inner life there were no defects to mar the pureness of his character. With loyalty he fulfilled all the parts to which, in God's grace, he had been called. It is as instructive as it is grateful, to glance over a life like his. It might not have been an eventful, but it was a busy life—a life consumed in the discharge of God-given trusts and in the practice of exemplary virtues. And it was also an active life, just such a one as wisdom suggests for youth's emulation. It can be recorded in a few lines, but its enduring results would fill pages.

Born in Ireland in 1805, he came at an early age to this country, and soon began business as a grocer. The fairness of his dealings and his business sagacity built up for him an extensive trade, and after thirty years of untiring activity he retired with a comfortable fortune. Since that time he has been associated in numerous enterprises of a benevolent character. Wherever he saw real want he hastened to relieve it. His purse was ever open, and his

counsel ever ready. None came to him in behalf of a good cause who went away empty-handed. With his ample means some of our noblest institutions were supported, in their early weakness; and from his mature judgment came many a wise suggestion for their conduct and sustenance.

When the scheme of founding the New York Catholic Protectory was broached, he entered heart and soul into the undertaking. The building fund was swelled by his contributions, and whenever any subsequent exigency called for it, he was never laggard in responding. In the very inception of the institution, before there was any earnest of its success to rely on, none coöperated more willingly with the Board of Management and the Rector, Brother Tellow, in bringing their plans to an early fruition; and when the success of the enterprise was assured, no one experienced a profounder satisfaction.

Such was the life of James Lynch, a life devoted in an especial way, it would seem, to the noblest acts of Christian charity. He indeed was hoarding up treasures "where the moth cannot consume."

After a lingering illness Mr. Lynch died on Sunday, Dec. 15, at his residence. His funeral obsequies were largely attended, and all with whom he had been intimate hastened to testify the strong sense of personal bereavement they experienced in his loss. His good deeds still survive, and will, we are assured, be a copious source of merit to his soul.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

There is a class of complacent people in this world with aspirations which never get beyond the limit of good resolutions, who will mark the coming year by "turning over a new leaf in their lives" destined to be an exact reproduction of the old one. They have become so inured to defeat and disappointment that if by any accident they stumbled out of their slothfulness into some evidence of actual improvement, the result to them would be an unexpected and startling one. As the consciences of these people cannot be altogether silenced, they content themselves with promises of amendment which at the outset they feel will never be allowed to disturb their sluggish serenity. Not to these will a New Year bring food for anxious thought and serious reflection. But there are those who, remembering the past, face the future with troubled souls. They look back upon their lives: and all the profitless resolves and unfulfilled tasks pass before them and they feel how futile are the hopes and plans of men. And these earnest men and women stand upon the threshold of the New Year almost tired of high resolves, half tempted to go on in the old paths, from whose ways they have so often fruitlessly endeavored to depart. We cannot harshly blame those among them who have only their own weak natures to rely upon, whose cravings for sympathy and strength cannot go beyond the narrow limits of the world around them. Their despondency only goes to show how vain are all mere human attempts to rescue the soul from bondage. We may resolve as we will, but without divine grace we cannot make our lives serve an enduring purpose of goodness and virtue. Catholics, high and low, can commence the New Year with hopeful hearts. Not from the uncertain voices of men shall they receive the inspiring promise of a better life. High or low, there is an assurance in their souls that if they only will it, the future for them can be made fruitful with blessings. At the foot of the priest they may pour

out the story of their past wanderings, and from his ministrations arise refreshed, with God's promise of victory animating their breasts.

Not with vague promises to one's self of reform and amendment should the New Year be entered upon. These bubble resolutions of ours *break* the moment we move our eyes from them, and the golden opportunities we should be hoarding to turn to great avail are squandered in senseless and idle aims. It is only by calling God to support our frail humanity that we are strengthened to persist. The invocation of His mercy and His aid should be the New Year's first duty; that, a good confession, and the receiving of the Lord into our hearts, should be its earliest as they are its most fruitful offerings. Depend upon it, the new leaf we we turn can only remain unsullied through God's grace and our own invocation of it.

We have noticed no more curious instance of the inconsistencies that torture the mind of the unbeliever, and the utter abasement to which he subjects his reason than that which appears in John Stuart Mill's autobiography. In writing of a life as frigid and severe as the analysis to which he submits it, Mr. Mill makes the startling admission that he has made to himself a deity of carnal mould, and that through the years of his manhood he has bent down in adoration before an idol of clay. Singular as it may appear, this animated reasoning machine, this man dead to human joy and human sympathy, has prostrated a glorious intellect and a mind mighty though erring, in stupid worship before an inferior being. He does not seek to conceal or evade his infatuation. He glories in his idol, for it is—his wife. Honor, love, and esteem are household words, and we know their meaning while we respect it. But Mill's regard for his wife was not a sentiment such as these are. It was an intense religious feeling, an adoration—not

unmixed with superstition—of the woman whom he regarded as the most highly gifted of beings. He claims that to her he is indebted for all that he is, for his reason, for his opinions, almost for his being. Living he defers to her views and surrenders to her his own intelligence, and he bends his brow to earth before her urn when dead. Learned people call these doings by queer names. But if they are not the symptoms of stark lunacy we know not what to call them. Rousseau, another godless man, had his goddess. But even his wild devotion affords no parallel to frenzy of this kind. Rousseau had deep, burning feelings. But Mill was only the *simulacrum* of a man. Passionless, frigid, mechanical, with his humanity trained out of him in childhood, babbling Greek roots almost in his cradle and writing philosophy when boys of his age were blundering through the rule of three, he had an existence unlike our own plodding, every-day life. He abandoned everything for reason, and now he admits that he has flung that down as a votive offering at the feet of an ordinary, commonplace woman.

The strange inconsistency of so profound a mind has afforded a nine-day conundrum for magazine writers to guess out. But to us it is simply a proof of the paradoxical truth that the incredulous are the most credulous. The brutal *sans-culotte* who blasphemes God must have his degraded Goddess of Reason. Why should not Mill, whose cold mind seemed never to have revered the Almighty's power, bow himself down before a mere woman and make his love for her his only religion?

If one were to judge of the education and refinement of the American people by the character of their social amusements, the verdict would be far from favorable.

Heedless frivolity and the excitement of the dance usurp the place of higher pleasures. The parlor has become a ballroom in miniature, with its inexorable music, its terpsichorean extravagances, and of course its senseless twaddle. Every species of entertainment that could refine the manners and recreate the mind is sedulously ignored. Boisterous humor and senseless wit are the only condiments that season the nauseous

stupidity of gossip, and if by some chance the mention of a grave theme should intrude, there is a helter-skelter to avoid it.

Most people fancy that one must become ridiculous to be amusing, and in view of this they avail themselves of all kinds of haphazard resorts to draw a laugh out of the company. With excruciating ingenuity they distort words into grotesque shapes and keep their small wits a-fishing for *bon-mots* till they become borish. Others again—and they constitute a numerous class—approach rational amusement unawares, but they never reach it. They like music, they have a relish for reading of a dramatic or declamatory kind. More too, they can tolerate a sober subject if it be only spoken of in a cursory way. But that is all. They never for a moment entertain the idea that the parlor can be made as amusing and instructive as the theatre, opera, or lecture-room. For them it is only a spot where, according to society's code, a few dull moments must be passed in assumed enjoyment.

This is a flaw in our ethics which needs mending. Our amusements must be in keeping with our reputation as an intelligent people. The little observances which give tone and color to our social life must alter their complexion. The parlor must have other uses than those to which rapacious dancers and the gossip-mongers apply it. You go to the opera to hear good music, you repair to the theatre and lyceum almost nightly. Save yourselves the trouble. Stay at home and encourage there a taste for rational enjoyment. Have your songs, your readings, and your recitations there; give family entertainments; invite your friends to take part; and rest assured that you will do more to elevate society and give it a loftier sentiment and purer ethics than half the reformers and agitators of the day.

Let you not fancy that rational amusement is no amusement; that it is at best a straitlaced, tedious, bluestocking way of passing time. It is nothing of the sort. It debars no other innocent pleasures, it trenches upon none of the approved practices of society. It only gives a home true enjoyment and makes the entertainment of one's friends what it now is not, an agreeable and grateful duty.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The grand Cathedral of Boston will be completed in another year. It will have capacity to seat 3000 persons.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of Newark, N. J., nearly twenty years ago erected a hall, with gymnasium, billiard room, etc., the value of which to-day is about \$40,000. This undertaking was carried out mainly by the exertions of the Bishop of Rochester, then a priest of this diocese.

The monastery near Fort William Henry, on Lake George, N. Y., which is the summer retreat of the Paulist Fathers of New York, was a gift to the Order from the distinguished lawyer, Charles O'Connor.

The *Bloomington (Ills.) Enterprise* says: "There is no finer body of men in the West than the Irish farmers. They are sober, industrious, thrifty, and good Catholics. They build churches and schools. Their children grow up strong, robust men and handsome women; equal to the yeomanry of any land."

The *Albany Catholic Reflector* says: "Many of the first positions of trust are to-day held by Catholic young men who were educated in Catholic schools. The best accountants we have and the most trustworthy young men of Albany can point to the Christian Brothers' school as the place where they received their education. This is sufficient to show that what is meant by a Christian education includes the secular also."

The *St. Louis Globe* (Protestant) says: "No other man ever had such a hold upon the affections of the Indians as Father De Smet, and they look upon his departure from earth as a terrible calamity to them. He manifested his regard for their welfare more in deeds than words, and doubtless in the time to come his memory will be that of a saint among them."

The *Saturday Review* says of Dr. Manning: "No Catholic ecclesiastic has succeeded in attaining so influential a position in England since the Reformation; he knows that what he has to say will be listened to with respect, while those who are least able to trust his judgment will not refuse to credit him with sincerity."

The Holy Father supports a school for poor boys in the Vigna Pia, where the inmates are trained up in the works of husbandry under the presidency of Monseigneur de Merode. Recently the boys were permitted to present to the Holy Father, in the gardens of the Vatican, an offering of the fruits of their labor tastefully arranged in three carriages and elegantly ornamented. The Holy Father received the boys' offering with great kindness, and made them an affectionate address in reply, exhorting them to the practice of the Christian virtues; and gave to each of them a medal, which had been blessed by himself.

The Ex-Pontifical Zouaves, who have been such an honor to French Canadians, having fought well and gallantly for the Holy Father, have started a monthly organ of their own, under the auspices of the "Union Allet." It will be published at Montreal, and its name will be *Le Bulletin de l'Union Allet*. French Canadian Catholic literature has always been in a flourishing state; they have little of the infidelity and so-called "liberal" ideas among them, which has been the curse of their mother country, France, but of which she is now happily being purged.—*Pilot* Correspondent.

There is ground for hoping that the Rev. Padre Secchi, S. J., will be invited to the chair of astronomical science in the Catholic University of Ireland.

Several prominent officers in the North-German army have recently been converted to Catholicity.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The chemical properties of each color in the solar spectrum have long been known, and of late years it has been discovered that plants may be made to thrive wonderfully in greenhouses constructed of blue or violet panes, the production of such nurseries being sometimes doubled or trebled by this device. But the experiment has been pushed further, for some English chemists maintain that rooms provided with violet windows, or even with hangings of that color, will fatten the occupants.

Dr. Edward Smith, in his work on "Foods," says: "The evidence is all perfect that alcohol gives no potential power to brain or muscle. During the first stage of its action it may enable a wearied or feeble organization to do brisk work for a short time; it may make the mind briefly brilliant; it may excite muscle to quick action; but as it does nothing at its own cost, fills up nothing that it has destroyed, it leads to destruction. A fire makes a brilliant sight, but it leaves a desolation: and thus with alcohol."

A straw-burning engine was recently on exhibition at Vienna. From a series of experiments the straw fuel is found to be equal to about one-fifth its weight of coal in heat-producing power.

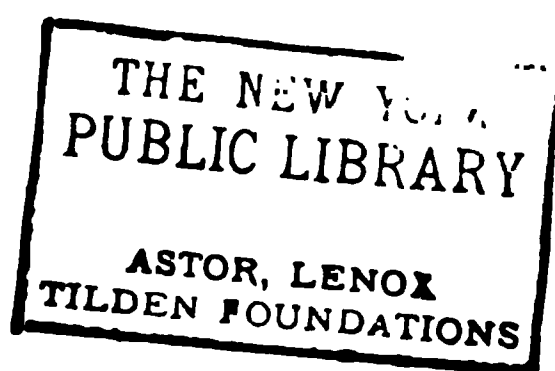
An English veterinarian adduces facts to show that *rabies* or canine madness is very rare in extreme temperatures, while it is of frequent occurrence in the temperate zone. The disease is less frequent in Spain and Southern Italy than in other European countries.

Ink is one of the things in which modern science seems to have made very little improvement. An analysis of the ink found on a manuscript of the year 910 showed that its composition was similar to that of the inks now in general use.

It is stated in a work on the atmosphere, by Flammarion, that in nearly all the large towns of Europe, the wealthy classes have a tendency westward, leaving the eastern districts for the laboring population. The remark applies to Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Turin, etc., and even to Pompeii. A writer in *Nature* confirms the observation, as regards a number of towns in Great Britain and Ireland. It would be interesting to know whether the same tendency is observable in the cities of the United States. Flammarion's explanation is that the movement is determined by the disposition people have "to form their gardens, build their houses, and take their evening walks in the direction of the setting sun." Another writer is inclined rather to account for the phenomenon by referring it to the general dislike of an easterly wind. Then, too, a westerly wind usually causes the greatest fall of the barometer, and thus the eastern portion of a town becomes inundated with the effluvia which arise on such occasions.

Several of the hot springs of the Yellowstone region are situated so near to the margin of the Yellowstone Lake that a person might stand on the silicious rim of the spring, extend his fishing-rod into the water of the lake, and catch trout weighing from one to two pounds, and cook them in the boiling springs without removing the fish from the hook.

The museum at Leyden, Holland, contains a pulley, with fragments of rope attached, that was dug up some years ago in Egypt, and which is held by antiquaries to indicate that the ancient Egyptians were acquainted with the use of the implement. The sides of the pulley are of tamarisk wood, and the roller, or sheave, of fir. The rope appears to have been made from fibres of the date-tree.





The money men of Wall Street

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DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Without disrespect to the gallant soldier who now rules France, it may be said that to the redoubtable history of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis alone might one turn for a precise parallel of many of his exploits and achievements. Here is a private who has carried his *bâton* in his knapsack. Here is an adventurer who at the sword's point has won his way up the perilous acclivity of promotion—not unlike the Grand Plateau above Hamouni, in traversing which the timbers of Mount Blanc are liable at any moment to be swept from Creation by the storm-bolt of an avalanche. Here is a younger son who, sent to the world to seek his fortune, has advanced step by step to the very summit of his ambition. Entering the military service of France in 1825, when barely seventeen, he became in 1833 Captain, in 1840 Major, in 1845 Colonel, in 1848 General of Brigade, in 1852 General of Division. In 1859 he obtained on one day the coronet of a Duke and the *bâton* of a Marshal. In 1864 he assumed pro-consular power as Governor-General of Algeria. In 1873 he grasped the supreme bawble of dominion, almost reluctantly, when an overwhelming majority of the Assembly thrust upon his acceptance the Presidency of the French Republic. His career is all the more extraordinary, moreover, by reason of its startling contradictions. As Sydney Smith once laughingly said to his brother, "My dear fellow, we are running counter to the laws of nature. You have risen by your gravity, while I have sunk by my levity!" so one might say of MacMahon—his brightest successes have come to him out of his darkest defeats. He has fallen to the lowest only to rise to the highest. Where others have found merely obloquy, ingratitude, and expatriation, he has actually found the way back opened to him, through a chaos of disasters, to higher honors, greater power, and a loftier position than he had ever before ambitioned. His apparent death-wound at Sedan not only gave him a new lease of life, but won him sympathy where others encountered only execration. Notoriously outwitted, both at the opening and the closing of the campaign, he was nevertheless welcomed back by his afflicted country as no other Marshal of the Empire was welcomed. France in him again found one who, if he had lost everything else, had certainly not lost honor. Returning from the very jaws of death, he did so not only after

having successfully sought in the cannon's mouth the bubble reputation, but after having found it harden in his grasp into an orb of empire as solid and real as in any golden regalia. If his scabbard was empty on his return as a prisoner of war from Germany, a Sword of Honor was eagerly presented to him by his brother Frenchmen. Hardly was the formidable wound in his thigh healed when he was placed anew at the head of the army as Commander-in-Chief. Upon the morrow of his restoration to authority, there devolved upon him the lamentable, yet in some sense also the enviable responsibility of subjugating in the leaders of the Commune a horde of miscreants exactly resembling those of whom Lord Macaulay had long before spoken prophetically as "heathens in the midst of Christianity and savages in the midst of civilization." Having extinguished the flames that threatened at one time to reduce to ashes the stateliest capital in Europe, he stood there, as it were upon the very steps of the throne, or at any rate close to where the now subverted throne had been standing but yesterday. Awhile ago he had been there as one of its chosen Paladins—one of the Dukes, one of the Senators, one of the Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honor created by the Emperor before the floodgates of disaster had opened from heaven above France. The storm of misfortune having exhausted its fury, Napoleon III having bent before it with a noble and affecting submission—the bravest and trustiest of all the Satraps of the Second Empire had been debarred by the very responsibility of his position as Commander-in-

Chief of the victorious army of Versailles from offering the last tribute of his allegiance when the grave was closing over his imperial master in his honored exile at Chiselhurst. The Marshal remembered that while the great prince to whom he owed everything was no more, the dead Cæsar had left an heir to his fortunes. Hence, upon the morrow of Napoleon's obsequies there, upon the steps of the overturned throne, at Versailles, MacMahon was still standing, with the sword of France in his grasp, ready for any emergency. There he yet remains in the same attitude, only in a higher position—no longer upon the steps of the throne merely, but upon the very place where the throne itself stood, and where at any moment it may again be standing. The opportunity he awaits is the one for which he has all along been prepared, namely, that of proving his loyalty to the will of France whenever that will may be again pronounced. Not the will of a little gang of half a dozen intriguers, like the men of the Fourth of September, but of ten millions of adult Frenchmen. Meanwhile, pending its coming, let us glance for a moment at the gallant history of the man whose chivalrous form stands forth so conspicuously in the gap of the present interregnum.

Marie Edme Patrick Maurice, Comte de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Knight Grand Cross of the most honorable Order of the Bath, and wearer of a large number of other knightly decorations, ex-Senator of France, and President of the French Republic, was born at

Sully, just sixty-five years ago, on Wednesday, the 13th July, 1808. At the time of his birth Napoleon the Great dominated over nearly the whole continent of Europe. At that moment also, the prince, who was afterwards for twenty years to reign over France as Napoleon III, was then living, as an infant of three months old, in his birth-place and his familiar home so long afterward—the now ruined palace of the Tuileries. Upward of a hundred years before the dawn of the century, the progenitors of the Marshal, having chivalrously risked everything in the hazard of war, out of a loyal devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, passed over as exiles into France from their native land, Ireland. Carrying with them their ancestral traditions (for the race of the MacMahons was at once proud and historical) these Jacobite forefathers from whom the Duke of Magenta has descended, soon became naturalized in the country of their adoption. Centuries previously their house had won distinction to itself among Irishmen. Received now among Frenchmen with the sympathy due to a patrician race in misfortune, they allied themselves by marriage now with one, now with another, of the *ancienne noblesse*. It was one of the earlier of these gallicized MacMahons who together with the hand of an heiress, obtained the ancient castle and the vast estates of Sully. Lineally descended from him, the President's father was himself in many ways noteworthy. He was a peer of France, an officer of high rank in the royal army, a Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Louis, and a personal friend of King Charles the Tenth. Through his

marriage with a lady of the ducal house of Caraman, he became the parent of four sons and four daughters. As a younger son, the now chief of the state in France was destined even in his boyhood for the military profession. His preliminary education for the service was at the academy of Saint Cyr. At seventeen he began his career, in 1825, as a soldier, first entering the corps d'état major. When twenty, he, in 1830, crossed the Mediterranean into Algeria. There he signalized his prowess by many radiant exploits, giving evidence not merely of his gallantry, but of his intelligence. At twenty-four he took part as aide-de-camp of General Archard in the joint expedition of France and England against Antwerp. There he so far won his spurs, that he gained a right to the title afterwards accorded to him of Captain. Returning to Africa, he there, in that practical school of fighting, assumed to himself a conspicuous position among the gallant body of horsemen then first called into existence, and since famous all over the world as the Chasseurs d'Afrique. In appearance and bearing he exactly answered Sydney Dobell's animated description of that typical French soldier :

Oh, a gallant *sans peur*
Is the merry Chasseur,
With his fanfarron horn and his rifle ping ! pang !
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back,
And his pistol, crick ! crack ! and his sword dling !
clang !

While the Citizen King, with a cynicism beyond even the reckless “*cœur léger*” of Emile Ollivier, was saying with a chuckle, “I love to listen to the cannon in Algeria—it is

not heard in Europe!" young MacMahon, in 1837, was distinguishing himself in the assault on Constantine. He was aide-de-camp to a succession of African generals. Invited by Archard to carry to Colonel Rulhières a critical order for a sudden change of march, he disdained the proffered escort of a squadron of light dragoons, and putting spurs to his horse started off alone to Blidah. When half a mile from his destination he found himself all but surrounded by the enemy's horsemen. Immediately in front of him, as he knew, was a terrific chasm, formed by two confronting precipices of enormous depth, called the "Ravine of Blidah." Happily MacMahon bestrode a noble charger. Dashing forward, he lifted his destrier at the appalling gap, which his steed just cleared, breaking both its fore legs, however, in its tenacious grasp of the rocky brink. The desperate leap set at defiance the valor even of the Arabian horsemen; and the young *chasseur*, constrained to abandon his charger, reached Blidah on foot with his despatches. Colonel of the Foreign Legion in 1842, and of the 41st Regiment in the April of 1845, the future Marshal was on the 12th of June, 1848, promoted to be General of Brigade, and as such for some time administering the province of Tlemcen.

On the 6th July, 1852, he was gazetted as a General of Division. The dates of his decoration with the Legion of Honor were as follows: November, 1837, officer; July, 1849, commander; 10th August, 1853, grand officer; 22d September, 1855, Grand Cross. Other insignia have since adorned his breast in abundance,

notably in May, 1869, the cross of the Danish order of the Elephant, and more recently in the July of 1873, the Persian Order of the Sun emblazoned with diamonds. MacMahon's advance forms part and parcel of the History of the Second Empire. His name is associated with many of the most resplendent exploits of the reign of Napoleon III. On Canrobert's quitting the Crimea, in 1855, he was selected to succeed him in the command of a Division. When the allied army on the 8th September, made its final assault upon Sebastopol, he it was who, sword in hand, carried by a dazzling *coup de main* the formidable works of the Malakoff. For this he was at once made Grand Cross of the Legion and immediately after, in 1856, Grand Cross of the Bath. Three years later, in 1859, he was handed the truncheon of a Marshal and was created Duke by the Emperor on the field of Magenta, as signal tokens of his prowess and of the approval of his imperial master in Napoleon III's twofold character as Sovereign and Generalissimo.

During the November of 1861, it is curious to remember now, that the Duke-Marshal represented France at Berlin, on the coronation of William as King of Prussia. Ten years afterwards the latter was crowned Emperor of Germany in the palace at Versailles. Reverting to MacMahon, however, it was on the 14th October, 1862, that he was appointed to the command of the Third Corps d'Armée, and it was on the 1st September, 1864, that he was nominated Governor-General of Algeria. His abortive attempt to establish there an Arab kingdom was

the prelude only to a disastrous famine, and a still more disastrous immigration of the colonists, in sheer disgust, to Brazil. MacMahon's mistaken policy was formally denounced by the Bishop of Algiers, Monseigneur de Lavigerie. Eventually at the turn of 1868 and 1869 the bungling project of the Arab kingdom was abandoned, and the regular principles of colonization reverted to, greatly to the satisfaction at once of France and Algeria. As to subsequent events, immediately following the outbreak of the terrible Franco-German war, those are too painfully within the recollection of us all to require enumeration. Three dates glare upon the remembrance of all out of the gloom and terror of the turmoil in which the destinies of France were (and for that matter still are) perilously involved. Upon the 6th August, 1870, at Woerth, 50,000 men under MacMahon after a stubborn

resistance of many hours were utterly routed by the Crown Prince Fritz. Upon the 1st September, 80,000 men laid down their arms at Sedan, at the behest of General Wimpffen who had succeeded to the command immediately MacMahon, sorely wounded, had been carried from the battle-field. Having on the 3d April, 1871, been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of Versailles, MacMahon, on the 24th May, 1873, was by 390 votes of the Assembly, proclaimed in succession to M. Thiers, President of the French Republic. Imperialist as he has been for twenty years and upward, soldier as he is and always must be *aux points des ongles*—it yet remains to be seen whether the Emperor's Marshal and Duke, whether the Republic's President and Commander-in-Chief, will emulate his Highness the Lord Protector, or his Grace the Duke of Albemarle.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

'Tis most true, madam! the poor wretch you turn'd
 Forth from your door was not of aspect fair;
 His back was crooked, his eye, boa-like, burn'd,
 Wild and inhuman hung his matted hair;
 His wits unmannerly, uncouth his speech,
 Awkward his gait, but, madam, pray recall
 How little Fate hath placed within his reach,
 His lot in life—that may account for all.
 His bed hath been the inhospitable stones,
 His canopy the weeping mists of night;
 Such savage shifts have dwarfed his mind and bones,
 And sent him all unseemly to your sight.
 Want is no courtier—Woe neglects all grace;
 He hunger'd, and he had it in his face!

—Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

There are few subjects on which more has been written, and less understood, than the story of Galileo and his far-famed persecution. Every one knows that he was a very celebrated mathematician and astronomer, who flourished in Italy about two centuries and a half ago, and who taught what was then called the Copernican theory about the motion of the earth round the sun, in opposition to the Ptolemaic theory, which had almost universally prevailed before his time, and according to which it was believed that the earth was stationary, and that the sun was continually in motion; finally, it is known that this doctrine of Galileo's, which subsequent investigations and discoveries have confirmed, met with considerable opposition and contradiction at the time that he propounded it—that he was denounced more than once to the Roman Inquisition for teaching it, and that by that tribunal he was eventually condemned and punished. All this is perfectly true; and if it were all that Protestants are in the habit of saying about Galileo and his history, I should have had no occasion to write this tract about them. Unfortunately, however, Protestant historians have been guilty of such extravagant exaggerations in their narratives of the event, they have so ingeniously distorted and misrepresented all the real facts of the case, that it seems very desirable to put within the reach of all Catholics such

a plain and true statement of them, as may suffice to refute these calumnies whenever they are repeated.

It has been asserted, for instance, by some authors, that, as a punishment for his heterodoxy, this distinguished philosopher was put to the rack; others have even gone so far as to say that his eyes were put out, so that he is entitled to be considered a martyr of science; and a very large number tell us that he was imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, either for five years, or for three years, or for one year; for the period is made to vary according to the boldness of invention, the bigotry, or the caprice of the writer. Then, again, those who have been honest enough to tell the truth about the punishment which was inflicted on Galileo, yet have not failed to draw all sorts of false conclusions from the acknowledged fact of his condemnation; either they represent it, for instance, as one example among many which serve to indicate a temper of jealousy and opposition to science on the part of the Catholic Church, or else they urge it as a strong and indeed insuperable objection against our doctrine of the infallibility of the Church's teaching: "The Church," they say, "condemned Galileo's doctrine as false; she now admits it as true: what more need be said?"

In what follows, I propose to take each of these points in order; and

without entering into every minute detail of the history, I will briefly supply the necessary answers to these false and mischievous statements.

First, then, let us look at it only in a personal point of view, and inquire what, as a matter of fact, was the real extent and severity of the punishment inflicted on the philosopher. The actual sentence pronounced upon him by the Inquisition is expressed in these words: "We condemn you to the formal prison of the Holy Office, for a period determinable at our pleasure; and by way of salutary penance, we order you, during the next three years, to recite once a week the seven penitential psalms, reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, commuting, or taking off the whole or part of the said punishment and penance." This certainly is a very different picture from those which were set before us just now, and which alone are commonly to be met with in the works of Protestant authors. However, the sentence as it stands even now, certainly looks capable of bearing a very ugly interpretation, for there is no limit set to the period of the imprisonment except the will of the judges themselves: "We condemn you to the formal prison of the Holy Office, for a period *determinable at our pleasure*." "Imprisonment in the dungeons of the Inquisition," we fancy we hear our Protestant readers exclaim; "and for as long a period as the inquisitors themselves should please; death itself would have been mercy compared to such a punishment as this." And so indeed it would be, if the dungeons of the Inquisition and the tempers of the inquisitors were anything at all like that which

the Protestant imagination supposes them to be. This, however, is a point we need not now enter upon; let us confine ourselves to the bare narration of facts. We have seen the terms in which the sentence was couched; let us now see how it was carried out. The first place of *imprisonment* assigned to Galileo was the dwelling of some of the principal officers of the Inquisition themselves, the Dominican convent of the Minerva in Rome! Here he spent a week, occupying the rooms of one of his own friends, attended by his own servant, having the range of the whole house and gardens, and receiving without let or hinderance as many visitors as chose to come to him! At the expiration of a week he went to the palace of Guicciardini, the Tuscan ambassador in Rome, who was his great friend and most zealous protector, and whose palace occupied one of the very best situations in the whole city. Hear Galileo himself describing his miserable dungeon: "I have for prison *the delightful palace* of Trinità di Monte," he says in one of his own letters still extant. In this "delightful palace" he remained for four or five months, at the end of which time he was told that he need not stay in Rome any longer; but as the plague was then raging in Florence (which was Galileo's home) "they sent me" (we are still quoting from his own letter) "*to my best friend*, the Archbishop of Sienna, and I have always enjoyed the most delightful tranquillity. Now I am at Arcetra in my native country." This was his own villa near Florence; and here he continued to reside without further molestation until the period of his death, which happened some nine or ten years after-

wards. Certainly this was a most severe and cruel punishment, was it not? precisely what every Protestant would naturally have expected from so bloodthirsty a tribunal as the Inquisition is known to be? Need I say more concerning the torturing, the putting out of eyes, the long and tedious confinement for one, three, or five years, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, of this *martyr* of science, Galileo Galilei?

We come next to the further question, Had the Inquisition any right to condemn and punish him at all? Was it not very narrow-minded bigotry on the part of the Catholic Church to interfere in a matter of science which *could be* no concern of hers? Ought she not to have confined herself to her own business, theology? And does not the whole proceeding, therefore, show a feeling of jealousy and spiteful opposition to science on the part of the Holy See and its principal officers? To answer these questions satisfactorily, I must go back a little in my narrative, and give you some sketch of the rise and progress of the scientific theories which Galileo maintained, and the manner in which he maintained them.

If one were to believe the statements or insinuations of most Protestant writers, one should think that from the beginning the Church authorities had always regarded the new scientific opinions concerning the earth's motion with an eye of jealousy and mistrust; and that finally, in the days of Galileo, this long-pent-up jealousy broke out into open rupture, when the Church avowed herself the sworn antagonist of the new doctrine—that doctrine which is now universally adopted even in her

own schools, and of which, had it depended upon her, mankind would have never heard. Now what will our good readers think when we inform them, that it is to this Church of Rome we are mainly indebted for the new theory—that in Rome it had its birth—in Rome it was fostered and matured; that but for Roman auspices—the encouragement of Popes and cardinals—the adoption of the new theory had in all human probability been thrown back to a distance which it would be now to no purpose to try to calculate? Yes, *to the Pontiffs and dignitaries of Rome we are mainly indebted for the Copernican system*, as it is called; that is, for the system which teaches that the earth moves, and that the sun is at rest.

The proof of this assertion (which we have stated in the words of the *Dublin Review*, July, 1838, in an article to which we shall be often indebted in the course of these pages) is to be found in the following facts: The first in modern times to broach the Copernican theory was himself a cardinal; and one moreover who was raised to so high a dignity from a very humble and obscure position, precisely as a reward for these very abilities in mathematics and astronomy which had led to his adoption of the theory in question. So far from being censured for these opinions, which, however, he only propounded as a *theory* or an hypothesis, he continued to enjoy most unequivocal marks of esteem and affection from the Popes and the Court of Rome, down to the hour of his death in 1464. Clearly the Church manifested no jealousy or mistrust of science in her treatment of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa.

He was followed, about forty years later, by Copernicus himself, who actually held a professor's chair, under the very eye of the Pope, in the city of Rome, and delivered lectures there on his new theory to overwhelming crowds that flocked to hear him, sometimes to the number of two thousand. Certainly it was now high time for the "*spiritual tyrant*" to take the alarm; yet we can discover no symptom of any such feeling, unless it is to be found in the fact that the Pope (Leo X) summoned him to the Lateran Council, which was then employed on the correction of the calendar, and ordered him to study the motions of the planets with reference to this object. By and by Copernicus retired from his duties as professor, and immediately the dignitaries of the Church are found vying with each other in honoring and rewarding him. At a later period it becomes known, that since his retirement to Prussia (of which country he was a native, and held a canonry in one of its cathedrals) he had prepared a great work which is to displace all the astronomical systems of other times and countries; but that he is prevented from publishing it, partly by the want of means, partly by a consideration of the violent opposition which the novelty of his views was sure to create on the part of the prejudiced and ignorant. Under these circumstances, whence does he receive encouragement and assistance to continue and to publish his labors? *From Papal Rome.* One of the cardinals solicits him in the most earnest manner no longer to withhold his discoveries from the public, and volunteers to charge himself with all the necessary expenses. Unfortunately this cardinal

soon dies; but another member of the Sacred College is found to take the matter up with the same zeal, and the long-expected work at length comes forth; and as it was by order of Leo X that he had undertaken it, so he now dedicated it to the reigning Pope, Paul III. You see, then, that the theory in question many almost be said to have had an exclusively ecclesiastical origin. As propounded by Copernicus himself, who is always looked upon as its principal author, and by whose name it has ever since been known, it was actually sent forth to the world bearing on its front the name and sanction of the head of the Catholic Church. How came it to fare differently when it was adopted and propounded by Galileo?

Galileo was not by birth a Roman, nor even a temporal subject of the Pope. He was a Tuscan, born at Pisa, and was made mathematical professor in the university of that city when he was scarcely twenty-five years old. By and by, however, when he had invented the telescope, and by its assistance had made many wonderful discoveries in the heavens, he determined to repair to Rome, as being the spot of all Europe where, with the best prospect of advantage to science, he could first make known those startling revelations which he had to proclaim. In this he did but follow the example of all his predecessors in science; Rome was notoriously the generous friend and protector of talent, wherever it was to be found; the steadfast promoter of scientific investigation, and liberal rewarder of valuable discoveries. Nor did Galileo find that he was to be any exception to this rule. Gardens

and palaces were flung open for his use, and prelates and cardinals were his admiring attendants. In process of time he returned to his native country, and there he encountered the usual fate of all great men who have ever dared to contradict some favorite opinion which has been long and universally held. He became an object of suspicion and jealousy. In Rome, where were the most distinguished men of learning and science—the only proper judges in such matters—he had been most favorably received, and the most eminent professors in the various colleges had ranged themselves on the side of the new discoveries. The Copernican system was taught in the lectures of the Roman college, that is, of the Jesuit college in Rome; it was also taught in the *Sapienza* in that city, the Pope's own university; and as a probable opinion, it was taught in the university of Pisa, and elsewhere. But when these new opinions began to be generally noised abroad and talked about, they necessarily came to the ears of many who were altogether ignorant of astronomical science, and who, like most ignorant men, were very confident of their own wisdom, and very intolerant of those who differed from them. These men were very much shocked by what they conceived to be the contradiction between the astronomical theory of Galileo and the express declarations of Holy Writ; for instance, Galileo taught that the earth moved, and that the sun was at rest; but what became then of the miracle recorded of Josue, that at his command "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down for the space of one day?" What became also of those

numerous other passages in which the sun is clearly spoken of as in motion, and the earth as at rest? No reasonably candid man will be surprised that many a good priest in the towns and villages of Tuscany should have been much disturbed and scandalized at the first promulgation of the new theories, however much he may lament the intemperate manner in which their zeal for what they conceived to be the teaching of God's Word subsequently manifested itself. When the news of these clerical attacks upon the new philosophy reached Rome, we are told by one who was there at the time, and who wrote an account of it to Galileo, that everybody "considered it great impertinence in the Tuscan preachers to mount their pulpits and to treat of such high professor-like matters before women and the common people, where there were so few who could understand them." Galileo not only considered it "great impertinence," and was much annoyed by it, but he also took the unfortunate resolution of meeting his assailants upon their own ground, and set to work to clear up in his own way these scriptural difficulties which he found to be the chief obstacle to the general acceptance of his theories.

His predecessor, Copernicus, was far from having been unconscious of these same scriptural difficulties; but he was content to leave them in the hands of theologians, and made no attempt to explain them himself. Even in his dedication to the Pope he did not scruple to use the following language: "If perchance," he said, "there shall be any vain babblers, who, though ignorant of all mathematical science, yet assume a right to pronounce

upon it; and on the strength of some text of Scripture, distorted to support their views, blame and abuse my work, I let them do so; but I also will take leave to despise their judgment as rash. . . . Mathematics are written for mathematicians, who will, I think, agree that my labors are of some use to the ecclesiastical commonwealth of which your Holiness is now the head." If Galileo could have been contented to observe the same rule, we should never have heard of his prosecution and condemnation by the Inquisition. But instead of this, he determined to moot the theological question himself, and in this way he became the real cause of all the mischief that followed. He first addressed a letter of inquiry to one of the cardinals in Rome, who said in reply that "he considered that the texts which merely assert that the earth stands, would admit of being so construed as to mean nothing more than its stability and permanence; but that, when it is said that the sun goes round and the heavens move, the only interpretation that can be proposed (by the advocates of the new views) is, that the Scriptures speak after the common manner of the people, and that this mode of explaining cannot be admitted without great necessity:" nevertheless, he mentions a Spanish theologian of repute who had maintained that the theory of the earth's motion was more in conformity with the Scripture than the opposite theory; but he adds that this interpretation was not followed. It appears, then, that not only in Rome, but even in Spain, where the severity of the Inquisition was so much greater than it ever was in the Holy City, men were

allowed to hold and to teach either opinion concerning this question of the rest or motion of the sun, according to the system of philosophy which they preferred. It was treated as a scientific, and not as a religious question; and the Church put no hinderance in the way of any man who chose to espouse and maintain, by merely philosophical arguments, either the one theory or the other. Galileo, however, could not keep his pen off the theological bearings of the question; and he wrote several letters to different persons, in which he discussed the scriptural difficulties urged against him. A copy of one of these letters fell into the hands of one of his enemies; who, armed with this important document, immediately went off to Rome to lay his complaint before the Holy Office. And now mark the zeal with which this Holy Office (that is, the Inquisition), the Pope and all the cardinals, accepted the denunciation, seized the philosopher, and condemned his doctrine! The subject-matter of the accusation was, as we have said, a certain private letter, a copy of which was produced; the inquisitors asked to see the original; the accuser had it not; he knew very well, and so did the inquisitors, to whom the letter had been addressed; nevertheless they made no attempt to bring that person into court; they did not even summon Galileo, nor examine a single witness who had seen the original, as to whether the copy put in by the accuser was authentic; but the proceedings were instantly stayed, and the whole matter fell to the ground!

So far, then, from there being any disposition on the part of Rome to quarrel with science, and to come into

angry collision with the new scientific doctrines, she seems to have been specially anxious to give those doctrines the opportunity of obtaining the most full and impartial consideration. Nothing can exceed the moderation of tone displayed by the Roman prelates and cardinals of that day, and the kindness with which they sought to warn Galileo from the dangerous rocks on which he seemed determined to ruin himself. On the last day of February, 1615, immediately after the denunciation, a friend wrote to him to say that he had seen Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII), and that he had said, "Galileo ought not to travel out of the limits of physics and mathematics; he should confine himself to such reasonings as Ptolemy and Copernicus used; *declaring the views of Scripture, theologians maintain to be their own particular province.*" Three weeks afterwards the same friend writes to him again, and gives him a similar verdict from two other members of the Sacred College: "I have been this morning," he says, "with Monsignore Dini to the Cardinal del Monte, who told us he had lately had a long conversation with Cardinal Bellarmine on the subject of the new opinions, and that the conclusion was, that by confining himself to the system and its demonstration, *without interfering with the Scriptures, the interpretation of which they wish to have confined to theological professor's approved and authorised for the purpose,* Galileo would be secure against any contradiction; but that otherwise, explanations of Scripture, however ingenious, will be admitted with difficulty, when they depart from the common opinion of the Fathers."

Three weeks later still, Galileo receives another letter from the bishop mentioned in the last (Monsignore Dini), in which he is told that Cardinal Bellarmine had remarked that Galileo's case was dismissed, and that if he spoke with circumspection, and "*only as a mathematician,* he would be put to no further trouble."

What decision could be more equitable and temperate than this? And it appears to have given general satisfaction to the advocates of the new opinions, some of whom wrote to Galileo to congratulate him upon it as an important point gained. Only the philosopher himself remained unsatisfied; he was bent upon having his adopted theory received as an unquestionable truth; and spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he exerts himself in every possible way, both in season and out of season, to effect this purpose. First, he writes a long argumentative letter, which he sends to this same Monsignore Dini, and begs him to lay it before "Bellarmine and the Jesuits, as being those who know most about such things." Monsignore Dini, acting on his own opinion and the advice of very sensible friends, thinks it better not to deliver this letter, and writes to Galileo to tell him so; reminding him, at the same time, that he is left at perfect liberty to treat the question mathematically, provided he abstain from discussing its theological bearings;* and he begs him not to raise the question again, lest by assuming the attitude of defence where no attack is

* "Provided you do not enter the Sacristy," is the literal translation of the words used; but the sense is clearly that given in the text; "provided you don't poke your nose into what's other people's business."

made, he excite the suspicion of something wrong. It is deeply to be regretted that this prudent advice should have been neglected. But the impetuous philosopher was too obstinate to be persuaded; and he immediately proceeded to elaborate the last and most formidable of his polemical epistles, which he sent to the court of Florence; and then set out, of his own free will, to present himself before the Inquisition in Rome, determined to force them, as it were, to pronounce a judgment upon his theories; to learn, as he expressed himself in one of his letters on the occasion, "*what he was to believe on the Copernican system.*" In all that had hitherto been done, the Church had clearly shown her unwillingness to interfere in the matter; had shown that she did not consider it a part of her duty to express any opinion whatever with reference to physical theories as such, unless they were brought into open and unmistakable collision with the doctrines of the faith. But now Galileo goes, to *force* her to speak. He arrives in Rome, and is delighted by the favorable reception he meets with; his enemies do all they can to vilify and injure him, by private and malicious whisperings, but without success. "My affair," he says of himself, "has been brought to a close, so far as I am individually concerned; the result has been signified to me by all their Eminences the Cardinals (who manage these affairs in the most liberal and obliging manner), with the assurance that they were perfectly satisfied, as well of my own candor and sincerity, as of the diabolical malignity and iniquitous purposes of my persecutors; so that, so far as I am personally con-

cerned, I might return home at any moment." Still, these private and personal communications to himself did not satisfy him; he desired to obtain some public and official recognition of his doctrines; he wished the Pope and the Inquisition, says the ambassador of his own country, then resident in Rome, to declare that the Copernican system was founded on the Bible; and to gain this end, he lingered on in the Holy City, and sought to persuade the most eminent dignitaries of the Church to exert themselves to the same purpose. Amongst those whom he succeeded in winning over to his side was Cardinal Ostini, who, at a most inopportune moment, when the Pope and Cardinals were engaged in one of their largest congregations, in some deep and important discussion, interposed in the most abrupt manner to bring on the troublesome question. For this ill-advised conduct he was immediately reprimanded by the Pope; nevertheless he returned to the charge, and again interrupted the business in hand. Then, and not till then, did the Pope, under feelings of irritation, declare that he would send the whole affair before the Inquisition, which tribunal presently enjoined silence upon him.

This, however, is a point on which we must speak at length by and by; at present I will only observe, that Galileo had nobody but himself and his friends to thank for this result. The examination was entirely of his own seeking, and not owing to any officious interference or excessive jealousy on the part of the Church, either against scientific pursuits generally, or against the Copernican theory of the earth's motion in particular. This is abundantly

proved also by the subsequent history of the philosopher and his disciples. He returned from Rome to Florence, where he was as much courted and admired as ever. Some years afterwards, Cardinal Barberini was raised to the pontifical throne: immediately the friends of Galileo, and those who were known to favor his opinions, were placed in various posts of honour and profit, either immediately about the person of the Pope, or in some of the colleges and universities in his dominions. Galileo himself revisited the Eternal City, had a cordial interview with his Holiness, was loaded with honors, and received a pension for himself and his son. Elated by this favorable fortune, his old imprudence again got the mastery over him, and he not only published a work on the very subject on which the Inquisition had commanded him to keep silence, but in the preface he actually referred to the decree of 1616 by name, and in a tone of such irony and bitter sarcasm as rendered it impossible that any tribunal, pretending to public respect, should tamely submit to it. Moreover, there were certain allusions in the preface to "a most learned and elevated personage," who was treated in anything but a complimentary manner; and it was represented to his Holiness that the personage referred to could not be any other than himself. Some modern writers, who have studied the matter, do not consider it by any means certain that any insult was intended. However, the Pope thought otherwise; he was very angry with Galileo, and he sent the case to the Inquisition. Galileo was arraigned on the charge of having violated the order imposed upon him in 1616; and being found guilty, that *very severe* sentence was pronounced against him, the full particulars of the execution of which were laid before you in the beginning of this narrative.

(To be continued.)

Learn to behave properly at home. Cultivate yourself. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in an ungainly attitude, but acquire a manly, erect bearing. I have never seen such vigorous, hardy manhood in any class as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners especially be looked after. If you are so unfortunate as to have a mother who is careless in this regard, you must do the best to remedy the early defects in your home training. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is good and beautiful.

Above all, if you wish to be at home in society, fill your brain with ideas. Set your mind at work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into if you were only a plodder and nothing more, by good, stirring thought. Take the newspapers and read them thoroughly. Knowledge is a power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worth talking about, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect; and where you are well received, you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.

MEMENTO MORI.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

Oh ! solemn Lord of Life, King Death ! Art thou
Man's friend or foe ? Or art thou each in turn ?
I've seen sire o'er dead son resignèd bow,
And o'er dead babe distracted mother mourn.
But thou wert friend, when that poor youth thou smot'st,
And saved his erring soul from crime's foul leaven ;
And of that mother's friends wert loving most,
When, courier of the loving angel host,
Thine arms did bear her babe up to its kindred Heaven.

Ah me ! thy scythe is mowing night and day ;
Thy harvest lasts all through the rounding year :
'Mid Winter's snows—'mid sunny flowers of May—
'Mid Autumn's leaves, or green, or brown, or sear.
The ripening stalks, the blades of emerald sheen
Pile up thy sheaves and fill thy granary ;
Life's mingled crop is gain to thee, I ween ;
Heads ripe and gray—hearts young and fresh and green—
Thou need'st not harvest sun to gild thy grain for thee.

Master of Life ! I hate thee not, though thou
Hast stolen friends most loving and most dear ;
That they fled with thee wonder I not now ;
For, whilst on earth, they lived to heaven so near.
Some have gone home in childhood's stainlessness,
Some at the threshold of life's perilous strife ;
The first are angels whom my night dreams bless,
The second haply saved ; nor deem I less
Happy the friends that climbed to thee the snow-crowned hills of life.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

There is always some danger of self-discipline leading to a state of self-confidence; and the more so, when the motives for it are of a poor and worldly character, or the results of it outward only and superficial. But surely when a man has got the better of any bad habit or evil disposition, his sensations should not be those of exultation only. Ought they not rather be akin to the shuddering faintness with which he would survey a chasm that he had been guided to avoid, or with which he would recall to mind a dubious, deadly struggle which had terminated in his favor? The sense of danger is never, perhaps, so fully apprehended as when the danger has been overcome.

Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self-discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation: let him not be contented with that small insight. His first step in self-discipline should be an attempt to have something like an adequate idea of the extent of the disorder. The deeper he goes in this matter, the better. He must try to probe his own nature thoroughly. Men often make use of what self-knowledge they may possess to frame for themselves skilful flattery, or to

amuse themselves in fancying what such persons as they are would do under various imaginary circumstances. For flatterers and for fancies of this kind, not much depth of self-knowledge is required; but he who wants to understand his own nature for the purpose of self-discipline, must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his own soul:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The old courtier Polonius meant this for worldly wisdom; but it may be construed much more deeply.

Imagine the soul, then, thoroughly awake to its state of danger, and the whole energies of the man devoted to self-improvement. At this point, there often arises a habit of introspection which is too limited in its nature: we scrutinize each action as if it were a thing by itself, independent and self-originating; and so our scrutiny does less good, perhaps, than might be expected from the pain it gives and the resolution it requires. Any truthful examination into our actions must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive. Its aim should be not only to investigate instances but to discover principles. Thus, suppose

that our conscience upbraids us for any particular bad habit: we then regard each instance of it with intense self-reproach, and long for an opportunity of proving the amendment which seems certain to arise from our pangs of regret. The trial comes: and sometimes our former remorse is remembered, and saves us; and sometimes it is forgotten, and our conduct is as bad as it was before our conscience was awakened. Now in such a case we should begin at the beginning, and strive to discover where it is that we are wrong in the heart. This is not to be done by weighing each particular instance, and observing after what interval it occurred, and whether with a little more, or a little less temptation than usual: instead of dwelling chiefly on mere circumstances of this kind, we should try and get at the substance of the thing, in order to ascertain what fundamental precept of God is violated by the habit in question. That precept we should make our study; and then there is more hope of a permanent amendment.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us, if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

As I have heard suggested, it is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones. By adopting such a course you will not have yielded to your enemy, but will have gone, in all humility, to form

new alliances; you will then resist an evil habit with the strength you have gained in carrying out a good one. You will find too, that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small, selfish ends, which used to be so dear to it, will appear almost disgusting: you will wonder that they could have had such hold upon you.

In the same way, if you extend and deepen your sympathies, the prejudices which have hitherto clung obstinately to you will fall away; your former uncharitableness will seem absolutely distasteful; you will have brought home to it feelings and opinions with which it cannot live.

Man, a creature of twofold nature, engaged in any matter in which he is concerned: spirit and form must both enter into it. It is idol-worship to substitute the form for the spirit: but it is a vain philosophy which seeks to dispense with the form. All this applies to self-discipline.

See how most persons love to connect some outward circumstance with their good resolutions; they resolve on commencing the new year with a surrender of this bad habit; they will alter their conduct as soon as they are at such a place. The mind thus shows its feebleness; but we must not conclude that the support it naturally seeks is useless. At the same time that we are to turn chief attention to the attainment of right principles, we cannot safely neglect any assistance which may strengthen us in contending against bad habits: far is it from the spirit of true humility to look down upon such assistance. Who would not be glad to have the ring of Eastern

story, which should remind the wearer by its change of color of his want of shame? Still these auxiliaries partake of a mechanical nature. We must not expect from them more than they can give. They may serve as aids to memory; they may form landmarks, as it were, of our progress; but they cannot, of themselves, maintain that progress.

It is in a similar spirit that we should treat what may be called prudential considerations. We may listen to the suggestions of prudence, and find them an aid to self-discipline; but we should never rest upon them. While we do not fail to make due use of them, we must never forget that they do not go to the root of the matter. Prudence may enable a man to conquer the world, but not to rule his own heart: it may change one evil passion

for another; but it is not a thing of potency enough to make a man change his nature.

Prayer is a constant source of invigoration to self-discipline: not the thoughtless praying, which is a thing of custom; but that which is sincere, intense, watchful. Let a man ask himself whether he really would have the thing he prays for; let him think, while he is praying for a spirit of forgiveness, whether even at that moment he is disposed to give up the luxury of anger. If not, what a horrible mockery it is! To think that a man can find nothing better to do, in the presence of his Creator, than telling off so many words: alone with his God, and repeating his task like a child; longing to get rid of it, and indifferent to its meaning!

ON A THRUSH, SINGING ON A WINTER MORNING.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon thy leafless bough;
Sing on sweet bird; I listen to thy strain;
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

Lo, in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content, with light, unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies.
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys—
What wealth could never give or take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

—Burns.

THE LESSON OF A NIGHT.

By J. J.

I.

A bright sky melting into the blue of the sea in front and the purple of the distant hills behind, groves of big, sturdy trees skirting the shore and clambering up to the heights beside it, the gables of an old stone house just above a headland—that was the scene Robert Graham and Agnes Stuart looked on as they strolled along. And fit in truth were the man and maid to grace so fair a scene. He tall, handsome, manly, with light, curling hair and florid face; she dark as even, with a skin of marble and hair the blackness of the raven's wing. For a month young Robert Graham, the son of old Sir Galtus, the younger brother of a noble house, but heir, so it was rumored, to his uncle's fair lands and shares in the per cents, had abided here at Clyburn, far from the gay companions of his manhood's life—alone with this quiet, severe Stuart family, with their straitlaced propriety, their devotions, their hymns, and staid conversation. What had brought him there—this gay-living man whose name was known in the fashionable circles of the capital; who was the soul of all the games, parties, and merry-makings of his county—what had brought him to this lone, quiet, melancholy place? What, but that

power to which all flesh pays tribute—love. Yes, the lively, rollicking Bob Graham had been caught in the meshes by this simple, modest girl, with only her sweet face and her pure life to charm him. He had met her at the city dwelling of a relative of hers, and the first impression made upon him by her peerless beauty had ripened into a sincere affection. That meeting had changed the current of Bob's life. His old companions met him now but seldom, and the gay circles he had moved in missed him altogether. No one knew what had seized the man.

"Egad," said his old chum, Robbins of the guards; "egad, Bob Graham's not the man he was. Some thief of a fairy's stole the old chap off and left a changeling for him. He has neither word nor nod nor wink for you; and when you meet him, faith, he looks as if all the blue devils from the Orkneys to Land's End were thumping at him."

But Bob Graham never heeded his friend's raillery. It is doubtful if he heard it, he was so engrossed with his new idol. So, when Agnes left the city to return to her home at Clyburn, he, nothing loath to be asked, accepted her invitation to accompany the little party to the great old dismal house her fathers had lived in for years before.

Clyde Stuart was a man of the olden time, a fossil of two hundred years ago arrayed in the vesture of to-day. So his acquaintance, thorough-going city men, said. He smiled, when they told him so, in his quiet easy way.

"Gentlemen," he would say, "you flatter me; for

"The best of times were the good old times,
And they had the best of men.'"

A perfect gentleman in manners and accomplishments, he cared little for society, and contented himself with his family duties and his studies. For Clyde Stuart was a scholar and a thinker. If there was one thing more than another characteristic of him it was his strong love for Catholicity, the olden but proscribed faith. His fathers had suffered for it many a year, and he revered it all the more for their sakes. The only Catholic landed gentleman in his county, he was held by the others as a fanatic who shut himself up in his own narrow prejudices. But many and many a poor wayfarer or wandering beggar knew well how generous was his heart; and those about him, too, who knew his life and habits—the cotters and the strolling seekers of bread by the brow's sweat and the hand's labor—loved and esteemed the modest gentleman who always listened to their sorrows and complaints and lent a willing hand to aid them. Clyde Stuart had made his daughter Agnes a reproduction of himself, in mind and heart. The same generous impulses, the same sweet disposition, the same absorbing love and devotion for the old faith, were hers. When she returned to Clyburn with her city relatives and the young gentleman, Robert Graham, who came

as escort in their train, so to speak, the grand old man proved that hospitality was a virtue which he surely had a claim to.

Pleasantly enough passed the two weeks of Robert Graham's sojourn at Clyburn. He was not weary of the homely discourse of the household, the regularity and strict propriety of everything about. He came to look upon these things as worth the having. The entertaining company of Clyde Stuart had a potent charm itself, which, however, fell far below the pleasure given him by the daughter's presence. Now she unfolded to his gaze the treasure of wisdom she had hid within her; the tender beauty of her nature, too, came forth, and all the sweet perfections solitude and peace give to a thoughtful and inquiring mind.

Bob Graham was lost in admiration; and his love for this flower "born," he thought, "to blush unseen," waxed all the warmer for it.

At length, upon this perfect autumn day, when all the woods were gay in gallant tints, they strolled together by the sea; and there he told the story of his love. She also loved. For had she not seen this young man give up the world's attractions for her sake? and in his nature she had found a soul of manliness and honest worth. But what of that? He was not of her faith. And bonds of wedlock never could unite Agnes Stuart to one who would not join her in one worship and one prayer.

"It would be a sore injustice," she said, "to go beneath your roof and bring along with me a faith and form of worship which is not your own. What would your friends, your uncle,

your father, say, if Robert Graham's wife was a Catholic?"

"That," said he, "is no affair of mine." He spoke firmly, but she could see that a troubled look came into his face, and he bit his lips nervously.

At a turn of the beach she stopped him, and, placing her two small hands upon his shoulders, looked earnestly into his face.

"Robert," said she softly but firmly, "the life of each one of us it is heaven's intention to make happy here below if we but lead it rightly. Do you think that we would do a good thing by defeating heaven's will and joining two lives which lack a hidden bond, an inward sympathy, without which their union would be imperfect? Remember, Robert, there are duties higher far than any due to things of earth, and these we cannot sacrifice. A union of souls in affection, without a common faith and hope in heaven, is no union. I grieve to hurt you, Robert, but Agnes Stuart can wed only one of her own faith. We shall always be friends, Robert. But no more of this."

She turned, and passed along the shingly path to the old house. She walked erect and queenly as if she were a victor in her day of triumph; and so she was. For she had conquered self, though the conquest had hurt her to the heart.

Robert Graham stood gazing after her, half in admiration. He was stricken dumb by the girl's declaration. That she should cast aside such love as his, and all because his creed was not her own, was as unlooked for as it was distressing. Still he felt there was a nobleness in it that well accorded with her life and all she did. He thought a

moment—only a moment though, of the religion this girl held so dear. What if he should become a Catholic?

"Bosh," whispered self-interest; "remember your uncle's broad lands and his cool thousands. Remember your family and name. You have all these, and will you barter them for a prudish girl?"

He would at that moment have been willing to do it. But he remembered what stories he had heard of Catholics in his childhood, from intolerant relatives, and the disfavor, nay, the contempt they had been held in by the "fellows of his set." Could he brave public opinion and meekly let the world hoot at him? No, it was too much.

"I offer her love for love, hand for hand," said Robert Graham. "And surely, in position, name, and wealth, I am her equal. Well, if she slight me, what remains? I can only bide my time, and perhaps this lofty beauty may regret what she has done. Who knows?"

The next day Robert Graham left Clyburn for London, where he soon became the gay, cultivated, companionable society-man he had been before.

II.

The great curling match between the north and the south — men came off on a lowering winter's day. The spot selected for the game was inclosed by high hills which sheltered players and spectators from the wild blasts from the north. Of the latter there were many hundreds; for this was a novelty in the sporting world, and not a few of the gay blades had come down by rail from the capital to attend it.

In the break of a hill a platform had been erected from which several of the wealthier families of the neighborhood looked on and jested and indulged in small talk generally. Here was the judges' stand located; for the occasion warranted the selection of a whole dozen of umpires, referees, and so on. Of course the crowd gathered early. Crowds always do in cases of this kind. A belt of male humanity, in close buttoned coats, encompassed the place on and around the platform; quite a number of the local beauties appeared, half lost to sight in bewildering accumulations of winter gear. Finally the players strolled in, looking very gallant in their Highland costume, and making a fair display of muscular limbs and lithe bodies.

Then the judges took their places, the players scattered into position, and the game began with an uproar of shouting and a great show of excited faces. It would be no easy matter to follow that game. What with the racing hither and thither, the clamor, the calling, and the laughing, one was bewildered, but amused nevertheless.

So thought Agnes Stuart as she sat upon the platform with her aunt, Mrs. Gilbert Gilbraith of Heatherhouse, and a half dozen blooming cousins with whom she was on a visit.

"Aggie, dear," said the eldest Miss Gilbraith in a whisper, "do look at that handsome young man near the judges' platform. Not now—he's looking this way. And I really believe he has been eying us for half an hour. Dear me!" And Miss Gilbraith blushed scarlet and cast sidelong and insinuating glances in the direction of

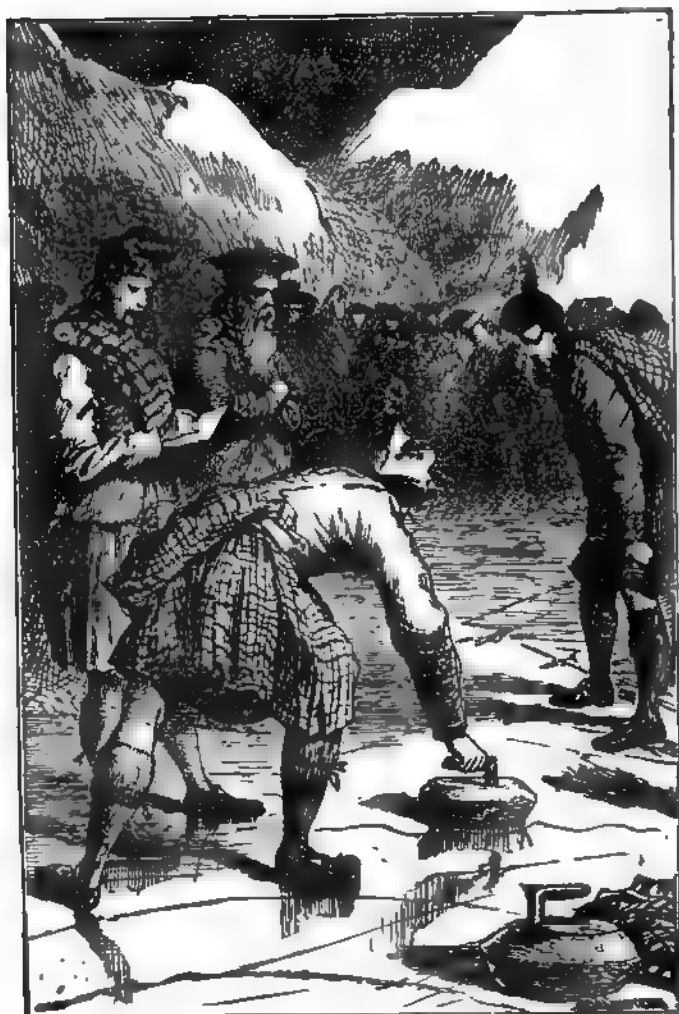
the judges' stand. Agnes smiled, for she knew the eldest Miss Gilbraith's weak point.

"Dear me, how provoking," again said Miss Gilbraith, in a tone of voice which made it evident that it was not in the least provoking but quite agreeable in fact, "as I live he's looking here again. How strange he does look to be sure."

Agnes now ventured to take notice of the phenomenon which Miss Gilbraith had made the object of so much observation and remark. Her eyes wandered over the group at the stand, and she gave a start as they fell on Robert Graham's flushed, handsome face. He had been looking at her long and earnestly. The old love, which had during the weary six months that followed their parting burned on unceasingly, was given fuel to consume him by the presence of his idol. He had striven to forget her. He had tried to remember only that she had refused to be his wife. But the form, the face, around which his very heart-strings clung could not be torn away or buried out of sight. In gay, giddy London, when he tried to drown his memory of her in the excitement of the ballroom or the gossip of the *salon* he found how vain was strength of mind against the heart's affection. Now, when he saw her again before him, when he traced in the flesh the features he loved to view in fancy, his heart throbbed fast, and he longed to kneel again at the fair girl's side and own himself willing to do anything for her. But even then the thought of her noble nature, her proud but generous heart, assured him that taking her faith for her sake, and not

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"One little, active fellow, biding his time and keeping his head cool, won it for his side, while the impatient crowd, unable to bear the suspense, thronged close upon him."—69.

or its own merits could only lower him in her eyes. He never thought for a moment that this faith she loved so well might after all have saving truths in it. It never entered his mind to inquire, to inform himself of its doctrines and its rites. Catholicity to him could only be an absurd, a senseless superstition, its members priest-ridden fanatics or misled innocents at best. His youth's lessons made him associate it with villany, deceit, and subterfuge—its ministers with craft and malice.

When Agnes had with difficulty overcome her emotion she acknowledged the young man's salute with an inclination of her head and a sweet smile that went straight to Graham's heart.

"Gracious me," exclaimed Miss Gilbraith, not quite pleased with the turn affairs had taken. "Gracious me, Aggie, so you know him. Who would have thought it?" Then, with great rigidity and consummate indifference, "He seems to be a nice young man."

Agnes Stuart did not answer her. She was thinking of that autumn day six months before, and of the parting on the sands at Clyburn.

Meantime the game went on. There was cheering here and hooting there, screeching and bawling, whistling and screaming—a perfect Babel of broad voices showing their capacity to good purpose. At last the game was brought to a close. One lithe, active fellow, biding his time and keeping his head cool, won it for his side, while the impatient crowd, unable to bear suspense, thronged close upon him. Then there arose a roar of triumph from the victors, in which all joined heartily, followed by the cheers of the spectators, and the

players retired. Robert Graham had kept his eye on Agnes all through the game. But at its close, as he was hurrying up to the platform, several of his acquaintances gathered round him and when he had disengaged himself from them the platform was empty—the bird had flown.

Robert was frantic. He rushed among the few lingering equipages, and collaring a stable-boy, fiercely demanded which way Miss Stuart had gone. Of course the boy was in utter ignorance of any such person, and told him as much. Robert hurried away from him and was just meditating a dash along the road when the boy called after him:

"Say sur, wiltha hae the lassie ye wur throwin' sheeps' eyes at?"

Robert bowed a negative to the uncouth interrogation.

"Then ye maun ken she's gane wi' the Gilbraiths o' Heatherhouse."

"Well?"

"Weel, that's a'," said the boy.

"Confound the stupid," cried the impatient lover. "Who are the Gilbraiths of Heatherhouse? Where are they now? Where's Heatherhouse? Speak, booby."

The booby looked around him as if for a way of escape from his fiery questioner before answering.

"Whaur's Heatherhouse?" said he. "Deil a body but kens whaur thot is. Up amang the hills owre the big brae, t' be sure."

Robert waited for no more. He knew that the boy meant the range of hills beyond the stretch of grazing land that came up within a mile of the spot where the day's celebration was held. So off he went through carriages

and men like a madman. Just as he was flying along he espied young Lord Athol's groom leading the nobleman's saddled horse along. Without a word of explanation he seized the reins out of the man's hands, yelled to him, "Tell Athol," and was off like a flash.

"He's daft," muttered the bewildered groom, gazing in open-mouthed wonder after the fiery horseman as he galloped along the road to the hills.

III.

Night was falling as Robert Graham reached the foot of the hills. He thought it strange not to have overtaken the Gilbraiths' carriage before this, as he had come all the way at a gallop. But Robert was a man of impulse, and now his all-absorbing desire was to see again sweet Agnes Stuart, to converse with her, if it were only to exchange a word. There was no other horseman than himself upon the lonely road, and the brown moor stretching out with its patches of lately fallen snow, looked desolate enough. There was no habitation at hand, and the dark sky and fitful gusts of wind promised a wild night. "Confound the luck!" cried Robert. "This is beginning to look far too much like a wild goose chase to please me." Before he had done speaking the road turned in among the hills and branched off in three directions.

"Here's a dilemma with three horns to it instead of two," thought Robert. "Now, Bob Graham, put your wits to work. Which road is the right one? There's a riddle for you."

And indeed it was a riddle that would puzzle older and wiser heads than Bob Graham's. He turned into

each of them to look for some trace of the carriage; but the ground was hard and stony, and broken into ruts and holes. So taking chance for his guide he turned into the middle road and went up the hill at a canter.

If ever there was a road to try a man's temper it was that one. Winding through bushes, passing under crags, creeping around the feet of the hills—wherever it went it only brought new and more cheerless prospects to view.

Suddenly the storm which had threatened so long burst upon the horseman. The snow came down fast and heavy, and the wind swept along, chilling the blood and biting sorely. Still Robert pressed on. He was maddened by his disappointment and he hurried along without caring where his horse brought him. But snow and sleet cool the temper quickly, and Robert soon began to think a little more seriously about his situation. Here he was on a lonesome road that led into the heart of this wild district, and with the prospect of stumbling upon a human being small indeed. Still the road must lead somewhere, and with the hope of reaching that indefinite destination he still pursued it. On and on he went. The night closed upon him, the snow fell thicker, and wilder roared the blast. Yet no trace of human habitation yet appeared. Twice he stopped to halloo, hoping his voice might reach some mountain shepherd's ear, but the wild rush of the tempest drowned it, and still blank, dreary solitude stretched before him.

The instinct of self-preservation urged him to some effort. Already his limbs were stiffening in the intense cold

and his hard-driven horse was stumbling in the snow. A great fear came over him, bold as he was and an awful, doubt as to his whereabouts. Many and many a wayfarer had been lost among the hills and left only his bleaching bones to tell of his sufferings and death.

The thought gave him energy. He urged his weary horse fiercely onward, and dashed through the darkness and the driving sleet with a burning brain and benumbed limbs. On, on, through the white solitude he galloped. His hands and feet were frozen stiff, his face was thick with ice, a strange stupor was coming over him.

On still. He felt his senses leaving him, a chill shot through all his blood; then he seemed to be hurled through the air, to see a burst of flame dance in his eyes and then he was thrown at the door of an old mountain cabin, senseless. His horse had seen the light, had dashed toward it and sprang through the open door, flinging the rider down behind him.

"God be gude to us," cried a queer, spindle-shanked old man, leaping from his seat beside the fire. "Here's the deil amang us." And with that he caught up a square of blazing turf to hurl at the travel-worn charger that stood shaking the sleet from his head in the door-way.

"Stop a wee, Sandy. It's naething but a puir brute beestie," said a thin, piping voice from the corner.

Sandy gave over his hostile design, and grasping the bridle, looked hard at the horse as if to convince himself of the authenticity of the apparition and to guard against any deception whatsoever.

Satisfied with his scrutiny he stuck the bridle round a door-post and resumed his burning turf.

"It didna come be its ainsel," said Sandy, and issuing forth into the storm he waved the torch above him and peered all around.

"He, ha! wha's this ain?" he cried, as the light fell upon Robert Graham lying senseless in the snow.

"Puir body," he continued, bending over the prostrate youth, "puir body." Then, stretching out two muscular arms, he raised Robert from the ground and bore him in. Before long the genial warmth recovered him; but his head had been cut by the fall and he suffered severely.

"Where am I?" he cried, as he became conscious of his queer surroundings.

"In Sandy McCauliff's," replied Sandy himself, who then told him how he had come there.

"Are you living here alone, Sandy?" asked Robert when he had finished.

"No," said the mountaineer, with a sad shake of his head, "but I soon will be."

Then he told the young man that behind the screen in the corner, his brother was lying at death's door. He told him that even now they were waiting for a priest to deliver the last rites of the Church to the dying man, for these were families of mountaineers who had preserved the old faith down to the present day.

"You don't mean to tell me that you expect a clergyman to venture out in this storm?" Robert Graham said.

"'Deid we dae," replied Sandy, "and Father McLeod's nae the man t' break his word."

Robert was smiling to himself at the idea of any man keeping such an engagement on a night like this, when he heard a sudden tramp at the door, and a small, shaggy pony ambled in with a man upon it dressed in black and enveloped to the eyes in a wrapper. He was covered with snow and sleet, but did not seem a bit discommoded as he uncovered his head and shook the wet from his long, black hair.

He was a thin, pale man, with a gentle face and a quiet winning smile.

With a salute to Robert he turned to Sandy and inquired about the sick man. The latter, he was informed, was past recovery. He had languished for weeks in this homely mountain cabin, attended by his uncouth but devoted brother, and now he believed that all hope was fled.

Then the priest retired behind the screen and Robert, with an instinctive delicacy, moved over to the further corner. While he sat there he gave himself up to thought. Certainly he had food enough for it: his strange adventure, his queer companions, and above all, the indifference of the priest to wind or weather when called to the discharge of his duties. He fancied the indignation of the divines of his own creed and acquaintance did any one but hint at their taking such a journey with such a purpose. And then he came to ponder on the merit of this self-sacrificing man, and above all on his trust in the faith whose sacraments he came to deliver even at the peril of his life. Must there not be in it something higher and holier than he had ever dreamt of? Must it not have beautiful principles and inculcate the practice of the highest virtues? And

how strong must be the faith, how warm the zeal of its members, whom it seemed to animate as with a divine inspiration! Robert's strong trust in his early teachings for once was shaken. He doubted if, after all, these Catholics would be such horrible, worldly-minded people as he had been taught to believe them. Here was an argument that conflicted very fairly with his old tutor's statements. Surely there must be more in this ardent zeal, this implicit confidence, this tender, trustful love for religion, which even the poor unlettered mountaineer seemed to share with the clergyman. There was Agnes Stuart, too. How could she ever give herself to a degrading superstition?

"Ah, my esteemed preceptors," said Robert to himself, "I fear your logic carried you beyond facts."

His reverie was now interrupted by a low, murmuring sound. It was the priest reading prayers for the dying, and poor Sandy joining in the responses. For a moment Robert hesitated, and then, giving way to an impulse he could not control, he knelt down upon the earthy floor and for the first time he joined his voice in supplication with a Catholic's, joined it too in repeating the once hated Church's prescribed form of prayer.

Providence works in strange ways. There were martyrs who converted the executioners by whose hands they died, sinners whom saints brought to truth, and saints confirmed in faith by sinners. God's ways are wonderful, and lead through many a devious turning.

So Robert Graham learned that winter night. Over the blazing fire of turf he sat and chatted in the good

priest's company. The whole current of his generous nature set toward the noble sower of the Word, who shunned no danger in discharge of duty, and made his life a constant sacrifice for these humble people's good. He saw the love in which the mountaineer and his dying brother held the man; he even caught a little recital from Sandy's lips, hushed by the good priest's presence, of how the latter had spent an ample income to supply the frequent wants of his poor flock; and within him a new impulse stirred. He would know more of this faith; he would study its doctrines, learn its principles, and trust to God to rightly direct him in the course to take.

The next day he did not leave the mountains as had been his intention. For a whole week he abided with the good priest in his modest habitation, and there he saw what the practice of good precepts really meant. When, however, he returned to his friends, who had been much alarmed by his continued absence, and had restored young Lord Athol his favorite horse, they found out, as Robbins of the guards again said, that

"Bob Graham had a new and more severe attack of the blues." He "cut" the society of his rollicking companions and for awhile lived in most hermit-like retirement, as they thought.

About six months afterwards his relatives were thrown into a state of nervous excitement and holy indignation by hearing that he had become a convert to Catholicism.

"What chances that young madcap threw away," some said; "his rich old uncle will never leave him a shilling."

But these prophets of ill-omen were doomed to disappointment, for the gruff but good-hearted old uncle was the first to send for "Nephew Bob," after his marriage with Agnes Stuart; and although the old fellow could never reconcile himself to becoming a Catholic he was desperately unwilling to disown his Papist relatives.

So his hard-shell cousins, who had charitably shown up Bob's apostasy in its worst colors, found out. Not one of them was made a penny richer when the old man died; and what was worse, they heard Robert confirmed as the sole heir.

Burke, no superficial reader of men and books, says, in one of his immortal pamphlets, that "he can form a tolerably correct estimate of what is likely to happen in a character, chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent, both in its morbid and perverted state, and in that which is sound and natural. Naturally, such men are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when they have once

cast off the fear of God, which in all ages has been too often the case, and, the fear of man, which is now the case; and when, in that state, they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, a more fearful calamity cannot arise out of hell to scourge mankind."

No man is free who cannot command himself.—*Pythagoras*.

UPON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY JAMES B. FISHER.

Upon the sea of Galilee,
The blue-lipped sea of Galilee,
When low beyond the mountain's rim
The yellow sun was growing dim,
And blazed the curtains of the west
In purple o'er their monarch's rest,
The first disciples sailed, to keep
Their drowsy sea-watch on the deep.
The wind blew soft and peacefully
Upon the sea of Galilee.

Upon the sea of Galilee,
The fickle sea of Galilee,
The storm blew out at early night,
The wild wind hurtled in affright ;
On cordage, mast, and straining boat
The blast and foam-ridged billow smote.
Within the white trough of the sea
The failing fishers bent the knee
And called for aid to Him whose breath
Had stilled the Lake Genesareth.

Across the sea of Galilee,
The angry sea of Galilee,
Came One of presence mild and sweet.
The melting waters bore his feet,
And from the radiance of his face
A light of peace illumed the place.
And so the Master came to save
The first disciples from the wave,
And guide them homeward trustfully
From the calmed sea of Galilee.

Far from the sea of Galilee,
From ever-sacred Galilee,
We toil on tempest-harried seas,
The promise of life's morning flees,
The waves of worldly trials beat
Hope's faithful steadfasts from our feet.
Oh, Lord of life, oh, Rabbi, come,
To lead thy mariners safely home
From sin and death and ills to be,
As thou didst once at Galilee.

Professor Paul Broder is a young
gentleman residing in Be-
graduate of Notre Dame Uni-
, and "reckoned among the
solid and wealthy men of the

He is in the habit of supply-
editorial articles of the Beloit
Press, but being on one occasion
from the city for some days,
he was temporarily taken by
use, a Methodist preacher. This
seized the opportunity to make
the *Free Press* the mouthpiece for sun-
ilent attacks upon Catholics and
religion, and to challenge any
meet him openly, and contra-
statements if they could. On
turn home, Professor Broder,
g the state of affairs, called at
pon Mr. Case, and inquired how
e could attend to the discussion
opened in the *Free Press*, and
proposed to carry it on. After
alk, Professor Broder proposed
ethodist church as a suitable
and that each should speak for
hour, or an hour, as best suited.
se objected to such a use of his
The City Hall was then pro-

posed, and on Mr. Case's objecting to
the expense, the Professor offered to
bear the whole of it. At this, Mr.
Case, finding his opponent meant busi-
ness, backed out entirely. The next
issue of the *Free Press* contained Pro-
fessor Broder's reply to Case's cal-
umnies, in which, item by item, each
one was so clearly exposed and refuted
that the professor carried the whole
public over to his side. The Metho-
dists themselves went even farther
than the general public, and announced
to Mr. Case that his career among
them might as well terminate without
further delay. The Catholics of the
town have just been having a picnic at
which Professor Broder delivered an
address on True Education, which drew
both Protestant and Catholic hearers,
and at which Mr. Case's ministerial
successor occupied a seat on the plat-
form with the Professor. A few days
after, several of the most respectable
Protestants of the city called on Pro-
fessor Broder and requested a copy
of his address for publication, as they
fully agreed with his views regarding
the necessity of a religious education.

THE RIBBONMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"The wild justice of revenge."

—O'Connell.

Atrocious as many of our agrarian murders appear to strangers, persons well acquainted with the country maintain that, *up to a recent period*, they were invariably the result of some gross act or acts of oppression, which were well known in the locality of the crime, but for which our laws have not as yet provided a remedy.

These, as the author has already shown,* the enemies of Ireland, whether of home growth or of foreign origin, have taken care shall be depicted in their blackest light, all extenuating circumstances, and any assignable reason for the crimes, being carefully kept in the background, or, at most, set down vaguely to agrarian causes. All they needed to serve the vile purposes of the venal and interested writers was a sensational dressing-up and a spicing of adventure or romance, such as would become the novel of the period, or a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*. To the laws which generated such outrages, and the tyrannical deeds which transformed the loyal and religious Celt into a murderer and a rebel, no reference is made. Those, therefore, who are not in the secret, or who have already made up their

minds as to the innate viciousness of the Irish character, accept such statements as facts, and judge accordingly. The judgments thus arrived at, we need not say, are of no flattering sort!

The murder of a female, whom we may call "Miss Loveland," which took place several years since, bears out our theory.

The facts, as here stated, are strictly true, with the exception of names and dates, which have been altered and suppressed, lest we should give pain to her family, humble though they are, should the sufferer be recognized.

In the year 18— Miss Loveland was shot dead upon her own property at noonday. This was, of course, a Ribbon outrage. Expressions of horror of the crime were universal. Government proclamations and rewards, increased by private subscriptions, were at once offered for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers, or for any private information, such as might lead to their discovery, with pardon for all therein concerned, except the person who fired the shot.

But little sympathy for the victim was shown in the country, as was proved by the openly uttered expres-

* Carlow College Magazine, p. 369.

ions of the people, to the effect that 'she had earned her fate,' 'she had brought it on herself,' and the like.

Experience has shown that, as a rule, the Irish peasantry are the last in the world to accept of what they righteously call "blood-money," or to betray those who have been guilty of agrarian homicides. Why this should be it is not our present intention to consider. We merely state the fact, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from it.

To this rule, however, there are occasional exceptions, and the *auri sacra fames* tempts the impoverished cottier, or (and this is the more frequent case) some sordid accomplice, to give up his companion, on whose head a price has been set.

In the present case this occurred. Through the information of one of those concerned in the deed two persons were arrested and committed for trial at the coming assizes, on the charge of having murdered Miss Loveland.

In addition to the legal professional assistance engaged for the prisoners, persons of intelligence belonging to the Ribbon Society strained every nerve on their behalf. One of these, whom we may call "Patrick," sought extraneous assistance in another quarter.

To understand the part taken in aiding the prisoners, the following portions of the Ribbon Oath should not be lost sight of:

"I hereby agree to become a true and loyal member of this society, and I swear before Almighty God to be true to the Brotherhood, and to each member of the same. . . . To perform all duties imposed on me, with

loyalty, faith, and fidelity. . . .

To aid, as best I can, with purse and person, any brother, or brothers, who may be in distress, or in jail for any act or expression of theirs. . . .

To hunt, shoot, pursue, and destroy all landlords, or proprietors, whether belonging to the Church of Rome, or otherwise, should he or they evict his or their tenants (paying their rents), from any house, land, farm, or holding of theirs. . . . To shoot, destroy, hunt, and pursue to death, any former brother, who may turn informer or traitor, or who may refuse to perform any duty ordered by his committee, or superior officers, or any duty, which may fall to me by lot, or otherwise, to execute."*

Patrick was one of those "souls made of fire," with whom revenge is virtue. Miss Loveland and her family belonged to what is called in Ireland, the "Ascendency party." She bore the character of a brave and independent woman. "Standing the market," as she said, "and driving her own cart to and from it." Her relations were what is called, in their part of the country, "*shoneens*;"—Carleton would describe them as "a low class of the half-sirs."

According to Patrick's story, the property of which Miss Loveland died possessed, was left her by a relative. Upon inheriting it she went to reside

* Whilst we do not, with our learned contributor, indorse the fact that these extracts form part of the Ribbon Oath, we do not see that there is anything improbable in the statement. The authority on which it rests, is that of the Irish Constabulary, who stated that they had found a copy of the said oath in a raid, which they lately made on a public house, suspected of being one of the haunts of the society. [ED. C. C. M.]

in a small cottage upon the estate. With the exception of a few acres, which she called a demesne, the property was divided into farms of from six to ten acres, held by tenants from year to year, and on it the old Irish custom of "the hanging gale" prevailed.*

The will under which Miss Loveland inherited, gave her the personal, as well as the real estate of her benefactor, so she became absolute owner of all.

Forgetting, then, that the earth and its fulness belong to the Lord and not to man, and fondly dreaming that others would fall in with her theories of absolute dominion as well over the soil, as over those who tilled it, she laughed at the claim of her tenantry to a right to live on, where God had placed them. In accordance with such views her first act of "ownership" was to serve "Notices to Quit" upon all the occupiers. As eighteen months had to expire before these could be acted upon, she promised that if, in the interim, they "would pay up their rents and arrears, and become English tenants (that is to say, pay their accruing rents thenceforth as they became due), they should not be disturbed." Trusting to this, the tenants set about raising money for the purpose. The harvest of that, and the preceding season had been abundant, and prices remunerative. In addition to this the tenants' story created much sympathy for them in the minds of persons able to assist them.

The local bank, upon security guar-

anteed by the parish priest, aided the cause by indorsing the bills of each tenant, and keeping them renewed for the unpaid balances from time to time, until discharged. By this means, at the expiration of eighteen months, the accruing rent and arrears were discharged, and the bills cancelled.

The tenantry kept their word: not so their landlady. She had made up her mind to get not only her money, to which, of course, she had a right—always supposing the rents to have been fair and just—but also the land, to which, as a mere steward under a Higher Power, she had no right.

Acting, therefore, as might have been expected from one to whom such notions came naturally, she showed herself in her true colors, and proved herself a woman to whom faith and mercy were alike strangers. By her order ejectments were served upon every tenant, and evictions followed, as a matter of course.

The transaction was canvassed throughout the country. Comments not complimentary to Miss Loveland were freely indulged in. This, however, only made her more determined to persevere in her unrighteous course. She had the writs of *habere* delivered to the sheriff, in midwinter; and called upon him to execute them.

Upon a given day, whilst the ground was covered with snow, she accompanied the sheriff, with the police and his bailiffs, to the house of each tenant.

Heedless of their fate, and deaf to their entreaties, she caused the unfortunate people, men, women, and children, the healthy and the weak, to be put out in the road, and their cabins

* That is to say, when one year's rent became due, half a year's rent was expected to be paid.

to be unroofed. She, meanwhile, as the officers were busied in their felonious work, answered the cries of her victims with the most biting taunts, and their prayers for mercy with the most unfeeling gibes.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing.

Upon coming to the house of one young man, whose wife had been delivered of her first child a few days previously, *she caused the roof to be torn off, and the unfortunate woman and her infant to be thrown out on the road-side, where they died.* "My God, sir," said Patrick, "could flesh and blood be expected to stand this? I would have killed the d—— on the spot as I would a wild beast: shooting was too good for her! Is it for such a she-devil that honest men are to die a "dog's death?"

Patrick's excitement passed away in a few moments, after which he continued his narrative thus:

For days after the murder of his wife and child, the widowed husband went about the country in a state of frenzy.

At length he met a stranger to whom he told his tale.

The latter said: "If you will do as I advise, your case shall be gone into at once, and you shall have ample satisfaction."

The stranger belonged to the Ribbon Association. He brought the bereaved sufferer to a lodge in another county, where he repeated his story. He was listened to with attention, and astutely cross-questioned, after which he was

sworn in as a member of the body; and a meeting was fixed at the same lodge to take action in the matter.

On this, two men from a distant part of the country, whom we may call "messengers," were deputed to go to Miss Loveland's property, and to inquire upon the spot into the truth of the story. One of them, in the interest of Miss Loveland, was to collect every circumstance favorable to her; the other, in the interest of the husband, to collect facts in support of his case.

Upon their arrival, the messengers, in the first instance, apploited the landholders within a given distance of the locality in a certain sum per acre: this was for the double purpose of raising funds, and of securing secrecy by having involved in the conspiracy as many of the inhabitants as possible.

Upon the return of the messengers to their lodge, a court sat on the subject, a jury was sworn to try the case, parties were assigned to carry on the prosecution and defence, and the messengers were examined on oath.

The result was that Miss Loveland was found guilty and condemned to death.

A communication was then made from the court to the Grand Lodge: "That persons were required to execute a sentence of the society in a certain place." Two unmarried men, total strangers in the county, were selected by lot for this purpose; they were sent to the hamlet, and billeted upon sympathizing landholders. Two others were sent from the lodge, whose decree was to be executed: their duty was to watch the executioners, to see that they did their work, and to report or shoot them, if they did not.

These measures were so carried out, that whilst Miss Loveland was returning from market, driving her own cart, she was shot at, in broad daylight, on her own ground, and mortally wounded. Her murderers were captured in the way we have already shown.

The prosecution for the murder was carried on by the crown; the attorney and solicitor-general attended specially, in addition to the ordinary crown counsel of the circuit.

The opening statement of the attorney-general was clear and temperate; he appeared satisfied that he had the game in his hand. Formal evidence was given of the death of Miss Loveland by a gunshot wound. Then came the approver; he identified the prisoners as the murderers, but little could be got out of him on cross-examination. Although a member of the society, he was a stranger to the district, and to the dealings of Miss Loveland with her tenants.

Upon the morning of the execution the county town was taken possession of by troops, as if a rescue were expected. Strong bodies of foot and mounted police were stationed in front of the gaol. The town was as if in a state of siege.

From an early hour, parties of the lowest class of Orangemen marched in from different quarters, with bands playing party tunes, and colors flying. The sympathies of the police were apparently with them, for they were permitted to continue shouting and yelling in an unearthly manner, whilst waiting the appearance of the condemned.

All the respectable shops in the town were closed: nearly all the inhabitants (of every religious denomi-

nation) remained within doors, save that some Catholics attended at the church to offer up prayers for the departing sinners.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the condemned made their appearance on the drop, attended by a priest, the officials, and the hangman. This was a signal for resumed brutality by the mob. Probably for the first time in the annals of a civilized country, "a cheer for the hangman" was called for, and loudly responded to. The unfortunate victims made no attempt to speak. At the moment of their being turned off, the band struck up the Cockney tune, "Pop goes the Weasel."

The system of extermination which brought about Miss Loveland's death, continues to be extensively practised in Ireland. By its operation our population has decreased from upward of eight, to five millions and a-half. Whilst such a system is suffered to continue, it is in vain to suppose that Ribbonism, or Fenianism, which it has called into existence, will subside.

Miss Loveland's successors have profited by her fate in more ways than one. The name of the present possessor of her property was conspicuous a short time since in a requisition calling a meeting of the county in which he resides, in favor of "Security of Tenure."

Hitherto we have been speaking of bygone times. The Ribbonism of the period is carried on under foreign guidance, and on new principles. The preliminary arrangements of the society, viz.:—"Investigation," "levying contributions," etc., still remain, as described by Patrick.

nder such advice, Ribbonism has
me a preventive association.
n a landlord takes an active step
rd dispossessing a tenant, he be-
es obnoxious, and is at once mur-
d. Such, within the last two
ths, was the case of Mr. O'Brien,
e county of Leitrim. He obtain-
a decree of possession against a
nt; but, before he could deliver it
execution to the sheriff, he was
ssinated!

these, and several other recent
ages, to which it is not necessary
lude more particularly here, the
e have been powerless, because
have been converted from a de-
ve to a military force.

As soldiers there would not be a
finer regiment in any service; but the
very system and drill, which have
brought them to this perfection, have
unfitted them for the duties of the
detection and arrest of criminals,
for which they were originally em-
bodied.

But granting most perfect police
arrangements, and men most compe-
tent to carry them into effect, so long
as the present system of Landlordism
continues, and the tenant remains un-
fixed in his holding, so long must we
expect to hear of Ribbonism and
Fenianism, with their concomitant dis-
asters of agrarian murders and attempts
at rebellion.

GREETING TO OUR HOLY FATHER

By J. P.



Divinely-mission'd Shepherd of the fold!
We turn, this blessed season, unto thee,
And, on a fragrant breeze, far over sea,
We waft the tenderest love our hearts do hold.

Our hearths are bright with mirth, and joy
Sits on our household altars;—but of thee,
Beloved, and thy long captivity,
A sadden'd thought steals o'er us, and th' alloy

Of grief is in our gladness;—and the tears
Of joy and sorrow mingle, till they flow
In joy for blessings sent, in grief for woe
That sitt'st upon thy heart these weary years.

But, as the blessed Magi saw of old
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem, so we,
Beyond the clouds that lower wrathfully,
The star of hope and victory behold.

THE SOLITARY OF ST. PETER'S.

BY CHARLES DAWSON KANE.

Giacomo was the name of the queerest character I ever encountered. Giacomo what?—you ask. Why Giacomo Dash, or Giacomo anything you choose. I never heard his patronymic, and I never wanted to. For me he was simple Giacomo. I met him in the strangest place you ever heard of. You could not guess where, if I set you puzzling your wits for hours. It was away up in the ball of St. Peter's at Rome that I made his acquaintance.

In the ball of St. Peter's!!! It sounds like a fairy story, but it is a fact. Did you never hear that the little globule you see twinkling away up in the air when you are in Rome is capable of holding a good dozen able-bodied men. No? Well, let me assure you that such is the case, for I have been there and consequently have a right to know a thing or two about it. But I may as well begin the narrative—it is not much of a story—and tell you how I came to get into such a curious corner.

It would give me considerable delight if I were able to begin the account of my ramblings in the grandest basilica of the world, as a story-teller would do it. The satisfaction drawn out of the description of an Italian sky, and the Campagna, with the white-capped mountains in the distance of course, and

the yellow Tiber close by, is something the average reader craves, and which it is very informal to deny him, but in view of the day of my visit being a wet, soggy one, not at all adapted to florid descriptions, I must claim exemption from the rule.

The rain was coming down as I turned from the street leading up from the castle of Saint Angelo to the portico of the cathedral. As I drew near, the grand prospect opening out in front filled me with admiration and delight. It was a picture no man could look upon without emotion. Sweeping off in a great semicircle were long rows of pillars converging at last upon the mighty basilica itself. High in the air rose the thin, needlelike Egyptian obelisk, with fountains on either side of it playing up to a surprising height and then falling into porphyry basins.

But the temple itself of which these prodigies were but the court—who can describe it? I saw before me an immense structure four hundred feet in length, towering up into the mist which clouded the vast dome, and seeming like some revelation of power and strength and grandeur. Lost in awe and reverence I passed the colonnade and stopped a moment at the temple's entrance to gaze upon the beauty of the vestibule and mark the finish which



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master hands had set upon it. But when I entered, and that matchless scene of grandeur burst upon me, I stood for a moment motionless and lost to myself. What feelings thronged upon me then! What memories, what thoughts! Here was the perfection of all that human mind devised and patient art performed. What solemnity, what splendor! This was indeed sublimity.

And the memories, oh, the memories that came gathering fast upon me. Memories of the blessed, whose sacred relics this great structure held: the apostles lying in their hallowed tomb, the martyrs of the olden time in their profound repose, the saints and sages, holy and wise men, who trod this marble floor, and kings and emperors and men of state who bent the knee to One far greater than them all—how they came upon me then, filling the moments with a great and awful interest! You remember what Childe Harold says of the

Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which
vies

In air with earth's chief structures, though their
frame

Sits on the firmest ground—and this the clouds
must claim.

All these were there and more. Ormus and Ind seemed shining from a thousand marble frames, and the great columns rising high above seemed fit to bear the firmament itself upon them.

But words fail before such sights as this great temple offers. I went through it all. Not in one day, but in several. I stood before the high altar, with its canopy held high in air on four twisted brazen columns each ninety feet in height, and looked above,

to the great central dome, where art has placed the throne of the Eternal surrounded by the just, and given to work of mortal hands the semblance of the sublime reality as man's conception paints it.

On either side stretched far vistas of stately columns, sculptured statues, curious bronzes, rich mosaics, all the treasures of creative art, heaped, it would seem, in this great store-house of man's greatest works. Beneath the high altar, closed in by walls of alabaster and precious stone, and lighted by over a hundred silver lamps that burn perpetually, is the tomb of the chief of the apostles—the *Confession of St. Peter* it is called. Here, in the heart of the Church's greatest monument, he reposes to whom the Saviour gave her once in charge.

From the chapels and the recesses I went above. Up hundreds of feet to the roof, and looking but for a moment upon the noise and bustle going on there—for the roof of St. Peter's is like a busy town, so full is it of active life and curious architecture—I entered a door in the solid masonry and found myself between the inner and the outer dome.

Then came the circular galleries, leading round and round to the top. Up, up, higher, higher I went. Down below me on the floor of the basilica I saw tiny specks in motion, which I scarcely could bring myself to believe were living, moving men. From this great height everything seems so puny and insignificant that one cannot but be impressed with the littleness of that ordinary every-day world we live in. But now I have reached the top of the dome, and from a gallery run-

ning around it I see all Rome lying underneath me, and away off beyond it too, I have glimpses of towns and villages all melting into the blue distance.

But there still remains a part of St. Peter's unvisited. A sort of funnel leads up into the ball, and thither with a little difficulty I ascended. What do you see there? Well, not much, to tell the truth. I saw a good deal of darkness, and felt a little peculiar when I began to think of my whereabouts and the contingency of a big storm and the ball toppling over with its precious contents. But I bore up bravely, and was just meditating a scramble or a "grope" around the place, when I was almost frightened out of my life by hearing a stentorian voice in the darkness address me. What a rumble and roar that voice did make! I fancied the whole ball above, below, and all around me was speaking.

"Is not this fine?" was what it said, in Italian of course.

"Fine?" said I interrogatively to the stentorian unknown. But the moment I uttered the word I closed my mouth fast and made a wry face, for my own gruff bass voice made a roar like a cannon.

"Fine?" bellowed an echo that seemed to lose confidence and die out before it had the word completed.

"Yes, fine," repeated the voice louder than before. "Do you not call this fine?"

"Ah yes, certainly," quoth I conciliatingly, "it is fine—but do you not think that the view might be slightly improved."

"No, sir, it could not. This is the perfection of grandeur, sir, of power,

of strength, of awe. There is majesty in darkness, there is sublimity in it. Light is gairish and vulgar. Here, sir, you are removed by distance from the world, brought near to heaven, and just above earth's holiest spot."

"Hallo," said I mentally, "here is a wonder for you—a philosopher or madman rampant in the ball of St. Peter's. The chap talks like a book."

Then, turning toward the quarter I fancied him to be located in, I said: "You may be right, sir; I only spoke of a little detriment from the thorough enjoyment of this curious place. I did not look at it in the light you do. Of course you are right. Darkness is great, sublime, any other adjective you please, but you'll admit that it is not very enjoyable."

"Enjoyable, sir! It is that I most strongly assert. It is enjoyable, sir. Else why should I spend my time here?"

Of course the last argument was unanswerable. So I showed the white feather and tried to retire as gracefully as I might from the discussion.

"Pardon me, invisible friend," said I, "but the truth is, the closeness of the atmosphere in this globe annoys me. So I shall be compelled to retire."

"I shall go with you," the voice returned.

Then I began the descent of the funnel, conscious as I went down, of a patter of feet above me. At last I emerged into the twilight of the upper gallery, and there I waited. Not long though. First came two slender nether limbs, then a lank body, and at last a shrivelled yellow face. That was the first I saw of Giacomo. We talked

about the paintings, the sculptures, everything about us, as we traversed the winding passages of the dome, and by the time we reached the ground, the sun, which had broken through the clouds, poured a glory of light into the great structure, and gilt the marble shafts and carved arches with its brightness.

"Do you not think, sir," said I, "that here you can best realize the grandeur and magnificent dimensions of this great temple?"

"No," he answered emphatically and somewhat tartly. "No, it is only when you climb its entire height, and from this glare of gold and bronze and marble close yourself up in the darkness and solitude of its silent place that you come to fancy what a work it is."

When I left Giacomo it was with the understanding that we should meet again in the ball of the Basilica. He spent much of his time there, he told me, engaged, I suppose, in meditation or perhaps mortification; for it seemed to me an infliction to be confined, if but for a half hour, in that dark, lonesome place.

Giacomo had a story. I learned it from an old Italian I chanced to meet in the cathedral—a sort of porter I believe he was. Giacomo, he told me, had come from some town in the north of Italy. He was well supplied with money, which he expended in acts of charity, and he was known to have supported during sickness many of the Roman poor whom he chanced to encounter in his ramblings. No one knew anything of his antecedents, for he made no confidants; and even his place of residence, which he was always

changing, was known to very few. For over two years he had been a daily visitor at St. Peter's, but unlike all others he never stopped to admire its beauties, but hurried up to that strange, unpleasant spot he had in a manner associated with himself.

This was what the old man told me. I wondered at the story, and from that time I made Giacomo a study. But the more I knew him the more distant he became. • His private story, whatever it was, never reached me. It died with him, and oh! in such a way.

His death was a fit ending to a life so strange.

One evening as the watchmen on the cathedral roof were going their rounds they heard a shout as if of triumph far above their heads. The moon was high up in the clear sky and bathed in silver all the mighty dome. And high upon it, near the very cross, they saw a figure creeping upwards as if climbing by the projections. In vain they hallooed to warn the climber of his peril. Higher he went till like a speck he seemed, and just as he had reached the highest point and seemed about to grasp the glittering cross, he fell from the dizzy summit to the roof. They raised him from the ground, but he was dead. The moonlight shone upon the bruised face and shabby black garments. When they had washed the features clean of blood they saw that it was Giacomo.

So he died. None inquired for him. None knew how he had come hither. Some feeling men, who knew his strange love for the holy pile, had him buried near St. Peter's, where he still sleeps in its shadow.

SHADOWS ON THE SIDEWALK.

BY AGOO.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

To those unacquainted with the secret workings of the human heart as manifested in our large cities, the words of the poet, "that things are not what they seem," would lose all force and pointedness in application. The stranger viewing for the first time the busy throng of stragglers that habitually blockade the public avenues, lost in amazement as gazing on the wealth displayed, the total indifference to care or occupation, the general want of reflection as to any settled destination in their wanderings, would immediately decide that at best "life is but an empty dream."

Alas! how few of the many found on the promenade deserve any other name than that of shadows.

True, you will find the humble laborer of the morning, who as he went forth to work appeared to have no thought beyond the narrow limits of his own vulgar self, returning laden with fuel to brighten the dull hearthstone, where the partner of his joys and toils awaits to greet him with love's true welcome, while children send forth a shout of delight which gladdens the father's heart more than untold treasures could succeed in doing.

This proves at least there is one who has a heart to feel, as well as a brain to conceive the wants and desires of those allied to him by nature. Not so with the shadows of life that jostle the son of drudgery in his onward journey.

The pretended pattern of honesty—the merchant—that shadow of public safety, goes on with his pompous strut, with his eyes directed straight ahead, with an eye always to business, never venturing to look to the right or left, lest a beggar should ask for alms. For this there would be no newspaper notice, therefore he passes on, dreaming only of the next public meeting, ostensibly for the "*Union*" while at the bottom lies a petition to Congress to reduce the tax on hides, tallow, tar, and a thousand other articles. No, he must go on, time is too precious to be wasted in anything but that which will give a large dividend and place a handsome balance on his books.

A shadow with a slow, cautious gait, presenting to the beholder a cadaverous appearance, next approaches.

This miserable specimen of the human plant—the prickly-pear in the garden of life, which, if touched, it is

at your cost, is dignified with the title of *broker*. Having only one thought, and that of gain, no matter whether the widow's sobs, the orphan's tears, or the bleeding form of his country, be presented to his eye, it is of no avail.

Self—all-absorbing, greedy self—must be appeased, and that at the highest rate per cent.

The professional shadows I will pass by, and devote the remainder of this article to the fairest, but, unfortunately, the faintest shadow to be found on the sidewalk.

This shadow demands the greatest care in description. Clothed in garments of the most costly texture, adorned with robes in search of which the forests and wild woods have been traversed by many a hardy hunter, glittering with jewels that the bowels of the earth were opened and forced to yield up its hidden gems, to display to better advantage a poor tenement of clay, the whitened sepulchre of mortality, the lighted bud of promise, once the hope, now the curse of society. This shadow, now known, will allow a change of language, and may be addressed as becomes so appropriate a theme.

The fashionable lady of the present day may be found largely represented among the daughters of our land. Fair, beautiful, in a word, lovely in everything that pleases the eye to look upon, or the imagination to reflect. Outwardly, the beau ideal of painter or sculptor, internally, that is, mentally, the crude marble of the sculptor, or the unfinished canvas of the artist, with a few master strokes by the chisel of the former, or a few slight traces by the Raphaëlean hand of the latter. This daughter of fortune, in many cases

more than ordinarily gifted, is not desirous of improvement. The demands of society and fashion must be complied with in all their details. It is only necessary to play loudly on the piano, without any discernment of the beauties of the composer, the most popular pieces of the day; to screech, when asked to sing, until the tympanum of the listener's ear causes him to seek relief in the howl of a dog in the neighboring yard, or, perchance, the bashfulness of the fair shadow (and that seldom happens) drives her to relinquish the task, and naively assign as a reason that never-to-be-forgotten excuse—a severe cold. As to other accomplishments, they are innumerable. Tapestry, which consists of two pieces, one completed almost entirely by the teacher, and handsomely framed and placed in the most conspicuous place the parlor can afford; the other, as yet unfinished, and *never to be*. That belongs to the work of school days, now so thankfully at an end. French! certainly; eight or ten set phrases and no more. "Oh! the verbs were so hard I never could learn them. Thank fortune, I never will have to make any use of French, as I have no wish to marry a French count, for Augustus Petroleum is paying me his addresses, and I am sure he is dying with love for me."

Thus reasons that senseless shadow of womanhood. She who should be the pride and joy of the household, the defender of purity and faith, the consoler in the hour of need, now only the play-toy of vicious and licentious youth, the dread of honest manhood, the plague-spot on the domestic circle.

Where rests the remedy? I answer, with home culture; with the mothers,

who, rather than permit the dainty hands of the daughters to be soiled with labor, do all themselves, exemplifying the old story that they who are wet with rain should go out to the well for water. All this may express good-nature on the part of the parents, but

Thus Nature's signs more feelingly portray
A thousand ends of life than all a voice could say.

Let the pure and noble sentiments

arising from sincere and unselfish motives be impressed upon their tender minds; and by learning self-dependence, and that *only* by a faithful adherence to industry and perseverance in all that belongs to the duties of their sex, can they be placed in the list of illustrious women—real substances, not fleeting shadows.

C O U R T E S Y.

Nowhere is well-bred courtesy, or the lack of it, more observable than in travelling. On the steamboat and in the cars the quiet observer readily detects those who have been educated under refined influences, or those who, without special cultivation, are possessed of native politeness. It is not education alone, nor wealth, nor high social position, nor costly trappings that make one a pleasant travelling companion. There must exist a kindness of feeling toward strangers, a general recognition of equal rights in the comforts and conveniences provided for the public, and a quickened discernment for the needs of others. The gentleman who spreads out his luggage on a couple of seats in the cars, and persistently reads his newspaper, determinately unconscious that others who have paid as much as he has are looking in vain for a seat, is as truly ill-bred as the country girl who noiselessly eats her pint of pea-nuts, scattering the shells on seats and floor, regardless of the annoyance she gives her neighbors. In this democratic country, travel in public conveyances too much as though they were our own private carriages. How often the eleventh and twelfth passengers in a city omnibus, who know they have full claim to a seat, are discomforted by the spread garments, the immovable attitudes and blank faces of those who happen to have entered the stage before them! Common civility demands that a movement be made to give room until the complement is filled out; afterward courtesy and generosity will be prompt to attend to attentions which justice may not require. It is surprising how much the comfort and pleasure of any journey, whether long or short, is enhanced by those little nameless courtesies which are offered instinctively and unobtrusively to strangers, by refined well-bred travellers, and persons whom native tact and delicacy almost make up for the lack of the educating and refining influences of good society.

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Presently both came back and divided the orange between them. — p. 100.

SAVED BY A LAUGH.

By S. P. R.

, ha, ha!"

ld not forbear laughing heartily, h I was in a most melancholy

The scrambles and struggles wo precious young scamps for unge, and the artifices they used to secure it, would tickle any umor. They were just under eon-hole of a window that open- a strong old house upon the G——. I was on the other it, kept in durance by a most is band of Communists who had before arrested and held me e scapegrace magistrate, of an making and a day's authority, ake the trouble to sign an order execution.

time was the October of the ne, the place a dingy old street lontmartre. Wherein I had l against the august champions red flag I could never clearly ut, but I fancy that the position under Monseigneur the Bishop at instigated my arrest and de-

When one was taken into cus- those days one's period of life tain to come to an abrupt end- ore long. So when I was con- oy a half dozen swarthy fellows, hirts and with unclean complex- his old stone house that had been , serve as prison and fortress, I

felt that but a day or two at most would find me living. Martial law was administered very summarily at that time, and no shrift was given the condemned other than the bullet brought.

It was while staring out of the oaken-barred window upon an uninviting alley that I began laughing. Two of the street *gamins* who infested the quarter had retired here to discuss the proprietorship of a stolen orange and some other bits of plunder, and the way the two boys maintained their respective rights, and the cunning each one of them displayed, were so irresistibly amusing that it drove away for a moment even the thought of my precarious position.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed.

The gamins started and looked up.

"Halloo!" cried gamin No. 1. "Monsieur the jailbird is merry. Sing on, jailbird, sing on." But just then gamin No. 2, availing himself of the other's momentary inattention to the object of their dispute, with a sudden wrench broke away with the prize in his fist and his comrade after him. Presently both came back and divided the orange between them. Then they stood beneath the window grinning up at me.

"Monsieur is jolly to-day," cried gamin No. 1. "Monsieur is very jolly.

Let me give him joy. He'll need it when Jacques Grange burns priming." Jacques Grange, I afterwards learned, was the name of the leader of my captors.

"What would monsieur give to be an eel and crawl out, eh?" said gamin No. 2.

Notwithstanding their petty taunts I saw that both the young vagabonds were well disposed toward me. Evidently my merriment at their tricks had found favor for me in their eyes.

"When is monsieur going to ——" here gamin No. 1 made an expressive gesture with the forefinger of his right hand and the thumb of his left hand. "Be shot," I understood him to mean by this pantomime. I would have answered him, for misery is ready to grasp at any sympathy no matter whence it comes, but just then one of the red-shirted guard, who had been patrolling the building, turned the corner of the alley and gave chase to the two youngsters with whose republican sentiments he fancied, I suppose, that I was tampering.

Away went gamins Nos. 1 and 2, in a cloud of dust, and away went the guard after them, once in a while stopping to hurl a stone after them and to give utterance to some unctious *sacres*.

When he came back he looked up at me very severely, and shook his finger menacingly before going off to join his companions.

That afternoon I fell into a troubled slumber—for wearied nature will crave rest even while sleepless care oppresses the mind—when I was awakened by a crashing sound in the room. I sprung up, thinking that my hour had come,

but I found myself alone. The door was closed, and when I tried to open it I found it was securely fastened.

While puzzling my brain to account for this phenomenon, it was again repeated. This time the sound was a dull thud at the window. When I approached it my heart gave a leap, for, strewn upon the floor were fragments of the glass, and the oaken bar had been loosened and broken. Who could have done this? When I peered out all was explained. My young friends the gamins had returned bringing with them another more mischievous than themselves. And they were no less than plotting my escape. Before I could recover from my surprise, one of them, swinging a big hatchet they had brought along, gave a run, leaped up in the air, and drove it against the yielding bar. Then I showed myself, and my appearance was followed by a pantomime of caution of silence from all three.

Cramming my neck between the window frame and the bar I whispered to them and handed me the hatchet. They did so, with a little cautious work I broke the bar, loosened the framework, and before me a way to liberty. How my heart beat as I crept through the dark square hole and found my feet dangling without. A moment more and I was off, when suddenly I heard a suppressed *gardes* from the corner of the building, and along gamin No. 1 came tearing, with a red shirt at his heels. I dropped from my perch and dashed down the alley with my liberators beside me. The Communist stepped forward and discharged his musket, luckily we had turned into a blind alley before he fired, and as he c

, the third of the gamins, who
 ged at the entrance of the alley,
 ight of foot, the secret of which
 e is known only to Parisian
 laid the red sprawling, and
 off in another direction. The
 as now up. I climbed a fence
 and my way to an obscure
 rhence I succeeded in reaching
 se of a friend who was able and
 to conceal me. Gamins No. 1
 parted company with me at a
 nto which they sneaked, and
 judging from last appearances,
 od his escape.
 the restoration of peace I have

striven to discover my benefactors, but
 somehow I have never found a clew to
 them. Once indeed, while passing
 along the Boulevards, I saw a frantic
 fruit vender in pursuit of a boy who
 had plundered him, and who bore a
 resemblance, I fancied, to gamin No. 1.
 But as all gamins are so much alike I
 have doubts of this gamin's identity
 with mine. However that be I was
 unable to assure myself, for the fugi-
 tive left me and his pursuer in a
 quandary, and at the same time in a
 maze of blank walls and fences,
 where he had penetrated and disap-
 peared.

A F R A G M E N T.

Life has pleasure, life has pain,
 Passing, not to come again,
 Blackest hours and brightest.
 Time takes all things, all must go;
 Bygones vanish—is it so?
 Gone and lost forever?—No!
 Not the least and lightest.

In age we laugh at dreams of Youth.
 Are Age's dreams more like the truth?
 And what is life but feeling?
 The world is something, none can doubt,
 But no one finds its secret out.
 To childhood, and to souls devout,
 Comes the best revealing.

Gay at heart are you, my child,
 Gathering downy thistles wild;
 Cares nor fears oppress thee;
 Gathering up, for joy, for moan,
 When all these autumns, too, are flown,
 The bed that you must lie upon.
 God protect and bless thee!

A CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

Spanish America has broken with the mother-country, only to coquette with revolution, and to receive into the bargain all the miseries which follow in its train. The history of her independence proves this beyond the possibility of doubt. The story of her inglorious manumission from the yoke, presents to the historian and general reader alike scarcely one consoling picture worth recording, nothing but a continued series of agitations in which buffoonery struggled for superiority with odiousness. When, among all these South American republics, we look for a State, what do we find? Instead of a green oasis in the sandy desert—that is, instead of peace and tranquillity, the offspring of a wise and enlightened government—we stand before the monster “anarchy,” laboring in spasms and horrible convulsions.

Ecuador alone is an exception, a glorious exception. Ecuador, a Catholic Republic, is the only verdant oasis that relieves that barren track of drifting sand. That country, comparatively very small, is a striking proof of the good which a wise and enlightened government can effect: its army is a model of discipline; its material development commands the admiration of the neighboring States; the manner in which its finances are administered is eminently calculated to reduce the taxes to a mere trifle, nay, to suppress

them altogether; education there is setting its stamp upon the youthful mind, and bringing to semi-barbarism the light of thought and progress; charity—that divine fire which the Saviour of mankind came to kindle on earth—is burning deep into the hearts of the people and is spreading its beneficent influence throughout the land by means of pious and charitable institutions which it would be a difficult task to number; in short, nothing more need be added when we say that public and private morals are held in the highest esteem.

Now, allow me to ask the simple question, Who works such a miracle in this nineteenth century, and on that American soil on which a Catholic seaman, sent by a Catholic queen, first placed foot?

I have already given the key to the solution of this problem, and the answer, so to speak, is implied in the question. Those holding the reins of government in the Republic of Ecuador are Catholics, and they govern their people according to the maxims of the Church. And what are those maxims? you will ask. Permit me to make use of a comparison which will throw some light on the question. Every fleet, as you know, is composed of an indefinite number of ships: each ship is provided with her own captain, or principal officer. The duty of every principal officer is to

govern the crew according to the rules laid down for him. But this is not all. They must be submissive to and act in unison with the admiral or chief commander of the fleet. Thus, for instance, the vice-admiral obeys the admiral whom he represents, and is obeyed by the rear-admiral, etc., etc. Destroy this mutual dependence, this graded subordination, and what will be the consequence? The whole fleet will go to ruin and will never reach the haven of rest. The Church of God upon earth is this fleet, whose visible admiral, if you will, vice-admiral, is the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth; every kingdom, every republic, is one of the ships which this fleet is composed. I need not tell you what is the destination of the fleet, you have surmised it already, it is to melt into indissoluble union with the invisible admiral Jesus Christ. The vice-admiral who carries into execution the behests of the great ruling power is the Pope, His representative and the teacher of all nations, according to the divine mandate, "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations, etc." Now the rear-admiral is the representative of each particular state, kingdom, empire, republic, be he called king, emperor, or president, who is to act in unison with the Vice-Admiral, whose faith, having been strengthened and confirmed, shall never fail—that is to say, never stray from the way marked out for him by the Divine Admiral, who said to his disciples on the eve of his sorrowful Passion: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit, for without me you can do nothing." Hence every state, kingdom, or republic that does not recognize this Divine Admiral as

its Alpha and Omega, its beginning and its end, both in its constitution and government, is severed from Christ, and not being animated by His spirit "is none of his," according to the great apostle, and being none of his, "it shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither."

But some one will ask, Is it not a well-known fact that Catholicity is the declared enemy of all progress? that, on the contrary, the doctrine of private judgment advocated by Protestantism can alone lead us surely on the highway of true civilization? that, in fine, the future belongs to the great Anglo-Saxon race, and that the Latin races are extinct?

Yes, all that is *pretended*, but nothing is more untrue! The truth is, that light and strength are only with the Catholic Church, and that she communicates the one and the other to those nations who implore these heavenly gifts by fervent prayers, and that independently of her divine authority, it is impossible to constitute a veritable human society.

If statesmen take issue with this sweeping assertion, two words would suffice to cut the Gordian knot: *Mexico* and *Ecuador*!

The foregoing lines have suggested themselves to us, on the perusal of the admirable message of 1873 from the President of Ecuador to the Legislative Chamber at Quito. Never perhaps did the ruler of any nation, whether ancient or modern, speak in such noble and such reasonable language of the startling wonders Catholic civilization works in society, and we beg of our readers to ponder well his conclusions.

The following is the text of the Message of the President of Ecuador which elicited the above article, in *l'Univers* of November 8, from the pen of Alexander Delouche :

But the rapid progress we are making in all departments would be to us of little or no avail, if morality in the Republic were not in keeping with it; but, thanks to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, we have that too.

We shall gather still more abundant fruits when the apostolic laborers will be more numerous, and when there will be no longer, as in the newly-created diocese of Portoviejo, thickly populated parishes without priests to break them the spiritual bread of the Gospel. We must then help our venerable bishops to the end that the secular or regular ecclesiastics who are obliged to travel may receive assistance from them. To effect this, we must raise the salary of the curates living in mountainous districts to 300 dollars, since the salary they have heretofore received has proved inadequate to their modest subsistence.

The eastern missions have also a claim to your generous protection. True civilization, the civilization of the Cross, has pushed forward its lines to the shores of the Napo, thanks to those missionaries who, unlooked for at Gualaquiza, have found their way thither with the approbation of the government; and the schools which owe their existence to the indefatigable zeal of the sons of Saint Ignatius of Loyola, promise to these rich but uncultivated countries, days of prosperity in the near future. I entertain the firm hope that within a brief period the

number of the missionaries will increase, for we have urgent need of them. The actual state of our finances permits us to fulfil, even on a vast scale, the duty imposed on us by the Concordat, of encouraging and facilitating the missions, as well as the obligation we are under of contributing to the repairs and restoration of the churches that have been destroyed by earthquakes, such as the cathedral and the churches of the archdiocese, the churches of the province of Imbabura and those of the canton of Alausi, some of which were laid waste in the year 1868, others during the year previous.

Another duty not less incumbent upon us, and which I might call a sacred duty, is to assist our Holy Father, the Pope, now that he is despoiled of his temporal dominions and of his revenues. You can reserve for him ten per cent. of the tithe conceded to the State. The offering will be modest indeed, but it will afford us at least an opportunity of proving to the world at large that we are the loyal and affectionate sons of the Common Father of the faithful, and that, as long as the ephemeral triumph of the Italian usurpation shall last we at least shall strive to lighten the burden of the Pontiff's cares.

Since we enjoy the inestimable happiness of being Catholics, let us be such in reality, not in name alone, or to save appearances, but at heart; let us in our private lives, in our political duties, suit our conduct to the high standard of Catholic morality, and let us confirm the sincerity of our sentiments and of our words by the public testimony of our good works.

But this is not all. Let us obliterate

from our codes even the least vestige of hostility to the Church, since they are not as yet wholly free from certain dispositions of the ancient and oppressive Spanish regalism : to tolerate them henceforth would be rendering ourselves guilty of a shameful inconsistency, and making a miserable compromise with the enemies of God and of His Church.

Such should at all times be the conduct of a Catholic people ; but especially in these evil days, in these times of implacable and universal war against our holy religion. Now-a-days, when the apostates go even so far as to deny in their blasphemies the Divinity of Jesus, our God and our Saviour ; now-a-days, when the powers of darkness are united in their infernal hatred against God and His Christ ; when a torrent of wickedness and of diabolical fury breaks forth from overthrown society against the Church and against society itself, as when in the terrible commotions of the terrestrial globe, great rivers spring from unknown depths rolling along a flood of impurities to bear destruction wheresoever it

goeth, now-a-days, I repeat, staunch, manly, and courageous adherence to Catholic principles is for us a sacred obligation ; for remember well that inaction in the heat of the battle is as black as treason and as foul as cowardice.

Let us, then, continue our work, as it behooves sincere Catholics, with unshrinking fidelity, without, however, relying on arms of flesh, but on the all-powerful protection of Almighty God. Happy, a thousand times happy shall we be, if heaven is pleased to continue to shower down its choicest blessings on our dear fatherland, and happy myself, if I obtain the singular grace of being hated, calumniated, and insulted by the enemies of our God and of our faith.

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO.

FRANCISCO JAVIER LEON,
The Minister of the Interior, of the Exterior Relations, and Secretary of the Department of War and of Marine.

JOSE JAVIER EQUIGUREN.
The Minister of Finances.

QUITTO, 10th August, 1873.

How were friendship possible ? In mutual devotedness to the good and true ; otherwise impossible, except as armed neutrality or hollow commercial league. A man, be the heavens praised, is sufficient for himself ; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

VOL. X.—4.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world itself seems but a dim reflection, a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night ; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.
—Longfellow.

"*THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.*"

BY A. E. COSTELLO.

It is the Lord who gives and the Lord who takes away ;
All things to him belong, whether alive or dead ;
No human voice his edicts can gainsay ;
His ways by mortal man cannot be read.
Ah, would that man might humble homage pay !
Submit his reason to an All-wise care,
Of grief and joy take his allotted share.

Whate'er the troubles which oppress the mind,
And wring our souls with anguish long and keen,
Believe it, that a God so good and kind
Will always fondly toward affliction lean.
The "lamb" is man, adversity, the "wind" :
Our trials He tempers lest our strength should fail ;
Despair alone His wisdom dare assail.

I need the strength which thoughts like these inspire ;
I need the saving grace which comes from faith ;
My soul is out of time—a broken lyre,
Which will not vibrate to a human breath ;
Eolian sounds I may not bribe or hire ;
The electric current runs along the string,
But cannot galvanize a callous thing.

I wish my love was less intense and strong,
I wish my heart responded less to pain ;
I would not then accuse grim death of wrong,
Nor deem my loss his sole and only gain.
Who mourns in silence feels the hours grow long ;
Who places his reliance on above
Will be repaid with more than mortal love.

J O K E R S.

Kings of England in the olden time seldom made jokes, and more seldom allowed them to be made by others, excepting professional jesters. When we come to the Norman time, we find the Conqueror so little able to digest a joke, that he declared war against the king of France for making one at the expense of William's obesity. The latter, indeed, did try to answer the jest, but the answer missed its aim, and William lost his life because he could not understand humor. Rufus, on the contrary, indulged in such jesting as we might expect in an ill-bred bachelor king, of loose principles and looser companions. The first Henry is handed down to us by successive historians as a man of very facetious humor, but they afford no samples of the humorous expression. Stephen had little leisure for anything but to keep his seat in the saddle into which he had leaped after a severe struggle. The humor of Henry the Second was of a sardonic hue; as it well might be. It was sardonically indulged when he caused to be painted on the wall of a chamber at Windsor, and on the ceiling of a room at Winchester, a singular picture. The artist is nameless, but he must have been the Landseer or the Landseer of his day. The subject was an old eagle attacked by his four eaglets. The youngest and fiercest of the four was savagely picking at the parent eagle's eyes. The king used to smile a melancholy smile as courtiers gazed at this picture, and did not penetrate, or seemed not to penetrate, the allegory which it presented. Probably when they were beyond royal sight and hearing, they made good guesses at it; or the king interpreted it, and then it was no treason to give circulation to Henry's interpretation. The old eagle was the monarch himself. The four eaglets were his obstinately rebellious sons. The ruffianly youngest bird savagely trying to peck the parent's eyes out was the youngest and most ruffianly of his sons, John. In that form the half-mad and most melancholy Henry manifested his humor with regard to family affairs—an example which has not been generally followed. In one of his sons, Richard the First, there was much readiness of wit; and he especially loved to turn it against the priests. To make a joke at the cost of an ecclesiastic was as good to him as slaying an infidel. John's jokes took a cruel form, drawing Jews' teeth to accelerate their disposition to lend money, and behaving noisily at divine worship, with an idea of humiliating some priest or bishop who had offended him. His son Henry loved the arts and good company. Of the three Edwards not one has come to our knowledge as a joker, but the son of the last, the Black Prince, did once so

far stoop from his dignity as to, half jocularly, half angrily, call an archbishop an ass. The second Richard never had an opportunity for joking; and of the next three kings, Henry the Fifth alone, when Prince of Wales, is said to have aired his wit a-nights about Eastcheap. But what Shakespeare has made witty in relation, never took place in point of fact. All the Eastcheap doings are apocryphal, and the Boar's Head never had beneath its roof-tree those joyous princely spirits in whom we shall nevertheless continue to believe. Again, of the third Richard's jesting humor we have no other example than what Shakespeare and Colley Cibber have invented for him. The seventh Henry was a dull, deep man; the eighth, one to laugh with, if you felt especially sure it would not shake your head off your shoulders. His son and his daughters are not recorded in the annals of wit, and such stories as have descended to us of James the First are of an unclean tendency, and the best of them in point of mirth are by far the uncleanest. His son Charles was too gentlemanlike and too grave to be such a joker as his unkingly sire. His refinement of manner did not admit of coarseness, with whatever wit it might be gilded, and the royal martyr is but known in respect of humor, for "King Charles's Golden Rules," of which, of course, he was *not* the author.

George the Second was not a humorist, but he would have made a first-rate actor of "genteel-comedy," had not fate cast him for another line of characters

in the drama of life. Shortly after his accession he commanded a play at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The house was full, but as the king kept it waiting, the murmurs of their displeasure fell upon his ear as he entered his box, three-quarters of an hour behind time. As he caught the unwelcome sounds he turned to Mr. Rich, the manager, who waited on him, as if he might gather from that official some explanation of the phenomenon. The greatest of the intellectual harlequins of England honestly told the king that his majesty was late, and that the audience did not seem to like it. Upon which the sovereign assumed the air of an unrighteously suspected prince. He advanced to the front of his box, took out his watch with the apparent conviction that it was an arbitrator which would render him justice, and looking upon it, saw that it showed the time which he knew it to be. *Then* he appeared in a change of character. He gazed at the audience with an expression bespeaking a guilty but a repentant prince. He put himself as much outside of his box as the laws of balancing would allow, and shaking his wigged head and very much powder out of it, he laid his jewelled hand on the heart side of his sky-blue velvet coat, and made a bow to the house, so superb in its apologetic pantomime that the audience burst forth into hilarious hurrahing and applauding, and all other possible symptoms, to demonstrate their gladness, and to express their consent to a full reconciliation of prince and people.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

However lightly we may be disposed to view the riotous demonstration recently made by a number of pseudo workingmen, we cannot keep out of sight the inferences which it has forced upon us. In all our large cities, and wherever occupation is reduced to toil, there are shallow enthusiasts to be found who, under the pretence of dignifying labor and defending their class-rights, heap upon their companions all sorts of feasible schemes. Themselves the tardiest to toil and the readiest to complain, they strive to infuse into their relations with an employer a tacit kind of hostility that robs them of confidence and themselves of trust. To the great body of their companions these professional grumblers assume a patronizing demeanor, and are not at all unwilling to be regarded as Moseses and Josues who will sometime lead the tribes to the attainment of their "rights"—bless the tortured world—and will moreover see that they be supplied with Egypt's flesh-pots in a legitimate way.

This is the kind of people who imbibe socialistic and communistic doctrines so readily, and are ever hankering after change.

It is such as they that preach insubordination wherever obedience is a virtue, and urge their fellow-workmen to outrage and revolt. This last agitation was entirely their work. The true workmen disowned it, and refused to be identified with the movement. But their failure is no insurance against a future outbreak.

Let an opportunity but offer, and these loud-mouthed clamorers for labor's rights will be as ready to unfurl the red flag as were their prototypes on the barricades of Paris.

While we deplore the sad consequences of these dangerous enthusiasts' machinations, we feel that such things are to be expected so long as people look on supinely at social disruptors pursuing their evil calling.

Give the honest toiler credit and support. He deserves all your sympathy. But the sooner the breeder of turmoil and riot is weeded from society, the better for all classes. Let the scribblers of false sentiment and absurd theory, who of late so frequently wear the semblance of journalists, take care lest they nourish a viper, whose venom they may feel no less than all the world beside.

Bismarck and his coadjutors are taking all pains to press into service the proverbial straw that is to break the camel's back. Every day brings to light some new act of oppression or wrong which is all the more aggravating from its passing through the farce of a constitutional confirmation. The correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom*, an English organ of the lately culminated Alliance, and other prospective alliances, is evidently rather satisfied at the shape things are assuming, and though conscious of the foul injustice of the proposed law, charitably gives it countenance, as he fancies it may give obstinate Catholics a little further annoyance. This is what the good man says:

"The great event of the moment is the bill just brought in by government to introduce compulsory civil marriage. I have often referred to this question in my previous letters. Evangelical Christians were generally opposed to it; first, because it tears the last link which connects many people with the Church; then, because it was apt to lessen the value attached to the religious ceremony of marriage; thirdly, because it gives additional and unnecessary trouble to all those who would never wish to forego the blessing of the Church; finally, because it will diminish the income of many clergymen who can hardly afford to lose a portion of their income. This measure has however almost become a necessity at the present moment. In Roman Catholic districts it is unavoidable, as there

are so many parishes now with priests not recognized by the State. The marriages performed by these are not valid, and something must be done to avoid the great confusion which is the necessary consequence of this."

Then the correspondent goes to show how this new law may be made of large avail to the Protestant subjects of the empire, and why it should redound to the merit of the large-souled Prince Bismarck.

He concludes with this comfortable assurance:

"The bill is sure to obtain a majority in the house of Representatives, and it is not probable that the Lords will reject it. An important consequence of the new law will be that baptism ceases to be compulsory in our country."

We apprehend another important consequence, which does not at all enter into the calculations of the pious Evangelical. We see in this last piece of malicious legislation a forecast of a speedier downfall for the iron empire than men have dared predict.

Banish from it the last institution of Christian faith and the last pledge of Chris-

tian morality, and the great German Confederation becomes a mighty Sodom tenanted by Macaulay's "heathens in the midst of civilization" in the flesh. "It tears the last link which connects many people to the Church," this correspondent tamely observes. Ay it does that, and more. It makes the ceremony of marriage a mock, and the vows of wedlock a folly. It drives religion and morality from social life. It closes the door of the household on Christ, making contraband and illicit the virtues of the domestic hearth and the family's respect and love.

The holiness, the sacred integrity of the marriage bond, is indeed the last link that holds in check many a wayward soul, and the one that often brings it back to God. And heaven pity the youth and maidens of Germany, now blooming into manhood and womanhood, when it has been made degraded and invalid.

How can we doubt, when such things be, that the measure of the empire's iniquity is wellnigh full, and that the finger which of old traced God's sentence on the wall of Babylon will soon write on Berlin's the d. of those who drive Him far from them!

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Thursday, Jan. 8th, the pupils of the Cathedral school of Brooklyn gave a very pleasing entertainment, consisting of songs and speeches. A very large and appreciative audience were present to applaud their efforts. "The Bridge of Sighs," Beautiful Snow," and several other standard selections, were delivered, with a facility and grace of elocution and conception which were highly creditable to the young orators. The music was excellent, and the whole entertainment was a favorable commentary on the Director Brother Justinian's able management.

The St. Mary's Library Association brought

together a very numerous audience on the 8th of January, to attend a literary, dramatic, and musical entertainment given by its members. The affair was a complete success, the amateurs of both rostrum and stage acquitting themselves with no little credit. This association has of late taken a very forward place among kindred organizations, and it deserves all encouragement and patronage for its enterprise and activity.

A lecture to be delivered by the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, on "Edmund Burke," at Cooper Institute on Feb. 12th, is one of the treats the association has in store for the public.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The late Father De Smet is said to have collected in Europe at different times during his long missionary life the sum of \$850,000, of which was devoted to the support of the Indian missions of the United States. Fifty thousand dollars of this sum was given by the members of his own immediate family in Belgium. It is said that a nephew of Father De Smet is now engaged in editing and publishing a valuable work written by his venerable uncle.—*Louisville Catholic*.

At the recent National Temperance Convention which assembled at Saratoga, N. Y., Mr. John Wanamaker, President of the Young Men's Christian Association (Protestant), of Philadelphia, said, in a speech at a public meeting, "Let us go into our churches, copying the example—and it is a splendid one, whether we want to learn it or not,—of the Catholic Church. I cannot speak for other sections of this land, but I do speak for Philadelphia. We have a wonderfully efficient temperance work going on in the Catholic Church. It began with the Fathers, and it is now part of their religion to belong to the temperance cause. In one single Catholic church, near a mission school in which I take an interest, they have formed, within a few months, an association of eight hundred Roman Catholic young men, and they can turn every man of them out to any temperance demonstration they want to make. Why, sir, they have shut up the tavern in that neighborhood, and the rum-seller is giving up his trade as a bad business." This is the noble testimony of a Protestant gentleman, as to the good work the Catholic Church Temperance Societies are accomplishing in Philadelphia, Pa.

The *London Spectator*, in a recent issue, notices the great revival in literature which has taken place among the Roman Catholics of Europe during the last few years.

It is definitely announced that a pilgrimage to the Holy Land will be undertaken early next year by the Catholic body in Great Britain. "The undertaking," says the *Weekly Register*, "has already received the sanction of his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and is to be carried out under the direction of Monseigneur Capel and a committee of gentlemen." In imitation of their Catholic brethren at Paray le Monial, some members of the Anglican church (says the *Church Herald*) have resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Within the Vatican Palace there is a manufactory where pictures are copied in mosaic. This process makes a picture almost everlasting. Roman mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque colored glass of various shades, amounting it is said to the almost incredible number of 30,000 different and distinct shades, so arranged as to form a picture perfect in every detail—in light, shadow, shade, and color. It corresponds in some measure to the pictures formed in Berlin wool. The various pieces of colored glass are placed in their pre-arranged order on a table covered with a sort of cement, and when this tedious process is over—for there are many thousand pieces in one picture—the surface of this picture is then smoothed and polished. The portraits of all the Popes who occupied the See of Rome from St. Peter to Pius IX. made for that magnificent basilica of St. Paul's beyond the Walls, come from this manufactory of the Vatican. It is said that each portrait—a bust—takes over a year to finish. This manufactory is the most celebrated in the world, and the pictures copied in it are the grandest works of the greatest masters. At present a large picture, designed by Raphael to be woven into tapestry in the looms of Arras, representing the Conversion of Saint Paul, is to be copied in this ever-enduring material.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A rather astonishing bit of chemical news appears in a Paris letter. It describes a discovery related at a secret session of the Paris Academy of Science on the 13th of last June. The discovery is that hydrogen, hitherto considered an element, is, in reality, a combination of two elements, one of which is nine times as light as hydrogen, and twenty-five times as light as ordinary illuminating gas. The new element is called abaron, meaning weightless. It will not burn, extinguishes flame, is without odor, taste, or color. The discoverer is M. Lebarre, a well-known French chemist, and his discovery was not an accident, but the result of a series of successful experiments. The influence of the discovery, should it be substantiated, upon ballooning, will be manifest. The tremendous lifting power of abaron will render possible the employment of metallic balloons, capable of resisting all strains and shocks, and also of preventing the escape of gas by exmososis.

A writing machine on trial at Washington D. C., is thus described: The machine is about the same size as an ordinary sewing-machine, and can be worked by a child who can spell as easily as by a grown person. It consists of a series of forty-two keys, to which are attached two steel hammers, and each of these represents a letter, a figure, or a punctuation mark. The keys are arranged in four rows, like the keys of an organ, and are operated on precisely the same principle. The hammers are arranged in a circle and when the key is pressed the corresponding letter moves to the centre, receding again immediately when the pressure is removed. A space key is provided, by means of which the spaces between words are made. Mr. Washburne, of San Francisco, patented an improvement on the machine, and he con-

templates the use of printers' ink. In the original the color is taken from a prepared ribbon, which is between the hammer and the paper. At the end of each line the machine is adjusted for the next line by means of a treadle, which is worked by the foot of the operator. By this machine three times as much work can be written as an ordinary man can write.

There is probably no operation of nature more universally misunderstood than the falling of dew. With the exception of Aristotle, the philosophers and scholars of antiquity entirely misconceived its origin and nature; indeed, until the opening year of the 19th century, the whole subject was one of conjecture and speculation. There is at all times a certain amount of humidity in the atmosphere held in suspension, in the form of invisible watery vapor, which is deposited on coming in contact with substances whose temperature is of a lower degree than that of the surrounding air. Transient showers of rain are not unfrequently the result of the interception of currents of warm air by elevated objects whose temperature is less than their own. A familiar illustration of the formation of dew is exhibited by introducing a vessel containing ice-water into a well heated apartment. In a brief period the outside of the vessel is covered with minute globules of water precipitated by the atmosphere immediately surrounding it, which is gradually increased in quantity by deposition from the adjacent strata, and this process continues until the vessel and apartment have acquired a uniform temperature. Hence, what is termed the dew-point, is simply the state or condition of temperature at which the deposition of the humidity of the atmosphere commences.

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BROTHER PHILIPPE

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BROTHER PHILIPPE.

By F.

But a couple of months ago a venerable old man, in the plain gown of a religious, knelt to receive the Holy Father's blessing in a chamber of the palatial palace. When he kissed the Pontiff's hand he felt, as he himself afterwards expressed it, the sad conviction that it was for the last time.

Full of zeal, even under the pressure of four score years of labor, he journeyed to his native land to resume the duties of his large cares and urgent ties, and there, on the seventh day of January, the old man died, covered with the honors of a useful career, and with the happy anticipation of a future life.

Born to another and a not ignoble name, for sixty-nine years the departed religious was known to the world as Brother Philippe, and latterly as the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers.

It seldom falls to the lot of man to engage in such absorbing labors as he undertook, and rarely do trials and dangers of such peril beset a life unmixed in worldly conflict. The cares that gathered on its dawn were merged in clouds of weightier portent which crossed its sky at times, and even

the lurid glare of war and revolution burst out at its decline and flamed upon it ere its tranquil setting.

A man of simple habits and unambitious mind, he fulfilled for years the greatest trusts and bore the highest honors in his country's gift.

Belonging to the cloister, and not to the world, he wore the chaplets both had woven, and in the efforts of his life he showed that, had he chosen a sphere less humble, he had wherewith to give it lustre. Other men who filled his functions died in the odor of grace, but in the obscurity they themselves had sought; but fame, that wreathed for him her freshest bays, would not be balked in crowning him before a watchful world. To the name, so richly earned, of faithful gleaner in the fields of God, his country added that of patriot, and the literature he enriched grudged not the tribute which his genius won.

Other men there are still living, in this world of noble as of evil hearts, whose lives have been consumed in deeds of the purest philanthropy and the loftiest virtue, but few indeed have been enabled to do more lasting good or leave a record fitter to edify the

future. A man of sound, practical common sense, Brother Philippe added to the highest attainments of a scholar, a singular facility for reading character and a ripe experience in the methods of teaching and in the organization of community-life. From the time he was called to the discharge of the Superior-General's duties, he displayed an intelligent acquaintance with the wants of his thousands of subordinates, so peculiarly and differently situated, that was a source of wonder and admiration to all who knew him.

In embracing a religious life Brother Philippe acted with the fixed conviction that it was his proper calling, and that to its requirements should be subjected all his desires and all his efforts. There was a bold, inquiring spirit hidden in the young man's bosom, and no sooner had he found a fit field to work in, than it began to develop itself. It suggested to him reflections as to the good purposes to which one might turn his lifetime. He saw around him hundreds of unfrequented ways by which the fulfilment of God's designs might be reached, and he resolved that he at least should venture out on some of them.

He belonged to a working order—a teaching order—an order which, from the seclusion of the community-room, looked out into the world, to gather in its children and teach them how to act. He saw that his brethren were wanting in numbers, and, however great their zeal, their labors could not meet with due reward unless more equally divided and sustained.

He accordingly strove, by his example and by his writings, to show the Catholic youth of the land what need

there was of Christian educators, and how they might serve man to the greater glory of God.

Time passed, and in 1838 the young brother of thirty years before became the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers.

We shall not follow him through the eventful life he led in the discharge of the great trusts vested in him. It is enough to say that the order whose interests he controlled flourished under his government as it never had before, and that, while engaged in the absorbing duties which devolved on him, he stole from the routine of his daily life sufficient time to prepare his beautiful series of "Reflections."

During the Franco-Prussian war Brother Philippe came before the world in a new rôle. While others were devising idle schemes for stopping the progress of the victorious enemy or drawing out the plan of an ill-conceived campaign, Brother Philippe equipped and despatched to the sea of war as brave and as useful a detachment as any that fought under French colors. On every field were the members of his order, assisting the wounded, consoling the dying, and burying the dead. And when the tide of war rolled upon Paris, Brother Philippe and his small army still remained at their posts, unmindful of danger and unfailing in energy. France was grateful, and when she rose above her woes and gave heed to the faithful children who had not failed her in the hour of peril Brother Philippe was remembered, and his services became the theme of eulogy with rulers and with people.

A few months since the aged Super-

rior-General was called to Rome to confer with the Holy Father regarding the canonization of his order's Venerable Founder. Pius gave him the warmest testimonials of his affection and esteem, and with these and the solemn Papal benediction fresh upon him, he returned to the land he loved so well, to lay his bones beneath her soil.

He died as he had lived, a man of virtues so brilliant that they could not be hidden by the cloister's modest seclusion, but which shone out into the world and brightened wheresoever they appeared.

Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid to Brother Philippe's worth than the expression of universal admiration and sincere bereavement for his loss given by the entire French nation on the occasion of his burial. Dukes and nobles of the high blood, generals and ambassadors, great and good men—all came to gather round the bier of him who so well discharged his stewardship to the Master.

Here are the words of an eye-witness who attended the last obsequies:

"At eight o'clock in the morning, a low mass was said in the chapel of the Institute, before the procession started for St. Sulpice, where the great service of the day was to be performed. The funeral car was simple in the extreme; on the top of the casket was a cross of white flowers, but the cross of the *légion d'honneur* was not visible. In obedience to the wish of the deceased it had been modestly hidden away. There was in consequence no official or military attendance either, which there would have been had the decoration been exhibited.

"At ten o'clock the short procession entered the vast church of St. Sulpice. Fully 12,000 persons filled its spacious aisles and nave. The nave was principally occupied by the invited guests. Amongst those were the Marquis de Plæuc, Admiral de Dompierre, Admiral de la Roncière, the Duke de Noailles, M. Desjardins, M. Vautrian, the Duke de Montmorency, the Marquises de Montesquieu and de la Rochefoucault, etc. In the choir were the friends of the late Brother-General, Drs. Ricord, Demarquay, and Cazalis. General de Geslin, MM. Firmin, Didot, Mame, de Bellomare, etc. In front of the altar stood M. Ferdinand Duval, Prefect of the Seine, M. Leon Renault, Prefect of the Police, M. Tambour, Secretary-General. M. de Langsdorff, officer in attendance upon and representing President McMahan, and M. Bouffet, Secretary of State for the Republic.

"At a quarter past ten, Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, arrived, and a few moments later Mgr. Guibert, Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, entered the church, followed by the Bishops de Ségur, Plantier, Zeancart, Maret, and Mgr. de Cabrières and Mgr. Guillemin. The curé of St. Sulpice celebrated high mass, assisted by Father Rouguet, S. J., and Abbé Hamon.

"The singing was magnificent. M. Blot and M. Grignon sang to perfection some of the music of Mozart's Requiem, and the celebrated artist, M. Faure, who volunteered his services for the day, out of respect to the memory of the Brother, surpassed himself both in splendor of voice and pathos of expression.

“Mgr. Guibert pronounced the absolution, and M. Bouffet was the first to sprinkle the coffin with holy water. At half-past eleven the procession began to leave the church. The cordons of the hearse were held by M. Desjardins, Tambone, Vautrian, and Arnaud. They were relieved in turns by the Duke de Noailles, M. de Montmart, M. de Melun, and Dr. Ricord. Just behind the coffin walked the aged brother of the deceased, Brother Artheme, leaning on the arm of his young nephew, who is also a member of the brotherhood. Then came Brother Calixtus, weeping bitterly, and behind him all the other brothers, many of them actually overcome with emotion and with the tears streaming down their cheeks.

“The streets were densely thronged, the very roofs of the houses being covered with people. The men invariably lifted their hats, and the women crossed themselves as the hearse passed them. At every certain stage of the march the children of the various Christian Schools fell in and joined the procession, walked a certain distance, and then gave way to other schools; so that the whole of 40,000 children belonging to the Ecoles Chrétiennes of Paris, were thus able to follow the procession without fatigue. It was noticed that many of the little fellows were crying, and most of them broke the ranks, to walk by the weeping brothers, holding them by the hands and garments in sign of sympathy for their sorrow.

“It is impossible to form any estimate of the number of the persons who followed the procession. When the hearse was passing the Rue Racine, the fag-end of the procession was still opposite

the Palais de Justice, fully two miles distant. The crowd on the boulevards, in the Rue de Rivoli, Place de la Bastille, was tremendous, and the police had difficulty in preventing accidents. Everywhere the procession met with the same respect and signs of love and veneration for the *chère frère*, as the people called him.

“At the cemetery of Père La Chaise, M. l'Abbé Roche, his voice quivering with emotion, recited the last prayers of the Church. Every one was weeping, and it was a long time before the orators could command their voices to speak. At last the under Secretary of State for Public Instruction, M. Desjardins, broke silence; but even he was several times interrupted by his emotion. In his discourse, he spoke of the Brothers ‘as those missionaries who do not save souls from ignorance only to deliver them up to incredulity.’ He did not confine himself to the praises of Brother Philippe, but extended his eulogies to the entire community, who, he declared, not only served God and man, but their country also.

“‘They are, these brothers of Christian doctrine, apostles of charity and heroes of popular education.’ M. Armand spoke next, and amongst other things, said: ‘The face of the deceased was an epitome of his life. It was full of dignity and of majesty—it commanded respect and invited confidence. He was, indeed, the worthy successor of the Abbé de La Salle; he was a living image of St. Vincent de Paul.’ M. Vautrian spoke in the name of the City of Paris, and concluded his oration with these words: ‘In the name of truth, of good sense, in the name of Justice, of Paris, and of

France, I deposit on the tomb of this good man the expression of universal esteem and regret.'

"When M. Vautrian had concluded, the Abbé Roche gave the benediction, and the company returned to Paris. It was already quite dark. An officer of the Legion of Honor placed his cross on the coffin, and a general exclaimed aloud before the open tomb: 'If I am a general to-day, I am one because I received a good Christian education from Brother Philippe.'

"Mr. Bayle, the celebrated embalmer, offered his services gratuitously, and when permission to have the service said at St. Sulpice was asked, the curé of that parish answered: 'Brother Philippe does not belong to my parish only, but to the whole Catholic world.' The Parisian papers are full of details of the life, death, and burial of the reverend brother, and people can scarcely find words strong enough to express their regret and esteem. His loss is national—all France feels it."

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bread of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tales of daring, or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine,
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Nor in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

(Continued from page 80).

I think I have now said enough to disprove the second Protestant falsehood on which I promised to speak, viz., the inferences which it is sometimes attempted to draw from the history of Galileo, that there is a certain temper of suspicion and jealousy, and bigoted opposition to science, on the part of the highest authorities in the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, I cannot altogether dismiss this branch of my subject without making two further observations upon it.

The first is, that even if this notion were as true in fact as we have shown it to be false, yet, in the present instance at least, it ought certainly to have been looked upon with very forgiving eyes; nay more, it ought even to have been most highly applauded by all genuine and honest Protestants. For what was the *motive* of the jealousy? what was it which the Catholic Church venerated, and which the new opinions of Galileo were thought likely to bring into disrepute, and for whose sake therefore those opinions were condemned? Did the theory of the earth's motion round the sun threaten to overthrow "some figment of Popery," some "corrupt doctrine," or "superstitious practice?" Was it transubstantiation, or penance, or relics, or images, whose truth, or value, or authority, was thought to be jeopardized by the new discoveries? No, none of these things; it was neither more nor less than the holy Scriptures themselves; those

Scriptures which Catholics are accused of holding in such light esteem, and of which Protestants profess to have a jealous care and guardianship. The holy Scriptures, in their plain, literal and generally accepted meaning, seemed distinctly to assert that the earth was always at rest and motionless, but that the sun "went out from the end of heaven, and that his circuit was even to the end thereof, and that he rejoiced as a giant to run the way;" so that it was by a special miracle that the sun "stood still," in the days of Josue, "till the people had revenged themselves of their enemies." On the other hand, here was a weak, fallible man—a wise man certainly, and a clever philosopher and mathematician, if you will, yet no inspired prophet sent by God with authority to contradict or correct the holy Scriptures—and this fallible man went about, dinning into every-body's ears that it would be a miracle if the earth were ever to stand still, or if the sun were ever to move; for that, as general rule, the earth was always spinning about, and the sun was always at rest. Surely any one who withstood the teaching of this philosopher in order that he might uphold the authority of the Scriptures, had a right to expect nothing but praise and the most grateful admiration from every consistent Protestant. But, alas! I am afraid that with the majority of Protestants, the hatred of Popery is a far stronger and more deeply rooted feeling than the love

of the Bible; and accordingly they never cease to denounce the condemnation of Galileo's opinions by the Inquisition as "one of the most remarkable records of intolerant ignorance and bigoted folly to be found in the history of science;" while they even make it a merit in the philosopher that "as to reconciling the Bible with his opinions, he regarded this as a *matter altogether indifferent*, and, indeed, beside the real question!" Oh, the wonderful one-sidedness of Protestantism! which can make that which, under ordinary circumstances, they would denounce as the height of impiety, an actual subject of panegyric when they fancy they find it in a man who was condemned by the Inquisition. It so happens, indeed, that the statement is altogether false; Galileo did *not* consider the reconciling of the Bible with his opinions as a matter altogether indifferent; it was precisely because he would meddle with this question, and insist on its being solved in his own way, that he was at last condemned. But this makes no difference to our present argument; the fact still remains the same, to which we desire here to draw the attention of our readers, viz., the astounding inconsistency and perverseness of Protestants in praising Galileo for his supposed disregard of the Bible, and in censuring the Inquisition for its jealous guardianship of it.

The second observation which I desired to make concerns the conduct of Protestant sects (or churches, so to call them) under similar circumstances. Protestants make it a subject of reproach against us, that the authorities of the Catholic Church are jealous of scientific discoveries, as likely to en-

danger some of the dogmas of the Catholic faith; and they would fain hold up our religion to public indignation as the enemy of all scientific progress and improvement. Now I think I have sufficiently shown that at least the case of Galileo affords no proof of this proposition; and it would not be difficult to multiply instances distinctly proving the contrary. At present, however, I propose merely to retort the accusation upon themselves; and to show, by an example, that however heinous this fault may be, it is one on which Protestants are scarcely entitled to become the accusers, since they have certainly done the very same thing themselves which they so loudly object against in us; and it happens, singularly enough, that the example I have to allege concerns this very same theory of the earth's rotation, which was the occasion of Galileo's troubles. We have seen that Galileo was not the first to originate this theory; amongst others, he had been preceded by Kepler, a German Protestant, who, in the year 1596, wrote a book in which he undertook argumentatively to demonstrate its truth. Before this work could be printed, it was necessary to lay it before the Academical Senate of Tübingen; and the unanimous decision of the Protestant divines composing this senate was, that the book contained a damnable heresy, because it contradicted the teaching of the Bible! To this Kepler made much the same reply as was afterwards made by Galileo and his friends, and is now generally received. He offered an interpretation of the particular passages of the Bible that were quoted against him, by which interpretation, he said,

his astronomical theory could be perfectly reconciled with Holy Writ. And one would have thought that the theological faculty of Protestant Tübingen were bound by their own principles to accept this explanation at once, if not as satisfactory *to themselves*, yet at least as being a *possible* interpretation, which might after all be the true one; and, therefore, that *their own* interpretation ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of scientific discoveries. For the very pillar and foundation of the Protestant system is the right of private judgment; that is, the right of every man to explain the Bible for himself. And clearly Kepler was not sinning against this right, but diligently using it. Nevertheless, these Protestant divines did but repeat their condemnation of Kepler's book with greater bitterness than before; so that it became necessary for the Duke of Wurtemberg, who was personally attached to him, to interpose in his behalf. Even this, however, could not protect him from a number of vexatious annoyances at the hands of his clerical opponents, which eventually drove him from Wurtemberg *to take refuge in a Catholic country!* A German Protestant, who has written the history of his life, after relating this anecdote of Kepler, and alluding to the case of Galileo, makes the following observation: "Thus we see, in those dark times, two religious parties, utterly divided, nevertheless unite together in obstructing the progress of natural science." We will not stop to examine into the truth of this sentence, taken as it stands; but we will put it into a form in which we think no man of ordinary honesty can refuse to sub-

scribe to it, viz., that *if* the condemnation of Galileo proves the hostility of Catholicity to secular and scientific knowledge, the condemnation of Kepler proves just the same against Protestantism!

I come now to the third and last point on which I proposed to speak, namely, how far the condemnation of Galileo and of the Copernican theory can be considered to furnish any objection against the doctrine of the Church's infallibility. "The Church of Rome," say our Protestant adversaries, "pretends that she cannot err, and that all her decisions are infallibly true; yet, in the year 1616, she decided that 'the proposition that the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the holy Scripture; and the proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is also absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered at least, erroneous in faith.' This," they say, "was the decision of the Church in 1616; yet we know—all the world has *long* known, and even the Church has now at last been obliged to confess—that these two condemned propositions are neither absurd, nor false, nor heretical, nor erroneous in faith, nor contrary to holy Scripture, but absolutely and philosophically true; so that, as a matter of fact, the sentence in which these propositions were condemned has since been actually reversed by the Holy See itself. Pope Benedict XIV suspended the decrees; and in 1818—two hundred years after they were passed—Pope

Pius VII repealed them! After this, what becomes of the Popish doctrine of the Church's infallibility?"

Such is the Protestant argument; and at first sight it is certainly a very specious one. Yet a brief and simple explanation will at once explain the difficulty. All decisions of the Church in council, or of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, as it is called, are infallibly true; the decrees of the Council of the Inquisition, of the Congregation of the Index, or of any other congregation acting under authority of the Pope, are to be *obeyed* of course, just as the decisions of any merely human and secular tribunal are to be obeyed; nay, much more, they have a far higher claim upon the reverence and submission of all good Catholics, as being the decisions of persons or congregations delegated by the Supreme Pontiff for the express purpose of making such decisions; nevertheless, they are *not* formal definitions of faith, therefore no infallibility is ever claimed for them, and therefore they are not unchangeable. Let us look into the details of the history before us somewhat more closely, and our meaning will in the end become still more clear.

The passages which our Protestant objector has quoted as decrees of the Church, and which stigmatize Galileo's theories as false, absurd, and heretical, are taken quite correctly from the sentence passed by the Inquisition on the 25th of February, 1616. They do not, however, form any real part of the sentence itself, but are merely mentioned in the preamble as the judgment of the *theological qualifiers* of the Holy Office, according to which the inquisitors proceeded to take cognizance of the

case, and to pass sentence. For the Inquisition has no authority whatever to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of doctrine; it is a criminal tribunal, having to do with *persons*, not with doctrines; it decides questions of fact with regard to individuals and their actions, whether they have done such or such a deed, whether they have held and defended such or such an opinion; and it acquits or condemns them accordingly. And it employs theologians, under the title of *qualifiers*, to prepare the cases which are submitted to them, and to qualify the propositions asserted by the accused person, in such a way as to render him liable to its authority. Now, since this congregation of the Holy Office was instituted for the suppression of *heresy*, no proposition could form matter of accusation in its court unless it were *qualified*, that is, legally and technically described, as *heretical*. It does not, however, follow that the proposition complained of was really heretical, in the strict and theological sense of the term, merely because the qualifiers so described it, any more than it follows that the defendant in a trial in the court of Queen's Bench has really been going about with a sword or blunderbuss, committing all kinds of violence, because he is set forth in the technical pleadings of the process as having done such and such a thing "by force and arms." The court in question was originally constituted only for affairs of the king's peace; and in order to bring an act within its jurisdiction, it is necessary to *qualify* it or legally describe it, as an act of violence; thus, the legal pleadings in an action before the Queen's Bench for breach of con-

tract proceed upon the supposition of money "detained by force." An amusing story is told of a country squire from the west going up to town on one occasion in great haste, for the sole purpose of chastising an unfortunate barrister who had been constrained to describe him in the pleadings of some action that had been brought against him, as "confederating and conspiring." The good squire being conscious that he had never confederated or conspired against anybody in his life, could not brook the indignity of being so described. Had there been some friend at his elbow at all familiar with the forms of legal pleading, he would have instructed him in the real value of these set phrases, and so have put his mind at rest by assuring him that nobody in the world, not even the unfortunate barrister himself, ever dreamed for a moment that he was really of such a character as he had been legally obliged to describe him. Just so, persons familiar with the forms that were used in the courts of the Holy Office would have known the real value of the term "heresy," when applied by the theologians to qualify some proposition that had been maintained by anybody brought before that tribunal. The tribunal was originally constituted only for affairs of heresy, strictly so called. Now it took cognizance of *all* religious offences of any kind, and even of some that could hardly be called religious at all; and by a legal fiction all these offences alike were *qualified* as heretical. Thus, Martin Luther, speaking of the refusal of the prefect of some town in the Roman States to pay his accustomed tribute to the Pope, and of the meas-

ures taken against him, says, "Such impertinence must always in the Pope's spiritual law be called heresy." Galileo himself, who certainly was not ignorant of the decree which the Inquisition had passed, yet distinctly says, in writing to a friend a few days afterwards, that "the result has not been favorable to his enemies, because *the doctrine of Copernicus has not been declared heretical*, but only as not consonant to the holy Scriptures." It *had* been declared heretical, as far as mere words go; but only in a legal document, which was not equivalent to an ecclesiastical decision.

It had been condemned, however, by *another* tribunal, as being opposed to holy Scripture; and it is to this decision that Galileo is here alluding. On the 5th of March, 1616, the Congregation of the Index published the following decree: "Since it has come to the knowledge of this holy Congregation, that the false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, of the mobility of the earth and immobility of the sun, as taught by Copernicus, etc., is being promulgated and accepted by many, as may be seen by a printed letter of F. Foscarini, in which he attempts to prove that the said doctrine is consonant to truth, and not opposed to holy Scripture; therefore, lest this opinion insinuate itself further, to the damage of Catholic truth, this congregation has decreed that the said books of Copernicus, etc., be ~~sus-~~ pended, till they are corrected; and ~~that~~ the book of Foscarini, and all others teaching the same thing, be prohibited." Here, then, it may be urged, is a decision of another congregation, acting by authority of the Pope, and having ~~to~~

do, not with persons, but with books and the opinions that are set forth in books; and this too declares that the Copernican theory is altogether opposed to the Divine Scriptures, and therefore, by implication, heretical. How do you propose to get over this difficulty? I answer, by referring to the subsequent conduct and declarations of all the parties concerned, which often furnish the best commentary we can desire on the true meaning of an official document. And I find the Pope himself distinctly declaring that the Copernican system is "not condemned, nor is it to be considered heretical, but only as rash;" I learn from the evidence of a contemporary, and an opponent of Galileo's, that Cardinal Bellarmine (who is commonly accused as one of his most bigoted adversaries) used to say, that "when a demonstration should be found to establish the truth of the earth's motion, *then* it would be proper to interpret the holy Scriptures otherwise than they had hitherto been, in those passages where mention is made of the stability of the earth and movement of the heavens," thereby clearly intimating his belief that such a demonstration might, or even probably would, one day be found; and showing therefore that he could not possibly believe the doctrine to be really opposed to the Divine Scriptures. Moreover, it is known that after these sentences had been published by the Congregations of the Inquisition and of the Index respectively, Galileo was not called upon to retract or abjure his opinion, but only to promise that he would abstain from publicly teaching and defending it; and even *this* it would seem that he might have been allowed to do,

provided he did not teach it as a certain and demonstrated truth, but only as a mere hypothesis. For, as we have seen, the works of Copernicus, in which it was taught, were not absolutely condemned, but only suspended *till they were corrected*; and one of the cardinals immediately set about this very thing, carefully changing every dogmatic assertion of the two propositions, or any conclusion from them, into a merely hypothetical statement; after which the work was allowed. Now no one in his senses can imagine that the Roman Inquisitors would discharge a man whom they really believed to be a heretic, without requiring him to abjure that heresy; nor that a cardinal would have been allowed, or rather (for this was the true state of the case) actually *employed*, to publish a work written for the express purpose of recommending a system which was believed to be unquestionably contrary to holy Scripture.

What, then, was the true meaning of the Congregation of the Index, when they called the Pythagorean doctrine "false, and altogether opposed to the divine Scripture?" We should not, as Catholics, be strictly bound to defend these words of the Congregation, even though they constituted the direct and formal substance of the decree, seeing (as we have already had occasion to observe) that the said Congregation is not a tribunal having authority to make a definition of faith, and therefore is not preserved from the possibility of falling into error: still less are we bound to defend them, when they do *not* form the substance of the decree, but are introduced merely by the way, as though the doctrine referred to had

been already condemned (by universal consent, by the voice of tradition, or in any other way, it matters not how), and was *known* to be false and unscriptural; for the decree does not formally assert this, rather it takes it for granted. Waving these objections, however, we will say that there is a sense in which the words of the congregation may be interpreted, according to which the truth and justice of the decree may be maintained, yet without abandoning the Copernican system; and I think that the evidence which has been adduced justifies us in saying that, even though this were not the sense actually intended by the legislators, yet that it was the sense universally put upon it by the public, and so, in the end, sanctioned as its only true and proper meaning. I say, then, that it is clear from the language and the conduct of all parties concerned, that the Copernican system was not declared to be contrary to holy Scripture in such a sense as would exclude the possibility of its being one day found to be in accordance with it. It was enough for the purposes of the Congregation of the Index, that the system was contrary to the present and common interpretation of Scripture, without entering into the question whether this interpretation was absolutely the correct and true one. It was altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, not absolutely, but as commonly received and interpreted; it was opposed, not perhaps to the real meaning of the words of Scripture, but to the honor in which it should be held, to the authority which men ought to attribute to it. It was calculated to bring holy Scripture into disrepute, to throw doubts upon its truth, to excite evil suspicions against it. Now the same authority which bids us believe in the inspiration of Scripture, clearly forbids us to hold or maintain any physical theory which contradicts Scripture, either really or in our own opinion. Hence it may become an offence against religion to maintain even a *truth* of physical science under certain circumstances. If Scripture, for instance, has always been explained on a contrary theory, and if the faith of Christians would receive a rude shock from its sudden overthrow; if the new doctrine be a mere *view*, only plausible, and not scientifically demonstrated; if it is put forward with dogmatism, and a supreme carelessness of what may become of the authority of Scripture in the minds of those who become converts to the new opinion—in such circumstances the tribunals of the Church are quite justified in branding it as an offence against religion, whether it be called by the generic name of heresy, or whether it be specified as contrary to Scripture; that is to say, tending to undermine its authority. Nay, I will go further, and say that, under such circumstances, the Church is plainly *bound*, in her care for the faith of the multitude, to interpose, and—without pronouncing dogmatically as to whether the view may or may not afterwards come out as a physical and scientific truth (which would exceed the limits of her authority)—to declare that it is at present rash, dangerous, false, and heretical theologically, as tending to subvert the authority of Scripture in the minds of men; to forbid its being taught as a demonstrated fact; and to reduce it to what it really

is at the time, a mere hypothesis, useful to explain phenomena, but not certain as a real fact in nature; and lastly, to prevent any such public discussion of the new views, even as a mere hypothesis, as may tend to produce a mistrust of the truth of Scripture, but, at the same time, to give individuals liberty to hold it, provided they can reconcile it in their own minds with the supreme authority of Scripture, and provided they will abstain from teaching it in the manner forbidden by the Church.

And this was precisely the position in which the Copernican theory stood in the time of Galileo. It is now often taken for granted that the Copernican theory is self-evident, and that the Roman theologians of 1616 and 1633 must have been simple dolts not to recognize its truth the moment Galileo propounded it. But so far from this being the case, persons who are competent to give an opinion on such matters do not hesitate to say, that up to Galileo's time the balance of proof was positively in favor of the old system, and that even down to the days of Sir Isaac Newton there was nothing to make the Copernican system more plausible and reasonable than the Ptolemaic theory; and it is universally acknowledged that the arguments on which Galileo mainly depended for the proof of his system were utterly fallacious and false. And it is of great importance that we should bear this in mind, with reference to the retraction which he was afterwards (in 1633) obliged to make of his published opinions. At his first condemnation, in 1616, he was not required to abjure any opinion or doctrine which he might

entertain; and Cardinal Bellarmine, at his request, furnished him with a certificate to that effect; he only received a simple admonition, and promised that he would not publicly teach or defend his theory any more. But in 1633, when he was condemned for having infringed that prohibition, he was called upon to do much more than this; he was required to subscribe to the condemnation of his own theory, "with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith to abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, together with all other heresies contrary to the Catholic Church." And he did so; neither can he be justly accused of dishonesty for the act, even though it be true (as is commonly reported) that at the very moment he made such a retraction he felt the most intimate conviction in his own mind that his theory would eventually prove to be true. For he would condemn and renounce it only in the same sense in which the Inquisition and the Index had done so before; that is, simply as being accidentally contrary to the dignity and estimation of Scripture, and as being false in the sense of unproved.

Galileo's great mistake was this; he had attempted to get a theory approved as true, before he could demonstrate it to be so; and he tried to get the old theory, which was closely bound up in men's minds with the truth of Scripture, denounced as false, before he could *prove* that it was false. Now the Christian religion commands us to pluck out even our right eye, our dearest sense, our clearest knowledge, our most engrossing study, and cast it from us, if it be an occasion of sin to us. And it commands us to be yet more

tender of the conscience of our brethren; it says that it were better to be thrown into the sea, with a millstone tied round our neck, than to scandalize a little one of Christ, even by our lawful recreations. And common sense assures us, that if it is right and necessary to sacrifice wife and children, houses and lands, in order to save our souls, it would be madness to make an exception in favor of such scientific pursuits as are found by experience to be an occasion of scandal. Now it was obvious—and, indeed, Galileo himself confessed as much—that a new theory like that of Copernicus might easily be made the vehicle of insinuations against the authority of the Church and of holy Scripture; and after all, as we have already said, however confident he might feel as to the truth of that theory, it rested as yet but upon obscure indications and guesses; it was not yet capable of demonstration. Galileo could therefore, with the greatest propriety—nay, more, he was *bound* in Christian charity to his weaker brethren, and as an act of obedience to lawful authority, to—express his contrition that he had made the arguments from the solar spots and from the tides appear conclusive and necessary, when in truth they were eminently inconclusive and capable of refutation; he could also declare that he did not, and never had, held the condemned opinion to be true, that is, demonstratively proved; and he could abjure it as false and heretical, which it was in relation to the then state of Biblical interpretation. And we will venture to say, with confidence, that when he passed out of this world into the next, he was more

thankful for having acted in this matter as became a good Christian, than proud of all those brilliant discoveries whereby he had made himself famous as a wise philosopher.

From the evidence, then, which we have adduced—and in stating it we believe that we have not held back a single circumstance of the slightest importance—the following appear to us to be the only legitimate conclusions. First, with reference to the distinguished individual himself with whose story we have been occupied, we think it has been clearly shown that he would never have been molested by the Inquisition or any other Roman tribunal, if he could only have been contented to rest patiently, and to smile at the suspicion and abuse of the populace, so long as he was not condemned by the Holy See; that he had nobody to thank but his own impetuous temper for any inconveniences into which his scientific discoveries may have brought him; and that those inconveniences were, after all, of the slightest possible character, consisting chiefly in a humiliating retraction of his own theories, which, if it was made in a Christian manner, may have been an abundant source of merit to his soul. Secondly, with reference to the Catholic Church, that she acted throughout in a spirit of true prudence, moderation, and charity; respecting, on the one hand, as long as she was able, the just liberty of her more learned children in the exercise of their intellectual powers, yet, like a tender and compassionate mother, having a due regard, on the other hand, to the weakness of human nature and protecting the faith of her simple

sons from the rude assaults to which the rashness of physical philosophers would otherwise have exposed it. In the conduct of the Church in this matter we see nothing but proofs of a profound wisdom, and an anxious love of souls; in the conduct of Galileo we see some of

the ordinary imperfections of our fallen nature—a certain degree of over-confidence in self, an impatience of contradiction, and some self-willed obstinacy—but all kept in check, and preserved from fatal excess, by the gentle yet powerful discipline of the Catholic faith. *

PUNCTUALITY IN BUSINESS.

The lack of punctuality is seemingly one of the least excusable faults to which humanity is addicted. It is astonishing, after all the bitter experience to which people have been subjected, and the annoyances which associations, and even whole communities, have suffered through the lack of this one quality, which seems so necessary to the smooth running of the machinery of every-day life, that it should receive so little attention in daily affairs. Its value cannot be estimated by a single occurrence, or by one day's duration, but by its constant recognition in the transactions of a lifetime.

Every man is to some extent dependent on his neighbor, let his position in life be what it may. It will thus be seen how important it is that his every engagement should be promptly met, in order that the utmost confidence may be placed in one another. On the other hand, the failure of, or delay in, the performance of his duty, in this respect, not only possibly inflicts injury on those with

whom he deals, but also upon himself by indulgence is so pernicious a habit.

Punctuality is of the utmost importance to the success of every one, and the only reason for a lack of it in some persons is a want energy and earnestness. They make rash promises without due consideration as to whether they can fulfil them; their procrastinating spirit makes them late in everything they attempt to do. Besides being a source of continual annoyance, such persons seldom rise to any eminence in life; we lose confidence in them and thus the reverse of eminence is generally the result in their cases. This fact, together with the record of many distinguished men who have attributed their chief success to the observance of punctuality, should be a caution to all to make no promises or engagements which they have not at least a reasonable prospect of fulfilling. By the observance of this latter suggestion they will establish for themselves a reputation that will be at least pleasant and cannot but be beneficial.

* The writer of this Tract has only combined and condensed the facts and arguments which have already been made public in an article of the *Dublin Review* for July, 1838, and in another of the *Rambler* for January, 1852. In many places

he has transcribed whole sentences from them, which he could not hope to express in a form more clear and precise; but he has not thought it necessary, in a tract of this kind, to affix to these sentences the usual marks of a quotation.

"ONLY A WOMAN DEAD."

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

BY JAMES B. FISHER.

"Only a woman dead,"
That's what the brakeman said,
As the great thunder din
Died on the track.
Faces as pale as death
Gleamed through the engine's breath,
Gazing, with gaping eye,
Out, away back.

Back, where the murky cloud
Whirls round an eager crowd,
Brakemen and engineer
Lanterns in hand,
Bend o'er the iron route
Shuddering, they move it out,
Something that makes them all
Turn off unmanned.

What was it lying there,
Out in the evening air
Spurned by the dizzy wheels
Into the clay?
"Only a woman dead,"
That's what the brakeman said,
As the machine of death
Went on its way.

"Only a woman dead!"
One more, unhappy, sped
Out from the world of life
Into the shade.

Hopes of a better time,
Shrinkings from care and crime
Lost in the blinding dusk
Death's breath had made.

Ah, could the severed breast
Tell what the heart expressed
Ere the last chilling gripe
Eased it of pain!
Could the deeds fancy wrought
In that dead woman's thought
From the past's buried dreams
Rise up again!

Then should we know how dear
Was her life's grief-strewn year,
Stripped of its freight of cares
On that dim night,
When on the fatal track,
Death came and drew her back—
Back to the sinless sphere
Where there is light.

Groping on life's highway,
Lost in the evening's gray,
Think you the world will pause
When we are gone?
"One other passed away,"
That's what the world will say,
And the machine of life
Still shall go on.

Kindness to animals is no unworthy exercise of benevolence. We hold the life of brutes perishes with their breath, and that they are never clothed again with consciousness. The inevitable shortness then of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of water, poor ephemeral things, who needlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of to-day? Such feelings we should have toward the whole animate creation. To those animals, over which we are masters for however short a time, we have positive duties to perform. This seems too obvious to be insisted upon; but there are persons who act as though they thought they could buy the right of ill-treating any of God's creatures.

MOTHER GREDEL'S MEDAL.

By C. C.

I.

Corporal Hans was not a real corporal. He was no officer at all—not even a private. He used to march with the regiment, quarter with it, and act the part of camp-follower-in-chief. He belonged to the “Loyal Bavarians,” a light cavalry regiment equipped for such service as the Uhlans were generally employed in. Corporal Hans had been a tippling ne’er-do-well, the horrible example of every temperance lecture preached to young ears by the sires and matrons of a small German hamlet. At the breaking out of the war with France, Hans had left his native place with some vague knight-erratic notion of going forth to champion “Faderland” and injured innocence through all the world. He fell in with the “Loyal Bavarians” on their way to the frontier, and finding among them a good many congenial beer-bibbing souls, he determined to temporarily cast his lot with them. But Hans was too great a rover to place himself under orders by regularly enlisting. He travelled with the regiment and made himself of such service to officers and men that he came to be regarded as one of themselves, and from being tolerated as a hanger-on became a character in the corps whom all looked upon with a sort of friendly admiration.

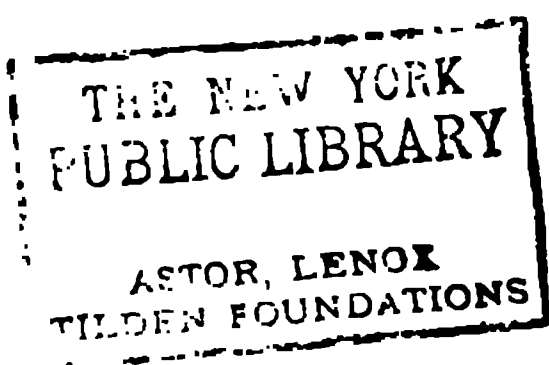
Among his boon companions, his rollicking good-humor, quaint sayings, and odd songs gave him quite a prestige, and by the time they had crossed the Rhine and taken up their first quarters in the enemy’s country, he had become the leader in all reckless tricks, and the presiding genius of all riotous drinking-bouts.

The first quarters of the “Loyal Bavarians” were at Doune—it has another name, which is the proper one, but we need not mind that. At Doune then the regiment quartered, and Corporal Hans found himself in the bosom of an old French barber’s family, with madame as severe as an icicle, and mademoiselle resentfully ignorant of his presence. Monsieur was a terror. Hans, although backed by a couple of thousand German sabres, was in perpetual dread of the crusty, yellow-faced chevalier, and started from his sleep every night with the awful suspicion that the Frenchman’s razor might be at his throat.

During the day even he had little peace. He came upon the barber in all sorts of outlandish nooks and corners, and always with the same sullen, hangdog look in his face. “Ah,” said Hans to himself, “he knows how I am going to chop up the Franzosen—the old herr does—and he wants to murder—no, assas-



CHARGE OF THE "LOYAL BAVARIANS."—*Mother Grevel's Medal.*



ate me—that's it—and be a patriot and a hero; the wizen-faced, lobster-red, throat-cutting—" Hans had a copious vocabulary of vigorous adjectives, and the mere thought of the barber's dangerous machinations gave vent to a flood of them. Yet a month went by, and Hans was still alive, though he had twice detected the barber outside his sleeping apartment, and once behind his chair at dinner, under suspicious and ominous circumstances. Once Hans intrusted his doubts to a comrade's ears, but the latter had so speedily and zestfully suggested a remedy, which he made vary with a spicing of complicated truths, that he had come to the conclusion that unless he would forthwith annihilate the plotting barber himself he must expect martyrdom for the cause or a massacre by the first squad of drunken "Loyals" who should get wind of his suspicions. While he was in this quandary, monsieur, the old herr came to him, conducting himself in a peculiar and blood-curdling way. First he entered Hans's room on tiptoe; then he stared hard at all the walls and out into the street and down under the bed and in behind the curtains of it and over all the cupboard; and lastly he approached the startled occupant and whispered in his ear, *Mère Gredel*," pointing at the same time downstairs.

"Stand off, thou Frencher," gasped Hans, feeling round him nervously for the sabre he carried; "stand off," he roared, with a volley of High-Dutch truths, "stand off."

But the barber, falling down upon his knees before him, still pointed downward and kept saying, "*Mère Gredel*."

"*Mère Gredel*," cried Hans in unintelligible German. "What is that? I don't know that—or if it's him or her. I don't know that him or her. So that's enough, old herr."

Still the barber kept repeating, "*Mère Gredel*."

"Oh, confound thy *Mère Gredel*," said Hans. "What is it thou wilt have me do? Eh, idiot?" The barber only repeated his pantomime. "I wonder does he want me to follow him downstairs, and I wonder has he got some murdering Frenchers stowed there to—to assassinate me, eh?" Hans, notwithstanding these grim forebodings, moved toward the door, and the barber bowing his head sprang up lightly and preceded him.

They went down to a little room behind the shop, where madame and mademoiselle, with scared faces, were leaning over a very old woman who had seated herself on the floor, and was listening to them with a stolid, impenetrable face.

Hans looked from one to another of the group, and then at the barber. The latter pointed to the old woman, and repeated the old words, "*Mère Gredel*."

Hans looked full into the weird black eyes that stared for a moment into his face. There was something wonderful in the old crone. Her eyes were so bright, her face so pallid and so fixed.

"German," she said, speaking in Hans's own patois; "German, art thou flesh and wilt thou see an old woman murdered before thee?"

Hans looked bewildered. What could she mean, he wondered.

"Wilt thou not answer me?" she said.

"I will," said Hans; "and I will tell the good mother that I will see no harm come to any of womankind, so long as I can help it. But what is that to thee?"

"Much," said the old woman. "German, if thou art true to thy word I have need of thee. My name is Mother Gredel. I live alone up on the hill outside the village. To-day thy comrades came and pulled my habitation to the ground. Old woman as I am, there is warm blood in my veins, and it burned like fire at the outrage. I struck at one of your men with his own sabre. He had left it at the door and I carried it with me and fled through the woods. Here am I now, with thy boon companions close at hand, to tear old Mother Gredel's heart out."

"No, no," said Hans. "This must not be. Why did'st thou not seek an officer? He would have saved thee. Our soldiers do not go to war with grandmothers like thee."

"Thy officers have no pity for Mother Gredel. They could not, she hates them so." The old woman spoke bitterly, and her black eyes shone like coals.

"And what wilt thou have me do?" asked Hans.

"Save me, if thou wilt. If not, I can die."

Here the barber, his wife, and daughter, joined in unintelligible entreaties, while the old woman settled down on the floor and sat with her eyes bent and her arms crossed before her.

Then Hans heard the jingling of spurs and a heavy footstep in the shop without; an eye peeped through a little hole in the door.

"Here's our bird," said a coarse, loud voice. "We have caged her." The door was flung open violently, and in staggered a couple of the "Loyal Bavarians," with a drunken swagger and a dark, mischievous look in their faces. Two others were in the shop.

"Ha, ha! thou cursed witch, we'll broil thee for thy pluck. Ho, Kasper." Kasper was a wicked-looking fellow, with a handkerchief bound around his head and streaks of blood upon his cheek—the same whom Mother Gredel had struck and fled from.

"Ho! Corporal Hans; thou here," he cried. "Thou art in time. Hold back the beldame's head till I spit her. Back, I say, crone," he continued, stretching out his hand to grasp the silvery, venerable head.

"Hold, Kasper," cried Hans, interposing; "hold, Kasper; she is a woman."

"She is a witch," said Kasper, still catching at her.

"Kasper, Karl, Bleidgut, leave here!" said Hans angrily, for he was warmed up by the opposition he looked for. "Leave here, you cowards."

"Corporal Hans!" roared the three worthies. "Take care, Corporal Hans, of what thou wilt say."

"I say only this, 'Leave here.'"

Kasper, who had clutched Hans by the arm, now made an effort to drag him from before the old woman; but the now thoroughly angry man sent the drunken soldier reeling to the ground.

Both Karl and Bleidgut sprang upon him, and he would have gone down between them, had not old Monsieur the barber seized a massive piece of framework and laid it soundly upon their heads and shoulders.

Karl stumbled out of the door to aid this attack, and Hans, catching his other assailant by the throat, killed him after the first.

"Now, good mother Gredel," said Hans to the old woman, who had sat perfectly quiet during this scene, "now, good mother Gredel, it is better for thee to seek another refuge, till I tell thy story to our officers."

"German," said the old woman, "thou hast aided me well. It is not good to be ungrateful. Take this, then. It is the only treasure I have. You may not think it much, but it will be of great value to thee. Wear it always. It can do thee no harm. Another thing. Be no longer a stroller and a sot. Join thy army. If thou fight against us and France, be a man and fight like one. Before many months thou wilt remember Mother Gredel's words."

The old woman unstrung from her neck, as she spoke, an old silver medal, with a rough stamp of the Virgin and Child upon it, and handed it to the young German. He, with a veneration he could not explain, fastened it about his neck and left the house.

II.

You all heard, at the time, of the charge of the "Loyal Bavarians" at Wittenburg—how they cut through a French infantry regiment, and gained the hill. Depuytren's cavalry held throughout the day. Corporal Hans was in the fight, and he behaved so well, that from that day he was a genuine, live lieutenant, as you might now by the stripes on his shoulder, of which he was so proud.

It was after a hard day's fight that

the "Loyal Bavarians" made their charge. They had been miles off, scouring the country for stragglers and provender, when the sound of the battle reached them. The firing began in the morning, and by noon, the heavy guns on both sides were sending off their echoes on the startled air for miles around.

The hearts of the inactive soldiers rocking listlessly along in their saddles were beating with excitement, and the officers could scarcely curb the fiery impatience of their men to be off and doing. But Colonel Elbach was a strict disciplinarian who had his own special and incontrovertible notions of military tactics, and who avoided rashness above all things. So the horsemen had to chew at their moustaches, and stare resentfully at the stout military figure riding on before them at a slow canter. As they drew near the scene of action, their hearts throbbed the faster, and ever and anon a horse would start forward, urged by an involuntary touch of the spur. Now, above the dark line of the woods, they saw the dun smoke rolling upward, and heard the thunder of the guns. Still, on went Colonel Elbach, slowly and indifferently, it seemed, with his reins held listlessly in hand, and his small, sharp eyes drooping to the saddle. Crossing the bridge near the old chateau, they clattered through the streets of a little village, whose inhabitants had fled at the approach of war. Nothing stirred in the quaint old houses lying in among tall shade trees. Only a dog barked from a green alley at the intruders, and a cow, that had been quietly munching at the herbage near the inn door, trotted off. The

wing of desolation had already cast its shadow on the place.

Then, from the quiet church-yard, with its little mementos brightening in the sunshine, they passed around the edge of the hill down to the battle-field—from death in repose, to death in awful, diresome action. The air was lurid. A cloud of smoke skirted the field, and scattered all over it were glittering lines revolving, charging, and retreating. Still Colonel Elbach jogged on. He did not seem to notice the dreadful panorama stretched before him.

On a hill capped with a ruined cottage were the king and his staff. The "Loyal Bavarians" halted at the foot of it while the colonel sent up an aide to report.

The latter came galloping back in a moment, with an order from the field-marshal. The colonel received it, bowed, and a grim smile raised the corners of his stiff moustache as he gave the word to advance.

Around the hill the cavalry wheeled, past a marsh, and down upon a low fallow field. A growth of shrubbery skirted it, and just on the other side a gently sloping hill rose against the red sky into a cloud of smoke. Gradually Colonel Elbach urged his steed into a gallop, and when his "Forward" rang out the whole troop plunged spurs to their horses and went tearing along through a perfect shower of balls. Wide gaps were made in the ranks, and once or twice, when the murderous discharges of the mitrailleuse made lanes of dead among the charging horsemen, they wavered and seemed about to shrink. But the words of the officers restored order, and the bugle-

like voice of the veteran colonel rang out with its cheering "steady."

Corporal Hans, riding in the ranks, pressed on, with his heart throbbing fast and his brain all afire with excitement. There were awful rents in the lines about him and report after report roared in front with its flash of flame and crash of balls. At last they were close on the shrubbery; they saw men and bayonets darkly through the smoke; Colonel Elbach turned in his saddle and waved his sword. Then came the crash of onset—horsemen lost in flame and smoke—loud shouts—the slash of sabres and the clang of bayonets beating them back. In the delirium of battle Corporal Hans pressed on, striking to right and left, now faced by numbers, again alone, till at length, as he heard a wild shout in front, he spurred forward, dashed his horse through a group of fighting artillery-men, and found himself at the foot of the hill with Colonel Elbach and a few comrades. Their trumpeter sounded and soon they were joined by all that remained of the "Loyal Bavarians," while the enemy, taking advantage of the smoke, skirted the hill and joined their main force.

Again forward. The line was taken up, the stragglers fell in, and the regiment moved up against the French cavalry which was hurrying down to attack them. There was only a small force opposed to them, and the Germans gained confidence as they saw that their enemies were as jaded as themselves. For a moment both lingered to close ranks, and then, with a cheer, they rushed together. There was a great clamor at meeting. Horses and men rolled over, hurled down by that

erce onset, and man closed with man in bloody conflict. In dust and smoke they reeled, and formed and charged again. Upon the ground an awful line of dying men and rearing horses lay. There was no cheering now, no shouting, only the quick panting of fighting men and the clang of meeting steel.

When the color-bearer fell, old Colonel Elbach caught the drooping flag and dashed with it among the foemen. Now, beaten backward by his adversary, a captain of hussars, the old warrior made a stand just where Hans was hacking at a Frenchman who bore down upon him. Hans was not much of a swordsman, but with a sudden swerve of his horse he sent the Frenchman backwards and struck him down at the moment when his colonel fell dead, cut to the brain, and the French captain caught the regiment's colors from his hand.

With a shout Hans dashed at the victor, and then began a fierce combat for the flag among the fighting horsemen. In the *mêlée* Hans broke his sword, but hurling his charger on the Frenchman he seized the colors, discharged his pistol in the other's face, and fell, bringing them with him, as his foe with a last effort lunged at him with his sabre. The brave deed gave his comrades spirit; they cheered again, and closely pressed the enemy, but only when another regiment came to their support did they gain the hotly contested hill.

Hans was wrapped up in the flag he had saved, and borne to the rear, senseless. They laid him among the wounded in an ambulance, and hurried off, to bear away the red harvest of the day.

When he recovered he was in an improvised hospital; a man was standing over him uncovering his breast.

"Hallo, private," the stranger cried, "you have reason to bless your stars and this bit of metal. Only for it you would be beyond death's door by this time."

Hans raised himself, and asked: "Am I hurt badly?"

"Hurt? Why, man you are whole as one can be. You have a bruise on your head where you hit it hard on something. But you have no wound. You were struck with a sword, I see, but this medal on your breast turned off the point, and left only its own impression on your skin."

"Halloo, comrade," cried one of his regiment hurrying by; "halloo, Hans; we have won: and you, old fellow, will be made an officer without a doubt, for your bit of pluck. We all saw it."

Hans held up the dented medal and looked at it; and two days later, when he received a lieutenancy in the regiment, he looked at it again and kissed it this time.

"This all comes from Mother Gredel's Medal," said Hans, no longer a mock corporal but a real lieutenant.

III.

Only a few months ago, just at the time of the German evacuation, the old grave-digger of Doune met a stranger strolling along toward the old churchyard. He was a young man, with light hair and moustache, clad like a civilian, with the exception of a military cloak, which he carried on his arm.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" said the stranger, "addressing the old sexton with a foreign accent."

The latter stared for a moment from beneath his heavy eyebrows, and then said: "At your service, monsieur."

"It is a lovely spot, your old churchyard," the stranger observed.

"It is, monsieur," the other replied cautiously. He seemed to suspect the well-dressed stranger of some occult and sinister design.

"Have many died of late in your town?"

"*Ma foi!* What a question," said the grave-digger, not daring to enlighten what might be a ghoulis interrogator.

"There must have been a large number buried here during the war. The town was garrisoned by the Germans, was it not?"

"The town was garrisoned by them." The taciturn man replied.

"Come, monsieur," said the stranger good-humoredly, "I am no idle seeker of information. I have a purpose in it. I owe a debt of gratitude to one who sleeps in yonder graveyard. I pray you, monsieur, direct me to the spot where Mother Gredel is buried."

The old man started at the mention of the name, and scanned the other's face.

"How came you to know her?" he asked incredulously.

"Of that I shall tell you later. It is a story that may well be listened to. Poor Mother Gredel. I am very sorry she should have died before I could thank her. She made my fortune, monsieur."

The grave-digger brightened up a bit, and looked at his companion with a sort of interest.

"Let monsieur follow me," he said; "I will lead him to Mère Gredel's grave."

The tall stranger passed in the tracks of the old man up a lonely brier-grown path among the trees, and entering by a little gate hidden in shrubs and long grasses, he walked along beneath the drooping willows which fringed the sacred acres of the dead. On many of the graves were little offerings—wreaths of flowers, and hearts, and crosses—all of them stained and scattered by wind and rain, but still they had for the stranger a freshness and a beauty which their purpose there had given them. When they had reached an obscure corner of the churchyard, shaded by great mossy trees and covered over with fallen leaves and flowers which the wind had gathered, the old grave-digger stopped, and pointing downward said:

"This is Mère Gredel's grave."

The grave was bare. But ~~thin~~ grasses grew around it and stretched across to twine their blades together.

The stranger knelt upon the mound, and, baring his neck, he drew up from his breast, where he had suspended it, a dented bit of silver. It was so worn as to seem smooth-faced, but there was still left upon it the trace of an impression it had had—that of the Mother and Child. Upon the little bended medal the stranger looked as he prayed, and the thoughts that seemed to stir his mind touched some fount of feeling, for he wept, and his tears fell down upon the lonely grave and on the medal which he held above it.

The grave-digger stood with his arms folded, leaning against an ancient tree and gazing with respect and wonder at the strange foreigner's emotion. And so they both remained, unheeding time's soft and hurried footsteps till

the grove's shadows lengthened and the yellow of the sky began to change to rosy gray.

"You are surprised," said the stranger, "at my coming hither to pray before a strange old woman's grave, but you will not be when I tell you that she has been the cause of all my good fortune. Once before I came to your town. I was then an idle sot of a fellow, a hanger-on upon a cavalry regiment. There are many of your townsmen, I do not doubt, who still remember Corporal Hans. Once, chance enabled me to save Mère Gredel's life. The old woman was grateful; but had nothing wherewith to repay me except this old medal. She gave me it, with her advice and blessing. The one I followed, the other has followed me. At Wittembourg the medal saved my life; it turned a French sabre from my heart. At Metz a bullet flattened on it; and when I lay wounded at Woerth a dying foe who struggled up to kill me, was softened and turned from his purpose by the sight of the little talisman. It has brought fortune with it too. I left here a private, I come back a colonel. And let me tell you one thing more, grave-digger—Mother Gredel's gift has made me what I never thought to be—a Catholic. You thought a German

soldier could not be one, eh? There are many of your creed, *mon ami*, in the armies of William. And as for me, do you think that one could see such wonders wrought in his behalf by an old woman's prayer and the holy Virgin's image without striving to be grateful and become the servant of the Virgin and her Son, as that old woman was. I have prayed above Mère Gredel's grave, and now I feel more satisfied. But I have a duty still to perform, and the curé must give me his advice about it. Will you lead me to him, monsieur?"

"*Ma foi!* Assuredly, monsieur, *allons!*"

They passed through the graveyard, and beside the gray church came to a cosy little house where the curé, the Abbé Voquet, lived. To him Colonel Hans told his mission, and left him to carry into effect the purpose he had in mind.

The inhabitants of the town knew what had brought the German colonel there when one day they saw a tall needle of stone shoot up in the air above Mère Gredel's grave, and on it, carved in purest marble, a medal with the Virgin and the Child upon it, and in an obscure corner the words, "Erected by 'Corporal Hans.'"

There is no doubt of the essential nobility of that man who pours into his life the honest vigor of his toil, over those who compose the feathery foam of fashion that sweeps along Broadway; and who, ignoring the family history, paint coats-of-arms to cover up the leather of their grandfathers.

We ask for long life, but it is deep life, or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Life is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance—what ample borrowers of eternity they are!

THE BATTLE OF ROSCREA.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

The sun shone down from the calm blue sky
On valley, mount, and stream ;
On waving corn and pasture green
Was lavished its golden beam ;
It shone upon mound and gay greenwood,
Where by minster gray the round tower stood,
And it poured its cheering, gladdening flood
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

It smiled on youth and hoary age,
And on childhood's laughing face,
On warrior stern and sainted sage,
On chiefs of lordly race ;
On the graceful form of maiden fair,
Her laughing eye and silken hair—
Shone bright on all who gathered there,
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

Softly the dreamy cattle lowed,
And bleated the browsing sheep,
Chattered and laughed the merry crowd,
And from measures broad and deep
Quaffed the rich mead or nut-brown ale,
Sung mellow song, told antique tale,
Danced on the turf, where the perfumed gale
Swept the fair-ground of Roscrea.

On a happy scene that bright sun shone,
That golden summer day,
Where the eager Gaels bought, sold, rejoiced,
And laughed the hours away.
Where, towering 'mid the chaffering crowd,
'Mid shout and laugh and clamor loud,
Stalked clansman armed and Thierna proud,
O'er the fair-ground of Roscrea.

As what Bartholomew
 He is in the manner of his
 He is in the manner of his
 He is in the manner of his



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'Mid soft-eyed kine and fleecy sheep
Were robes of colors bright,
Sword, shield, and sparth, and shafted spear
That glittered in the light.
There were Lagenia's flocks of snow,
Connacia's kine, and fruits that glow
Where Munster's shining rivers flow—
On that fair-ground of Roscrea.

For Ulladh's sons, with white cloth, spun
Where roll the Ban and Finn,
By the pleasant fields of broad Tyrone;
The sturdy lord of kine
That dwelt by Shannon's lordly tide,
And the laughing Gael from Avon's side,
For mingled gain and sport had hied
To the fair-ground of Roscrea.

But hark! what cry, so fierce and wild,
Rings out on each startled ear,
And hushes the tones of the joyous crowd
That pause in awe and fear?
What means that tramp of hurrying feet,
That sweep the hill-side fast and fleet,
And the eyes their troubled vision greet
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

"Brothers, to arms! The foe is nigh.
Hush laugh and jesting word.
Chapmen, fling cloth and yardstick down,
And out with skain and sword.
Thierna and clansman, gird ye now,
Stout work for true-born Gaels, I trow,
To smite the proud advancing foe
On the fair-ground of Roscrea."

Ah! what a fearful discord now
Breaks on the summer air—
The shrieks of women, shouts of men,
Crowds hurrying far and near;
Bright spear-points glitter to the sky,
The clang of arms rings loud and high,
And the clansmen raise their battle-cry
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

The tonsured priest uplifts his hand,
 And hushed is every sound,
 He marks, with brow and eye inspired,
 The crowd that gather round.
 "Sons of the Gael! The hour is come;
 Its shadows on mine eyeballs loom;
 The foeman hastens to his doom
 On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

"By yonder sacred cross that shines
 O'er Roscrea's holy fane,*
 Trustful in heaven, go fearless forth
 To meet the accursed Dane.
 Your hour of victory is nigh,
 Be 'Erinn ours' † your battle cry,
 And smite the Northman hip and thigh
 On the fair-ground of Roscrea."

Oh, Heaven! it was a glorious sight
 The sun shone on that day,
 When chief and kern and priest went out
 To mingle in the fray;
 The foeman's serried ranks to breast,
 With loud-rejoicing shout they pressed,
 Like revellers to a wedding feast,
 O'er the fair-ground of Roscrea.

But lo! the savage Northmen's host
 Appears in sight full soon,
 Their polished armor flashing bright
 In the summer sunny noon;
 Above them, black as thunder-cloud,
 Floats the Raven banner, grim and proud,
 As they march, with clangor hoarse and loud,
 To the fair-ground of Roscrea.

"Now, men of Erin, close your ranks,
 And brace ye for the fight;
 For a bloody grave or victory
 Must be your lot to-night."

* Roscrea Abbey.

† *Eire*, or *thierrna*, an old Irish war-cry.

Spear-head and sparth in the sunlight flash ;
Sword strikes on shield with ringing clash ;
With cry like eagle's shriek they dash
O'er the fair-ground of Roscrea.

From the wondering foeman's iron ranks
A mocking laugh rings out.
" Hammer of Thor ! What means this craze
Of yonder rabble route ? "
But soon that rabble's might they feel ;
Full on they spring—the fiery Gael—
And the baffled Northmen backward reel
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

" Faradh ! Faradh. Clansmen on.
Behold ! the foeman yields.
Strike for your country and your God—
Your homes, your hearths, your fields."
Madly they grapple with the foe,
Ostrim and Gael in death sink low,
And crimson life-streams fastly flow
O'er the green turf of Roscrea.

And oh ! it is a blessed sight
The sun shines on this day,
When lord and clansman, side by side,
Are mingling in the fray.
Like hero fights the man of gain ;
The priest's blows ring like iron hail ;
And the Northmen's corpses strew the plain,
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

Shrinks not the kern, with bosom bared,
From the iron-armored Dane,
But, bleeding, clasps his foe in death,
And drags him to the plain ;
And, dying, grasps his plumed crest,
His long knife plunges in his breast,
And proud in victory sinks to rest
On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

" Faradh ! Faradh ! Sons of the Gael,
Strike home one victor blow,
The baffled foeman bites the dust.
The Raven flag lies low,"

They strike. The shattered foe has fled;
 Amid his dying and his dead
 The Gael lifts up his victor head
 On the fair-ground of Roscrea.

Now, glory to the Lord on high;
 All praise be His to-day;
 On a glorious sight our Irish sun
 Flings down its burning ray.
 May Erin ever thus, proud, free,
 Raise high the shout of victory,
 And smite the foeman hip and thigh,
 As she did at famed Roscrea.

A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything that you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

Well, but suppose that it is no fancy; and that you really are the object of unmerited obloquy. What then? It has been well said, that in that case the abuse does not touch you; that if you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings any more than if it said of another person, with whom are not even acquainted. You answer that this false description is often believed in by those whose good opinion is of importance to welfare. That certainly is a paltry injury; and the best mode of being up against it is to endeavor to get some just estimate of its nature and extent. Measure it by the weight of harm which is done to you. Do not let your imagination conjure up a manner of apparitions of scorn, contempt, and universal hissing. It is partly your own fault if the injury is believed in by those who ought to know you, and in whose affections you live. That should be a circle within which no poisoned arrow can reach you. And for the rest of the injury done you in the world's estimation, it is simply a piece of ill-fortune, about which it is not wise nor decorous to make any moaning.

LUCKY OMENS.

at an exhibition of human weakness made in the petty superstitions of so-called omens, and lucky days! Let us run over some of these follies, not yet exploded in certain sections of the population.

Numbers—barring the ever thirteen—are thought to be lucky. The shrill piping of the household cock is prophetic of happiness to the house it haunts, as surely as the setting of a stork upon a Dutchman's roof bodes pleasant times to the family beneath it. That forlornest of animals, the masterless dog, that comes close upon the heels of a night-hunter, and will not be balked of companionship, is a certain luck-bringer. A pair of cats should be at a premium, bringing a stray puss of that hue makes a fancy to establishing him in a house, introduces good fortune to the inmates; while a cat of any color, or an uninvited visitor or an acknowledged member of the family, never to be restrained from sharpening his talons at the expense of the human legs, since, when he thus does, he scratches for luck. Pat the head of the first lamb of the flock if you have the chance; it will bring prosperity to you and yours; avoid the innocent creature if it shows its tail to view. Hail the first of the cuckoo's voice with gladness, if he salutes you upon the right hand—then his greeting is

an assurance you will make your way in the world, and attain the highest object of your ambition; and begrudge not a sip of good liquor to the busy, curious, thirsty fly, dropping into your glass, but welcome the intruder as heartily, if not as poetically, as Oldys did; he brings good luck to the glass, and the drinker too.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with its head toward you, to find—of course without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is a matter for rejoicing: if the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horseshoe, the omen is so much the more fortunate. Absent-minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong-side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly. Mr. Village tells us, in the "Connoisseur," how his pretty country cousin came down to breakfast one morning with her cap on wrong-side out, whereupon her mother solemnly charged the heedless lassie not to alter her head-gear all the day, for fear she should change the luck. When the Conqueror was arraying himself on the morning of Hastings, some one hinted he would get the worst of the coming bout, because, in his haste, he had donned his mail shirt hind part

before; but the ready-witted and confident Norman declared it to be a token that he was about to be transformed from a duke into a king; an interpretation, at any rate, not to be disputed a few hours later.

Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet. Ladies with overmuch down, gentlemen with overmuch hair upon their arms and hands, carry about them nature's own guarantee that they are born to be rich some day, as rich as those happy individuals whose front teeth are set wide apart. Steel belongings, such as keys and knives, get rusty by instinct, spite of all pains to keep them clean and bright, when some kind-hearted soul is laying up riches for their owner's benefit. To find a spider upon one's clothes indicates some money is coming to us. The moral of which, Fuller says, is this: "Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate." The appearance of a white speck upon a finger-nail warns the owner of the finger a gift is on its way; and the same pleasant notification is made by the itching of the palm of the right hand; but in that case it is best to make assurance doubly sure, and rub the said palm against wood; then "it is sure to be good."

It is not pleasant to stumble upstairs, but there is some consolation for sore shins in knowing that a wedding will come off in the house ere twelve months have passed by, even if the stumbler has no hope of being a party concerned in the event. Should a spinster or a bachelor be inadvertently placed between a married pair at the dinner-table,

he or she will taste the sweets of conjugal bliss before the year is out. A maiden who has constant ill-luck at the card-table will play the game of life with greater success partnered with a good husband. Happy will be the bride the sun shines on; and if a hen cackles in her new home as she crosses its threshold, she will be a happy mother as well as a contented wife. The odd notion prevails in some parts of France, that when two marriages take place at the same time, the bride who first leaves the church will have a boy for her first child. Not long ago, two weddings were celebrated simultaneously at Archies. As soon as the ceremony was over, the two couples and their friends made all haste to reach the church door, and, to use a sporting phrase, made a dead-heat of it. Neither party were inclined to yield precedence, defiant looks were exchanged, and things wore a threatening aspect, when the mayor, stepping to the front, solved the difficulty by giving an arm to each of the brides, and taking them out together, to the immense relief of their respective friends.

Chance's freakish daughter is given to coming and going as the fit takes her, but there are ways and means of compelling luck to do us suit and service. That man need feel no doubt about triumphing over his foes who takes care to make an end of the first adder that crosses his path. If it is sometimes best to take the bull by the horns, it is always advisable to seize a black snail by his, and toss him over the left shoulder, for while the first may help us out of a quandary, the last-named performance insures us

success in all our undertakings. In default of a black snail, a money-spinner will answer the purpose equally well. If too tender-hearted to treat snails and spiders so unceremoniously, the seeker after good fortune will be just as well off if he hangs an adder-kin over the mantel-piece, takes care to keep his fire burning through the last night of the year, or dons something new upon Whitsunday. Farley, of pantomimic fame, pinned his faith to a lucky cap of which he was the fortunate possessor. According to the fishermen of Buckie, full nets may be insured by dressing a corpse in a flannel shirt stuck over with burs, and wheeling him through the town in a barrow. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes: "Wife-beating to the effusion of blood may be a novel method of securing luck in the herring-fishery, but to draw blood is practised in some of the fishing villages on the north-east coast of Scotland, under the belief that success follows the act. The act must be performed on New Year's Day, and the good fortune is his only who is the first to shed blood. If the morning of the New Year is such as to allow the boats of the village to put to sea, there is quite a struggle as to which boat will reach the fishing-ground first, so as to gain the coveted prize, the first shed blood of the year. If the weather is unfavorable for fishing, those in possession of guns—and a great many of the fishermen's houses possess one—are out, gun in hand, along the shore before daybreak, in search of some bird or wild animal, no matter how small, that they may draw blood, and thus make sure of one year's good fortune."

Another Scottish plan for securing good-luck for the space of twelve months at least, is to draw a bucketful of water from the village well at midnight on New Year's Eve, and after throwing a handful of grass into it, to carry it carefully home. If the drawer be a cow-keeper, he uses part of the water to wash his dairy utensils, and gives the remainder to his cows, in the rather dishonest hope, that he will thereby obtain the cream of the cows of such of his neighbors as use the well, and have not been so wise as himself.

To barter away old shoes for the benefit of the "translator," is a sad waste; there is nothing like well-worn leather to propitiate fate. The time-honored custom of throwing an old shoe after a departing friend, in order that his journey may have a prosperous issue, is so ancient and so common, that we only mention it here to remind intending throwers that the shoe should belong to the left foot—there is no virtue in its fellow; and that the harder the recipient is hit, the happier will be the result. Old shoes are within everybody's reach, but a friend is not always at hand to perform the ceremony. However, that scarcely matters much, since we have lately learned success is to be retrieved, whether it be deserved or not, by simply pocketing a bit of coal. There is no reason why black diamonds should not be as efficacious as any other luck-bringers; still, belief must halt somewhere, and ours halts at coal, although ready to concede that incredulity would be lessened if the coal-carriers limited their faith to genuine Wallsend.

ST. JOHN LATERAN OF ROME.

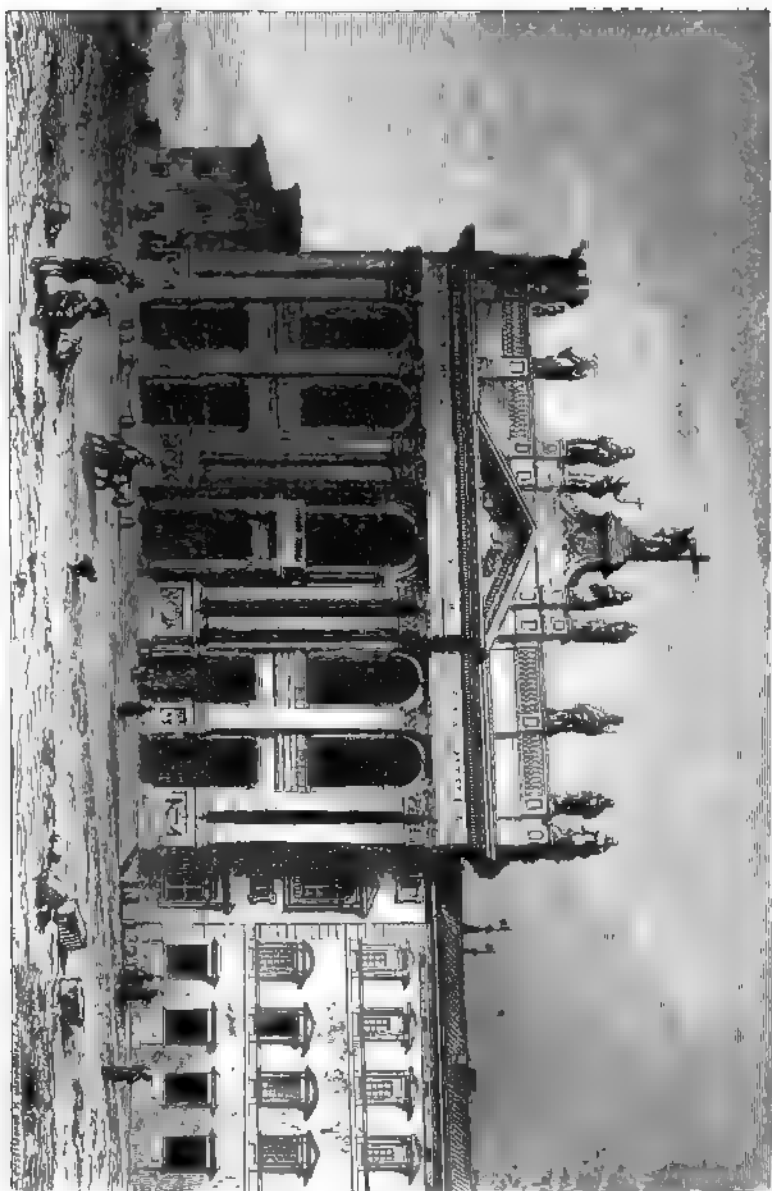
BASILICA OF THE SAVIOUR.

When the traveller emerges from the populous quarters of modern Rome, and directs his steps toward the ancient gate through which Totila and the Vandals, and, at a later date, Robert Guiscard and the Normans departed, he passes through almost deserted streets, in which nothing recalls the riches, the bustle, and the busy life of a capital. To the right and to the left he finds isolated houses, gardens, cypress groves, churches, and ruins. With a mind disposed to reveries, he arrives at a vast and noiseless open space, which stretches along before the basilica of St. John Lateran. What are his emotions when he stops in front of the majestic porch, upon whose architrave he reads the inscription: *SS. Ecclesia Lateranensis Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*: "The most holy church of Lateran, mother and mistress of all the churches of Rome and the world!" The basilica of Lateran is, in fact, the cathedral of the Roman Pontiffs, the successors of St. Peter. After the persecutions, St. Sylvester chose it for his episcopal see, and his successors have confirmed his choice.

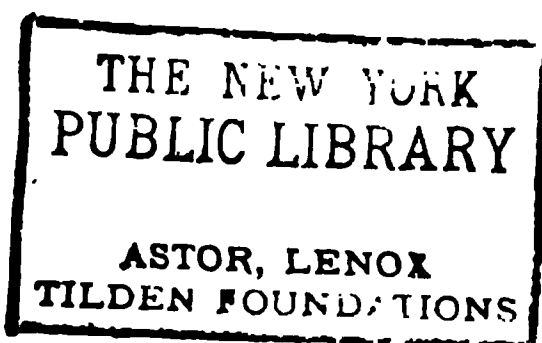
The front of the edifice, the work of Clement X and of the architect, Alexander Galilee, is built of limestone. The bright light of the sun has lightly gilded the stones, and imparted to the

structure that warm tint which artists love so much. The grand balcony is reserved for the solemn occasion when the Pope pronounces the benediction *Urbi et Orbi*. The whole is crowned by a balustrade surmounted by fifteen colossal statues, from the midst of which rises that of the Saviour bearing the triumphal cross. The principal door is of bronze, and has been furnished from the basilica of Æmilianus.

At the sight of this monument, memory awakens with a thousand recollections. Here stood the palace and here were the gardens of Plautius Lateranus, whom Nero condemned to death. This Plautius Lateranus, strangled in an obscure retreat reserved for the punishment of slaves, and who died, as Tacitus has it, "full of an invincible silence," scarcely thought that his name, repeated from age to age in all languages with that of the basilica of the Saviour, would become one of the best known names in all the world. The palace of Lateranus became one of the imperial residences. Maximinus gave it to his daughter Fausta, the wife of Constantine the Great. After his conversion, and when the capital was transferred to Byzantium, he made a present of it to Pope Sylvester. The sovereign pontiffs dwelt there for ten centuries; there they held the most celebrated councils, there



ST. JOHN LATERAN.



acted the laws which the whole
an world obeys.

re entering the temple, contem-
he objects that surround you.
g to the east from the foot of
ifice, one enjoys a spectacle
can be seen only at Rome. To
, the Baptistery of Constantine
view; the Coliseum is not far
the church of the four crowned
can be seen—those four heroic,
an brothers, who suffered mar-
under Diocletian. You see
ge arches of the Scala Santa,
rs which Jesus Christ ascended
he went up to Pilate's court.
is mount these same steps, and
to speak, the imprints of the
's footsteps.

heavy arches of the old aque-
of Nero run from the gate
re, and stretch to the ancient
ts of Rome. To the right, you
basilica and abbey of the Holy
of Jerusalem, the ruins of the
of Venus, the *débris* of the
heatre of the Prætorians, and
ace of Heliogabalus, afterwards
ed by St. Helen. Above the
f the city, still marked by the
es made and repaired by twenty
es, the view extends into the
a Campagna, crossed in different
ons by the aqueducts destroyed
time of the invasion by the
ians. The Appian Way is not
m the dull and dusty road to
; it is bordered by mausoleums
ns; near by is the fountain of
mph Egeria. The horizon is
d by the mountains of Latium
bine.

basilica has another door to the
It leads to a place upon which

stands an obelisk, formerly belong-
ing to the grand circus. This mon-
olith, which is said to be the loftiest
in the world, measures thirty-seven
metres, without counting the base and
pedestal.

After his victory over Maxentius,
the Senate and people erected a
triumphal arch in honor of Constantine,
which can still be seen at the extremity
of the Sacred Way, near the gigantic
ruins of the amphitheatre of Vespasian.
The victor was saluted by the titles,
Liberatori Urbis, Fundatori Quietis:
“Liberator of the City and Founder
of Peace.” This inscription reads like
the announcement of the new destinies
of Christianity. The Romans attrib-
uted the victories which Constantine
gained, not to his genius alone, but
also to the inspiration of the Deity.
From that moment, in fact, Christian
civilization began to replace pagan
civilization, and to bring an efficient
remedy for all those evils which phi-
losophy was unable to cure. Constan-
tine soon promulgated several edicts
favorable to the Christians, as well in
Rome as in the provinces. The de-
baucheries and wild orgies which
Paganism authorized, and the law
tolerated, were prohibited by severe
penalties. To remove all pretexts for
infanticide, a horrible crime at that
time very prevalent, the emperor
ordained that the children of the poor
should be brought up at the public
expense. The liberation of slaves was
favored, and even sanctioned by re-
ligious rites. If divorce was not
entirely abolished, it was at least
rendered more difficult and rare. From
confiscation of the goods of criminals,
their wives and children were thence-

forth exempted. The legislation relative to prisoners was ameliorated. Appeal to the emperors from widows and orphans was always granted, but never to their adversaries. These Christian principles, proclaimed as the laws of the empire a few months after the terrors of the persecutions had ceased, announced the triumph of the Gospel. The reign of impure divinities was ended: "The Lord had purged the earth," to quote the energetic language of Lactantius.

In visiting, now-a-days, the place of Trajan and the antiquities which are found there, tourists search only for *souvenirs* of profane history; whilst there, in the basilica of Ulpian, whose remains antiquarians admire, some of the most memorable events of ecclesiastical history transpired. Constantine convoked there the assembly of the senate and the people of Rome. The emperor placed himself in the centre upon the tribunal of the magistrate. With a gesture he commanded silence, and pronounced with a solemn voice that famous discourse, the principal portions of which have been preserved in the Latin Acts of St. Sylvester.

"The only true Lord," he said, "who reigns in the heavens above, we alone adore. We wish it to be understood by all the citizens of the empire, that we have abjured the Pagan superstitions by the grace of Christ our Lord.

"We ordain that the churches of the Christians be opened, and that the Pontiffs of the Christian law enjoy the privileges of the priests of the temples.

"To make known to the whole Roman universe that we bow the head to the true God in presence of the Christ,

we declare that we have conceived the design to build a church to his honor within the precincts of our palace."

The spectacle presented in the basilica of Ulpian was startling. There sat the senators, most of whom were attached to the old religion of Rome. Constantine saw among them only sad faces and clouded brows. There were also a certain number of Pagans within the enclosure and the avenues of the basilica, but by far the greatest number of the crowd were Christians. Knowing the great importance of the demonstration, not a Christian was absent. When the emperor had pronounced the last word of his address, the multitude broke forth as with the voice of thunder: "Evil to those who deny Christ. The God of the Christians is the only God. Let the temples be shut: let the churches be opened."

In uttering these cries, the multitude became excited. The senators bowed their heads. The acclamations changed their character. These cries were heard: "Those who do not honor Christ are the enemies of Augustus. Those who do not honor Christ are the enemies of the Romans." Constantine, without doubt, was pleased to humble the senators, but he detested violent measures. He demanded silence, and declared that he protected the Christians but did not proscribe the others. As a skilful prince, he added that he extended his good graces to all who remained faithful to the laws of the empire. Those ingeniously turned words encouraged the hopes of the courageous, and reassured the vanquished. The effect was sudden and universal. All, without distinction, praised the wise resolution of the emperor.

peror, and wished him long life. The assembly separated peaceably. Constantine returned to his palace of Lateran, followed by a numerous *cortège* as was the custom on solemn occasions when the popular enthusiasm had been excited. The way which leads from the basilica of Ulpian to the imperial residence, passes between the Coliseum and the baths of Titus: it is the same which we still pass over. The streets were illuminated. "The whole city," says an ancient account, "was a crown of tapers and lamps."

The accomplishment of the promise made in the basilica of Ulpian, was not long delayed. The Pope had already taken up his abode in the imperial palace, as is proven by the Council of 313, and the testimony of St. Optat.* The emperor esteemed it an honor to put his own hands to the work; he laid the foundation, and thereby gave a public testimony of his devotion to the Saviour, in whose honor it was to be erected. The location of the edifice could not have been better chosen. Upon Mount Cœlius are seen three monuments, in which the power of ancient Rome seems to centre: The Capitol, the temple of Jupiter, the grand sanctuary of Idolatry; the Palatium, the palace of the Cæsars, from whence issued the edicts for the arrest and proscription of the Christians; and the Coliseum, where thousands of martyrs had suffered gloriously and shed their blood for the faith.

Before entering upon a somewhat more detailed description of the structure and ornamentations of this vener-

able basilica, we may remark that, from the very first, it was so brilliant with gold and precious stones, and paintings and costly vases, that it was hailed as the golden basilica, by a sort of popular acclaim. On emerging from the obscurity of the Catacombs, the eyes of the Christians were dazzled by such magnificence.

The façade of the basilica erected by Constantine, terminated in a kind of pediment at a very considerable elevation. Upon the tympanum was seen a bust of the Saviour in mosaic; along the fresco runs the celebrated inscription which proves the primacy of this church.* The portico was formed by six columns of Parian marble. By five doors you entered the majestic nave, which was divided by four ranges of columns, thirty of which were of remarkable beauty. Forty-two columns of green marble supported the bass-nave; the walls were adorned with paintings in fresco. The second Council of Nice cites the existence of these paintings against the errors of the iconoclasts. Forty-five lamps of silver were suspended in the principal nave. Sixty-five candelabra illuminated the lateral aisles. The grand altar stood in the centre of the transept, and fifteen centuries have always seen it in the same place. It is surmounted by a rich canopy of silver, and surrounded by statues of the same metal. Here can be seen the statue

* This inscription has been engraved upon the present monument, from which we copy it:

Dogmate papali datur simul et imperiali
Quod sim cunctarum mater caput ecclesiarum.
Hinc Salvatoris cœlestia regna datoris
Nomine sanxerunt, cum cuncta peracta fuerunt.
Sic nos ex toto conversi supplice voto,
Nostra quod hæc sedes tibi, Christe, sit inclita
sedes.

* "Una convenerunt in domum Faustæ in Laterano." Lib. i, *Contra Parmen.*, et lib. vi, *Contra Donat.*

of our Lord seated upon a throne, and surrounded by those of the twelve apostles, with four angels in the attitude of adoration. The tabernacle was of the finest gold. Numerous lamps filled with perfumed oil, burned night and day, and cast a mysterious light over these splendid decorations. The altar was covered with delicately chiselled vases, made of precious metal and studded with jewels. Ecclesiastical writers have exhausted their most brilliant descriptive powers in recounting the treasures of art which had been lavished upon this altar.

The interior, lighted by four windows, is lined with marble up to the commencement of the dome. In the middle of the semicircle was raised the pontifical throne upon six steps, and upon the uppermost step there were represented an asp, a lion, a dragon, and a basilisk, in allusion to the text of the royal prophet: "Thou shalt tread upon the asp and the basilisk; thou shalt crush the lion and the dragon." These figures lying crushed beneath the feet of the vicar of Jesus Christ—are they not emblems of the heresies which the chief of the Church condemns and demolishes? In the centre of the dome which covers the chancel, the image of the risen Saviour is seen, which has been there, if the Roman antiquarians can be believed, ever since the times of St. Sylvester. It is grave and full of majesty. A halo of gold surrounds the head upon a ground of azure dotted with clouds. To the right and left are seen eight cherubim in the attitude of adoration. Since this grand mosaic has been restored by the command of Pope Nicholas IV in the thirteenth century, the

greatest care has been taken to preserve this ancient image. Near the principal altar rise four columns of brass, whose origin has given rise to many suppositions. According to some, Titus took them from the temple of Jerusalem and brought them from Syria to adorn his triumphal return. According to others, Sylla took them at Athens, where they formed a part of the temple of Jupiter. It is asserted by others that they originally belonged to the temple of Nemesis. Finally, it has been maintained that Domitian had placed them in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, after having been cast under Augustus out of the vessels of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. Whatever may have been the origin of these columns, they still remain as ornaments of the altar of the Holy Sacrament.

The basilica of the Saviour was richly endowed. The emperor secured it an income of six thousand two hundred and thirty-nine écus of gold. The popes and Christian princes have followed the example and made it large donations. The historians of the basilica have faithfully transmitted the names of its benefactors, and among them we find those of the French Kings, Charles V, Louis XI, and Henry IV. The Church of Lateran had immediate jurisdiction over seven hundred and thirty-one churches scattered over the nations of Europe, even unto England, when that island was submissive to the legitimate authority of the supreme pastor of the Church, and enjoyed the inestimable blessing of the Catholic communion.

Among the relics preserved in the Church of St. John Lateran, we will mention only two; the table at which

our Lord celebrated the last supper with his apostles, and that at which St. Peter said mass on several occasions. Will not piety esteem these two plain wooden tables more highly than all the jewelled ornaments and precious metals? We cannot enumerate all the privileges bestowed upon it since the commencement. We will mention only the right of sanctuary which was given it by the first Christian princes. This church had its doors closed simply with linen curtains, that at any hour of the day or night it could be entered for refuge. The Christian Church accepted freely that part of Roman legislation which referred to the inviolability of places of refuge; and a modern writer, Rasponi, remarks: The Church, in those times, lent herself rather to the saving of maltreated slaves who were deserving of a merciful consideration, than to the yielding of great criminals. The unfortunates who sought refuge near the altar, were the prisoners of penitence and charity. It was on this account that the basilica of St. John Lateran was called the 'Asylum of the Wretched.'"

In the course of ages the edifice of Constantine was rebuilt in part, in consequence of disasters occasioned by fires and wars. Each succeeding architect kept it steadily in view not to alter the first designs of the monument. The original character had never disappeared until under Innocent X, when the architect Borromini hid under massive pillars the columns of breccia, of serpentine marble, and brocatel of the ancient church. The first restoration took place under the popes, St. Leo the Great, Adrian I, and

Sergius II. In 896, when an earthquake shook down the grand nave to the portal, nothing remained but the chancel. During nine years the ruins covered the ground. The troubles which then desolated Italy impeded the work. Rome especially was the prey of incessant internal conflicts. In 905, Sergius III had the courage to rise above his sad preoccupations, and to attempt to rebuild the broken walls and to raise the fallen columns. In spite of the thousand difficulties which seemed to render the task impossible, the work was prosecuted with ardent zeal, and was actually completed in two years.

After long ages of civil discord, in which the Roman people rebelled against the authority of their pontiffs, and after a hundred different banners had passed beneath the shadow of its ancient walls, this neglected edifice is again threatened with ruin. Innocent II, that great pope who occupied the Chair of St. Peter from 1130 to 1143, and exercised such a happy influence over the whole of Christendom, neglected nothing which could restore to the churches of Rome their ancient lustre. The basilica of St. John Lateran was not forgotten, the roof was reconstructed, and an elegant tower was added to the principal building. In spite of these and other minor repairs, which it is not necessary to mention, the edifice was at the point of falling to pieces toward the middle of the thirteenth century. The walls became cracked, and the roof was so much damaged, that the rain fell into the very sanctuary. Weeds grew in the abandoned nave, and a catastrophe seemed imminent. In 1276, Adrian V had it in

contemplation to remedy the evil, but his untimely death prevented the project from being carried into execution. Nicholas IV, in 1288, was more fortunate than his predecessors. The walls were strengthened by counterforts; the arched ceilings, which time had robbed of their beauty, were reconstructed and ornamented with those beautiful mosaics which can still be seen. The image of the Saviour took again the place of honor, which it had occupied since the beginning of the fourth century. The work was performed under the direction of the monks, Jacques de Torrita and Jacques de Camerino, skilful artists of that period, who put their names and portraits under the grand painting which they had restored.

Hardly had the church been rendered fit for the celebration of divine worship, when a new disaster assailed it. By the imprudence of the workmen who were repairing the lead upon the roof, the timbers caught fire and occasioned a terrible conflagration. The fire, favored by the dryness of the season, spread with incredible rapidity. In a few hours, the church, the portico, the patriarchate were in ashes. For three days it was impossible to approach the seat of the fire. Of this vast edifice, enlarged by the popes in succession, nothing could be saved but the ceiling, the high altar, a part of the transept, and the oratory of St. Laurence; the rest was a mass of smoking cinders. This misfortune struck the whole world with consternation. Italy was in mourning. At Rome, processions filled the streets as in times of public calamity. Clement V resided at that time in Avignon. At the recital of

this disaster he was so moved, that he sent at once a skilful architect, with considerable sums of money. The pope made at the same time an appeal to the generosity of the Christian princes. No one remained deaf to the voice of the sovereign pontiff; princes and peasants contributed alike to the work. The basilica was promptly rebuilt with such magnificence, that the recent disasters were forgotten. If we were to express any regret, it might be that it was not reconstructed in that style of architecture which, in France, England, and Germany, created those marvellous works which will always excite the admiration of posterity. Gothic architecture which reigned without a rival at that epoch, did indeed leave its impression upon the basilica of Lateran; but the original plan of the edifice was followed in the reconstruction, with the addition of ornaments in the style of modern Italian taste.

A new fire broke out in 1360, and destroyed a considerable portion of the sacred building, which for many years remained in a deplorable condition of abandonment and neglect. Petrarch made himself the organ of the thoughts and sorrows of his countrymen, when he wrote to Pope Urban V: "Unhappy Father, how can you sleep tranquilly," he said, "beneath the roof of your gilded palace on the banks of the Rhone, when the first church of the world is in ruins, and remains without a roof to protect it from wind and weather?" Urban V caused the basilica to be repaired; and he constructed the rich Gothic canopy of the altar, which rests upon four columns and is enclosed by a screen of gold.

The same pope placed there two reliquaries in the shape of silver busts of St. Peter and St. Paul, ornamented with precious stones. Charles V, King of France, caused a golden lily, studded with jewels and diamonds, to be placed upon the breast of each of these busts.

Martin V, elected pope in 1417 at the Council of Constance, went to Rome as soon as events in 1420 permitted. The city was then depopulated and in decay. Since the passage of Ladislaus of Naples, whom the divisions among the Guelfs and Ghibellines had made master of the capital of the States of the Church, the public edifices had fallen into neglect, and offered nothing but the signs of desolation. The evidences of the violence of the soldiery and of the vengeance of the people were visible everywhere. Proscriptions had carried mourning into the bosom of families. Scarcely had Martin V appeared, when anarchy was suppressed. The exiles returned to their homes. Citizens devoted to the Church found effective protection. The agitators of disorder felt a firm hand, capable to arrest and to punish. Religious monuments were restored. "In a short time," as it is recorded in the chronicles, "Rome resumed her ancient glory and appeared more brilliant than ever." The pope showed his devotion toward the basilica of Lateran, by causing the nave to be magnificently paved. The marbles and mosaics from the villa of Antoninus the Pious were used for that purpose. The walls of the principal nave were adorned with paintings in fresco by Victor Pisanello and Gentile de Fabriano. "The talent of Gentile was as gracious as his name," said Michael Angelo;

and, according to the report of Vasari, the pictures of Pisanello were as charming and beautiful as possible.

Was it not an admirable thing that the energy unfolded by Martin V at Rome was directed toward healing the bleeding wounds of Christianity? Europe presented at that time the saddest of spectacles. In Spain, Alfonso of Aragon worked with Peter of Luna to reanimate the schism which had become nearly extinct. France is a prey to the English, and has no hope but in Joan of Arc. Germany is distracted by the Hussites. Constantinople has fallen into the hands of the Turks. Italy is constantly divided and desolated by internal wars. The throne of Naples is soiled by the revolting excesses of Joanna, the sister and heiress of Ladislaus. In those sad times the legates of the Roman Pontiffs were travelling through Europe, preaching harmony and concord to the Christian princes, and calling the nations to arms against the infidels, whose attitude became every day more menacing. A council was convoked to prepare remedies for the degeneracy of morals. It met first at Pavia, then at Sienna and Basel. Martin V was unable to attend it. The cares of the pontificate had, with advancing years, undermined his health; and an attack of apoplexy finished his days on the 20th of February, 1431. His body was laid in the crypt of St. John Lateran, where his statue in bronze may still be seen humbly lying on the ground. He belonged to the powerful family of Colonna.

Eugene IV was compelled to leave Rome during a riot; he escaped disguised in the frock of a monk. The

works at the Lateran were interrupted, and were not recommenced until under the pontificates of Alexander VI, Sixtus V, and Clement VIII. During the last reign, the transept, built by the architect Jacques de la Porta, was roofed in, as well as the altar of the Holy Sacrament, which is adorned with a tabernacle ornamented with jewels, and has a *basso-rilievo* in silver representing the Last Supper, and those famous four pillars of bronze of which we have spoken.

On the occasion of the jubilee of 1650, Innocent X, celebrated for his zeal for the fine arts, determined to restore and embellish the basilica of the Saviour. He accomplished his intentions; but Rome and the whole of Italy at that time had no taste save for modern works of art. The monument of Lateran lost its original character. The columns disappeared under square pilasters; large niches were constructed for the statues of the twelve apostles. Beneath the niches, bass-reliefs were constructed in stucco, designed by Algarde, representing historical scenes taken from the Bible. Higher up were seen the figures of the twelve great prophets. The roof was constructed under the direction of Buonaroti. If to-day we enter the basilica of St. John Lateran, we are more interested by the beautiful recollections which are associated with the edifice than by its structure, whose rejuvenated forms are but of yesterday. No matter how ornamental the handsome small columns of antique green marble may be, the niches cannot relieve the too massive appearance of the building, the effect of which is still further augmented by the ceiling. The view of the choir and the transept is

always admirable. The mosaic of the *apsis* is noble in character. The same may be said of the transept, the work of Clement VIII, where the artist contemplates with pleasure the grand mural paintings, and the arms of Aldobrandini beautifully sculptured in marble. Among the chapels, that of the Corsini is the most remarkable. It is the richest sanctuary which modern art has adorned. This contains the mausoleum of Clement XII, of the noble family of Corsini, which gave to the Church Andrew Corsini, and, after him, skilful and devoted servants. The remains of the Pope repose in a magnificent urn of porphyry which formerly contained the ashes of Agrippa; it was found under the portico of the Pantheon. The statue of Clement XII is of bronze and is highly esteemed by connoisseurs; so also is the altar-piece. It is a mosaic of the celebrated Christofori, made after a painting by Guido Reni.

The basilica of Lateran sometimes shows itself in all its splendor when the Pope officiates there, and especially when he goes there to take possession of his episcopal seat.

On that occasion the city of Rome appears in rare magnificence, and displays a taste for fêtes, for which other nations may well envy Italy. The Forum and the Capitol are ornamented with triumphal arches, if the newly elected pontiff is of Roman origin. If the pope nominated by the College of Cardinals has not received episcopal orders, he ought to be consecrated at St. Peter's by the Bishop of Ostia, assisted by the bishops of Porto and Albano. When the Pope leaves the palace of the Vatican, he is accompanied by a numerous and brilliant

cortége ; the eye is dazzled by the rich, ample, and picturesque costumes of the cardinals, the prelates, the princes, the ambassadors, the officers of every grade belonging to the army and the administration. The vestments are of ancient form, and rich in the most brilliant and varied colors. The sovereign pontiff moves slowly through the streets of his capital, amid crowds of its inhabitants. He stops for some moments at the place of the Capitol, where he is saluted by a senator, dressed in the toga and the mantle of ample folds, wearing the collar of gold and the sceptre of ivory, like the senators of old, whom the ambassador of Pyrrhus compared to kings. The senator pronounces a discourse in Latin, and swears obedience and fidelity in the name of the Roman people.

The procession soon moves again. The clergy of Lateran, arrayed in the most gorgeous apparel, come to meet the new pope. Under the portico of the basilica, the archpriest kneeling presents a golden cross, which the pontiff kisses with devotion, while the choir chants the anthem, *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* : "Behold the High-Priest." Near the Holy Gate, which is only opened at the time of jubilee, a throne is erected upon which the successor of the apostles seats himself, and where he receives, in a gilt basin filled with flowers, the keys of the basilica, one being of gold, the other of silver. These keys are the emblems of the power to bind and to loose. He then makes his triumphal entry through the gate Maggiore, seated upon a chair of state and carried upon the shoulders of his officers. He adores the Blessed Sacrament and venerates the chief

apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. He finally takes his seat in the rear of the semicircle of the choir. He is then installed with ceremonies as imposing as imagination can conceive. Then hearty acclamations resound. The cardinals approach in succession, make obeisance, and receive the usual presents, which consist of two medals, one of gold and one of silver. The assembly break out into transports of joy, and ask of God that the pontiff may reign many and happy years; that he may exalt the holy Church of Jesus Christ; that he may triumph over schism and heresy which divide the flock which the Saviour has given to him to guard and guide; that he may see all the Christian graces grow and flourish without ceasing; that he may shed abroad the abounding waters of the grace of the sacrament; that he may conduct to the eternal joys of paradise all the souls regenerated in the waters of baptism. Amid the general emotion the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, lifts up his voice and gives the benediction. He arises and leaves the altar to ascend the balcony of the grand portico. The esplanade, the neighboring streets to a distance which the eye can scarcely measure, are filled with an immense, swaying multitude. All eyes are fixed upon the portico of the temple. At the moment when he lifts his hand to give the solemn benediction, "Urbi et Orbi," the cannon thunder, and in a moment the tumult is succeeded by profound silence; all heads are bowed and render homage to the prince of the apostles.

Over twenty councils, five of which were general, have been held in the

basilica of Lateran; six more assembled in the patriarchal palace. The Church there condemned the immoral maxims of the Manicheans, and the errors of the Archdeacon Berenger concerning the doctrine of the Real Presence. The palace of Lateran was attached to the church. In earlier times it consisted of an irregular mass of buildings, much larger in extent than the present structure. After the popes had taken up their abode at the Vatican and the Quirinal, the ancient dwelling of the Laterani, of the emperors, of St. Sylvester and his successors, several times rebuilt, enlarged, and ornamented, often the hospitable abode of princes, from whence proceeded the laws which governed the world—this ancient dwelling was wellnigh reduced to a ruin. Leo X lived there some time after his election. The present edifice, constructed by order of Sixtus V, has recently been transformed into a museum of antiquities. Why should we conceal that we have experienced painful emotions in passing through these silent halls, where the relics of ancient Rome are exhibited? Full of admiration for the beautiful marble statues of the family of Augustus, and the mosaics of the baths of Caracalla, can we forget the great pontiffs whose images still fill these places? Here lived St. Gregory the Great, St. Martin, pope and martyr, St. Gregory VII, Innocent II. Here were Constantine, Charlemagne, St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic. Some few curiosity seekers scarcely now interrupt the silence of this monument.

The Baptistery of Constantine, which is a part of the Lateran, preserves still the original plan of its con-

struction in the fourth century. The ornaments alone are changed. It is an octagon. The fonts are in the centre; placed around them are eight beautiful columns of porphyry; three steps lead down to them. There the holy water is preserved in an urn of basalt. In former times the popes came here on Holy Saturday in great pomp, to bless the water and baptize themselves some neophytes. Charlemagne attended these solemn ceremonies during the reign of Adrian I. This pope restored this building, when already very much impaired. The Emperor Constantine had enriched the Baptistery by numerous splendid gifts. We will only mention the figure of Christ in silver, measuring five feet in height and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds; and the statue of St. John the Baptist, of the same size, weighing one hundred pounds. The Forerunner holds in his hand a roll, with the inscription, "Ecce Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi."

Before leaving the Lateran, we ought to see the elegant cloister of the twelfth century, whose arches rest upon beautiful little columns inlaid with mosaics.

On the twelfth of April, 1850, after a revolution which leaves the saddest recollections in history, the quarter of the Lateran exhibited a spectacle which ought to rejoice the hearts of all Catholics. Pius IX returned from his exile at Gaeta, and again took possession of his capital, restored to him by the victorious arms of France. To the tumult, agitation, and terror, succeeded a sense of calm and security. The most remote posterity will speak of this event so glorious to our country. France will ever remain the eldest daughter of the Church.

SOME RECENT POETRY.

By H. T. C.

mortuis, nil nisi bonum, is as old as man's experience, and though it often happens that "the dead do lives after them," and that good is oft interred with their bad, yet it is in the nature of men to preserve the memory of the departed and draw the veil of charity over their failings. The tie between us and the spirit world is one of love and duty and reverence. In the presence of the grave, life's jealousies, and the affections which bloomed in life in warmth and fervor now become more subdued but a still holier

And so, when communing with thoughts and memories of those long have left us, we wish to once revivify the past and bring from obscurity each deed or thought and of theirs that bears a merit

poetic fancy ever and anon turns to find aid for inspiration, and sings the suggestions of the tomb in numbers for a theme so sober. But

lately two such poems have caught the writer's notice. One is direct in its relation to the dead, the other approaches the subject through another medium; but both have much in them to show that poets think as all men do on themes of this kind, and many will find in the rhythmic strain a reproduction of their own fancies.

The first is from *Blackwood's*, and we fancy we can trace, in the mode of thought and manner of treatment, a resemblance to the style of the author of "Lucille."

The poet thinks, with many another one, we judge, that it were well that the dead know nothing of the soul's secrets and the crimes of men, nor foresee the sin that is to be done; since, having not the power to warn or guide, but only to behold, their happiness would be tempered with regret for those who are in error. But the reader must peruse the lines to form an even judgment of them.

Here they are:

DE MORTUIS.

(TWO TEXTS AND A COMMENT.)

I thank ye, O my Dead ! that in my dreams
Ye still are present with me,—all my loved
And lost, not unremembered 'mid the press
And whirl of day, but ever, with the night,
Sure visitants of slumber,—mother, sire,
Brother and sister, friends,—mine own again,
The old familiar faces,—linked, perchance,

With forms and features of a younger date,
In scenes your life's experience never knew,
'Mid circumstance grotesque, ridiculous,
Impossible,—but never with a frown!

I thank ye! or—for I must speak my thought--
I thank the love I bore ye that evokes
Your pleasant phantoms: for ye come not thus
Of your own will upon the wings of sleep:
The dream is from the dreamer, not from Jove;
And save in dreams ye visit me no more.

What did he say who, twenty summers since,
Twined o'er the tomb of one too early lost,
The saddest, sweetest posy ever culled
By poet-hands for garland to an urn?
"There must be wisdom with great Death! The Dead
Shall look me through and through!" If honestly
He spake (and he is one who speaks with show
Of meaning what he speaks), I envy him
His self-assurance, courage, confidence,
Hope, faith,—what will you?—But 'twas safely bold
A challenge whereunto no answering trump
From the far darkness of the spirit world
Sounds faint acceptance. Else why come they thus
Mere manifest puppets, flitting o'er the stage
Of that all-shadowy theatre of dream,
Through scenes forever shifting, with no plot,
No moral in their piece, wherein ourselves
Take part, half conscious of its hollowness
Even while we seem to act,—perceived with dawn
Mere stuff that waking memory not retains,
Or but recalls to find not worth recall?

Death—"the great teacher!"—If the Dead be wise
(And none than I more firmly holds them so),
If they *do* see "with larger, other eyes
Than ours,"—their wisdom is for higher ends,
Their clearer vision for a wider sphere,
And not for us. Whate'er they did and said
Of great and good remains, our heritage
For evermore: they left us all they could
In precept and example; more than these
How should we look for?—Lazarus himself
That died, was buried, stank, and, at the call
Divine, arose, and cast corruption off,
Came forth, and lived again,—what tale had he
For Martha and for Mary? None! or none
Recorded for our profit: 'tis most strange!
Did he bring back no message from the pit?
See nothing in that travel worth report,
Worth teaching to the sons whom he begat?
Was't not worth while to shame the scoffing sect
That said men died and rotted and no more?
Were there no curious souls in Bethany
Eager with question, hot to probe and pierce

The awful mystery of that four days' sleep?
Which is more wonderful—that one who saw
The secret of the grave, if he had power
To speak, to warn, to comfort, to assure.
Should live, and die again, and hold his peace,—
Or, if he spake, that of such utterance
No record, no tradition keeps a word?

The dead will come no more as Lazarus came.
No!—when we see them now (I fling aside
The tales of ghosts, creations of disease,
Remorse, or superstition), 'tis ourselves
Who summon them. I see ye in my dreams,
My loved and lost, because I loved ye well;
Because your memory fills my waking hours;
Because I dwell, all lonely as I am,
Chiefly with memories, and the night returns
Blurred echoes of the day. Your images
Throng round my pillow, shift, and blend, and change
In metamorphic puzzle,—seem to be
Yourselves, yet all the while seem something else,
Seem without wonder, though most wonderful,
Void of volition as the dancing spots
That fleck with gold the turfage of a grove
Rippled by summer-breezes.

And 'tis well
For you ye come but thus. "The happy Dead
Gone to their rest—the Dead who are at peace!"—
We love to phrase it thus. Could Death be rest,
Could Death be peace, could Death be happiness,
If they who loved us so had barren power
To watch and weep without the gift to warn,
To see the sin they cannot check, to read
The shameful secret entries that defile
The tablets of our souls? That were a pang
Beyond imagining!

I love to greet
Your fleeting, shifting, pleasant shapes,—my nights
Are happy with your presence; but I look
On a mere empty pageant, purposeless,
Furnished from some dim cranny of the brain,
Its saner function dormant: but I know
That you and I have no communion more
Till the last trumpet-summons reunites
At God's right hand the souls Death sundered here,
All stain of Earthly vileness blotted out
In Heaven's great amnesty.

I trust the Dead
Yet love us, yearn for, hope for, pray for us,
Knowing what need our nature hath of prayer,
What perils block our path, how they themselves
Succumbed or conquered. But, till they can help,

Guide, counsel, rescue, for their own dear sake
 I could not wish their bliss eternal vexed
 With that sad gift, to know us as we are,
 To "look us through and through."

It is not so !
 Thy word was wiser, midnight moralist !
 "Heaven's sovereign spares all beings but Himself
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart!"

The next is from the pen of George Macdonald. It has a quaint suggestiveness that is no less pleasing than pregnant with food for thought.

These haunted houses—these spots that fancy or superstition tenants with the disembodied, awful as they are and full of terrors for the weaker mind, do they not bear for us an interest all engrossing; and are not all

houses haunted, as another poet once said? Are they not haunted by memories that rivet the heart to them and hold for them a place in the affections of those who venture far from the old home—and who but for such recollections might oftener give way to this wicked world's allurements? This is the way the poet expresses a thought more perfect than the picture which suggested it:

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(SUGGESTED BY A DRAWING OF THOMAS MORAN, AN AMERICAN PAINTER.)

I.

This must be the very night!
 The moon knows it!—and the trees—
 They stand straight upright,
 Each a sentinel drawn up,
 As if they dared not know
 Which way the wind might blow!
 The very pool, with dead gray eye,
 Dully expectant, feels it nigh,
 And begins to curdle and freeze!
 And the dark night,
 With its fringe of light,
 Holds the secret in its cup!

II.

What can it be, to make
 The poplars cease to shiver and shake,
 And up in the dismal air
 Stand straight and stiff as the human hair
 When the human soul is dizzy with dread—
 All but those two that strain
 Aside in a frenzy of speechless pain,
 Though never a wind sends out a breath
 To tunnel the foggy rheum of death?
 What can it be has power to scare
 The full-grown moon to the idiot stare
 Of a blasted eye in the midnight air?

Something has gone wrong;
A scream will come tearing out ere long!

III.

Still as death,
Although I listen with bated breath!
Yet something is coming, I know—is coming;
With an inward soundless humming,
Somewhere in me or in the air—
I cannot tell—but its wing is there!
Marching on to an unheard drumming,
Something is coming—coming—
Growing and coming;
And the moon is aware—
Aghast in the air
At the thing that is only coming
With an inward soundless humming,
And an unheard spectral drumming!

IV.

Nothing to see and nothing to hear!
Only across the inner sky
The wing of a shadowy thought flits by,
Vague and featureless, faceless, drear—
Only a thinness to catch the eye:
Is it a dim foreboding unborn,
Or a buried memory, wasted and worn
As the fading frost of a wintry sigh?
Anon I shall have it!—anon!—it draws nigh!
A night when—a something it was took place
That drove the blood from that scared moon-face!
Hark! was that the cry of a goat,
Or the gurgle of water in a throat?
Hush! there is nothing to see or hear,
Only a silent something is near;
No knock, no footsteps three or four,
Only a presence outside the door!
See! the moon is remembering—what?
The wail of a mother-left, lie-alone brat?
Or a raven sharpening its beak to peck?
Or a cold blue knife and a warm white neck?
Or only a heart that burst and ceased
For a man that went away released?
I know not—know not, but something is coming
Somehow back with an inward humming.

V.

Ha! Look there! Look at that house—
Forsaken of all things—beetle and mouse!
Mark how it looks! It must have a soul!
It looks, it looks, though it cannot stir;
See the ribs of it—how they stare!
Its blind eyes yet have a seeing air!
It *knows* it has a soul!
Haggard it hangs o'er the slimy pool,

And gapes wide open as corpses gape:
 It is the very murderer!
 For the ghost has modelled himself to the shape
 Of this house all sodden with woe,
 Where the deed was done, long, long ago,
 And filled with himself his new body full—
 To haunt forever his ghastly crime,
 And see it come and go—
 Brooding around it like motionless time,
 With a mouth that gapes, and eyes that yawn
 Blear and blintering and full of the moon,
 Like one aghast at a hellish dawn.
 —It is coming, coming soon!

VI.

For, ever and always, when round the tune
 Grinds on the barrel of organ-Time,
 The deed is done;—and it comes anon—
 True to the roll of the clock-faced moon,
 True to the ring of the spheric chime,
 True to the cosmic rhythm and rhyme;
 Every point, as it first went on,
 Will come and go till all is gone;
 And palsied with horror from garret to core,
 The house cannot shut its gaping door;
 Its burst eye stares as if trying to see,
 And it leans as if settling heavily,
 Settling heavy with sickness dull:
 It also is hearing the soundless humming
 Of the wheel that is turning—the thing that is coming.
 On the naked rafters of its brain,
 Gaunt and wintred, see the train
 Of gossiping, scandal-mongering cows,
 That watch, all silent, with necks a-strain,
 Wickedly knowing, with heads awry,
 And the sharpened gleam of a cunning eye—
 Watch, through the cracks of the ruined skull,
 How the evil business goes!
 —Beyond the eyes of the cherubim,
 Beyond the ears of the seraphim,
 Outside, forsaken, in the dim
 Phantom-haunted chaos grim,
 He stands with the deed going on in him!

VII.

O winds, winds! that lurk and peep
 Under the edge of the moony fringe!
 O winds, winds! up and sweep;
 Up, and blow and billow the air,
 Billow the air with blow and swinge;
 Rend me this ghastly house of groans;
 Rend and scatter the skeleton's bones
 Over the deserts and mountains bare;
 Blast and hurl and shiver aside
 Nailed sticks and mortared stones;

Clear the phantom, with torrent and tide,
Out of the moon and out of my brain,
That the light may fall shadowless in again!

VIII.

But alas! then the ghost
O'er mountain and coast
Would go roaming, roaming; and never was swine,
That, grubbing and talking with snork and whine
On Gadarene mountains, had taken him in,
But would rush to the lake to unhouse the sin!
For any charnel
This ghost is too carnal;
There is no volcano, burnt out and cold,
Whose very ashes are gray and old,
But would cast him forth in reviving flame,
To blister the sky with a smudge of shame.

IX.

Is there no help—none anywhere,
Under the earth, or above the air?
—Come, come, sad woman, whose tender throat
Has a red-lipped mouth that can sing no note!
Child, whose midwife, the third grim Fate,
Shears in hand, thy coming did wait!
Father, with blood-bedabbled hair!
Mother, all withered with love's despair!
Come, broken heart, whatever thou be,
Hasten to help this misery!
Thou wast only murdered, or left forlorn;
He is a horror, a hate, a scorn!
Come, if out of the holiest blue
That the sapphire throne shines through;
For pity come, though thy fair feet stand
Next to the elder-band;
Fling thy harp on the hyaline,
Hurry thee down the spheres divine;
Come, and drive those ravens away;
Cover his eyes from the pitiless moon;
Shadow his brain from her stinging spray;
Droop around him, a tent of love,
An odor of grace, a fanning dove;
Walk through the house with the healing tune
Of gentle footsteps; banish the shape
Remorse calls up, thyself to ape;
Comfort him, dear, with pardon sweet;
Cool his heart from its burning heat
With the water of life that laves the feet
Of the throne of God, and the holy street.

X.

O God, he is but a living blot,
Yet he lives by thee—for if thou wast not,
They would vanish together, self-forgot,

He and his crime:—one breathing blown
 From thy spirit on his would all atone,
 Scatter the horror, and bring relief
 In an amber dawn of holy grief:
 God, give him sorrow; arise from within:
 Art thou not in him, silence in din,
 Stronger than anguish, deeper than sin?

XI.

Why do I tremble, a creature at bay!
 'Tis but a dream—I drive it away.
 Back comes my breath, and my heart again
 Pumps the red blood to my fainting brain
 Released from the nightmare's ninefold train;
 God is in heaven—yes, everywhere;
 And Love, the all-shining, will kill Despair.
 To the wall's blank eyeless space
 I turn the picture's face.

XII.

But why is the moon so bare, up there?
 And why is she so white?
 And why does the moon so stare, up there—
 Strangely stare, out of the night?
 Why stand up the poplars
 That still way?
 And why do those two of them
 Start astray?
 And out of the black why hangs the gray?
 Why does it hang down so, I say,
 Over that house, like a fringed pall,
 Where the dead goes by in a funeral?
 —Soul of mine,
 Thou the reason canst divine:—
 Into *thee* the moon doth stare
 With pallid, terror-smitten air:
 Thou, and the Horror lonely-stark,
 Outcast of eternal dark,
 Are in nature same and one,
 And *thy* story is not done.
 So let the picture face thee from the wall,
 And let its white moon stare.

There are parts of the poem that have a flavor of Edgar Allan Poe about them, and the vein of vague horror that runs through it also is like that writer's treatment of such a theme.

But to originality of conception and nicety of execution the poem can lay considerable claim. Poetry of this kind we think can never become popular. It lacks substance, so to speak. The uncertain ending, and the want of incident, disappoint the reader, and leave him unsatisfied; but there is withal a force and fitness in the description which make this a very acceptable titbit from the magazines.

TOM BRIMS'S INDIAN PRINCES.

I.

Very odd things at times have a mentary vogue in Paris. No matter at the triviality may be, if it can only a certain amount of talk afloat pecting itself, its fortune is made for number of hours. During a short y I was making in the gay city, ore the siege darkened it—when, eed, no such darkening was thought—a tradesman's shop-window in Rue ————was having a brief success of is kind. Ladies were everywhere ing into raptures over a show of shoes be seen in it. Men talked of the ght in the cafés as earnestly as if it ad been a matter of national interest. or two or three days the police had make special arrangements for the rculation of people on the pavement front of the shop. The display consisted of a large assortment of slippers ecially made for some Indian princes en in the French capital.

“Monsieur must see it,” emphatically uid a waiter, shrugging his shoulders, resenting the open palms of his hands oward me and lifting them to a level ith his ears, which he brought down to meet them. “It was not possible for a person of taste like monsieur to leave Paris before going to look. That would be a mistake; it would be a sin! it would be a crime! Such boots had never been seen before! They did glory o France! The great Indian princes ould only wear each pair for a single

day, and then kick them aside. It was a pity. Yah! Monsieur had no idea what a show could be made of boots; and it was only two, three, four streets away. The man had shown wonderful taste. He was entitled to monsieur's admiration. Monsieur could not be cruel to the maker, cruel to himself, cruel to everybody, by not seeing them.”

I felt that I could not be guilty of cruelty so wholesale. It is true that it turned out, from a question I put, that the waiter had been hard-hearted to that extent: he had not seen the boots! My time was vacant on my hands that evening; I started at once.

When I turned the top corner of the Rue St. ———, it instantly became apparent that the attractiveness of the show had only been reasonably exaggerated. A little hubbub of voices made itself heard. At the front of moderate-sized premises, about half-way down on the left hand side, was an excited group, constantly fed by fresh arrivals. All were good-humored, talkative, noisy. By a slow process I reached the window. I certainly saw a very pretty display. Behind the polished plate-glass, arranged upon a sloping base of delicate gray tint, rows, crescents, rings, triangles of slippers of oriental shape and decoration shone and glowed in all the variety of colored leathers and spangled brocade. There seemed a number sufficient for an

army. The grouping of the hues and the systematic arrangement generally, was doubtless an artistic achievement of its kind.

In a little space in front of the window, was moving about the proud, breathless owner of the establishment, a middle-aged Frenchman of very ordinary type, bare-headed, and with his coat-sleeves turned back to an extent which, in the case of an English tradesman in like circumstances, would have meant that he was preparing for a pugilistic conflict with the crowd for coming too near his window. Nothing was further from the intention of the Frenchman. He was volubly guiding the admiration of the spectators into the right channels. He unhesitatingly pointed out the merits of his own productions, recounting, with great pomp of gesticulation, and most wonderful pronunciation, the names and titles of his great customers, the Indian princes. Just as the batch of on-lookers, of which I formed one, was moving away to make room for the next, the voices of the three or four gendarmes present were raised in shrill authority. A great sensation ran through the crowd.

The bare-headed master of the shop, flinging his arms aloft frantically, exclaimed sublimely: "They are here!" He rushed forward in the direction of the bustle. A passage was formed to the shop door, most of the male bystanders raising their hats as along the narrow lane came three Hindus, clad in turbans and voluminous eastern robes, short scimitars, with jewelled hilts, flashing at their sides. They were the princes coming to pay their bootmaker a visit; perhaps to order another windowful of incomparable slippers.

Suddenly, as I looked, a feeling of amazement seized me. Behind the Indians, himself languidly acknowledging the salutations, as though he considered they were meant partially for him, advanced a more European person.

"That," I heard it whispered around me, "is their interpreter."

But, surely, that familiar, tall, lank figure could only belong to one being in the world; those large, sallow features showing under the gold-braided cap, with its white linen folds of sun-protecting curtain falling on the shoulders, could not be mistaken for any other. The interpreter's gaze met mine. He, too, made a start of recognition. Upon his closing the near blue eye in a rapid wink, there was no longer any possibility of doubt. Unquestionably, it was Tom Brims, late of the same shipping-office with myself in London, who was filling the important and dignified post of interpreter to the Indian princes.

Six months before, he had left the Fenchurch street premises, owing to not being sufficiently appreciated by the heads of the establishment. It was, in fact, at their instance that he departed, to reside with a maiden aunt living somewhere in France. He severed himself from his desk in the best of spirits, making his exit with perfect self-possession, and not without a certain grace; but he had had much experience previously in going through the performance, both at home and abroad. Educated for the Indian service, Tom Brims had gone out to the East; but he reappeared in London in a period of time which could not be considered long, taking into account

the distance. The explanation he gave was, that a Hindu potentate wished to adopt him as his successor; but that the governor-general of India enviously objected. After this, his stay in India, he said, was made so uncomfortable by intrigues, that he left for England. I will confess that we had thought Tom Brims was in part romancing; here, however, he was with these great Hindu chiefs.

He paused and solemnly lifting his finger, called to me in some gibberish such as we had used in Fenchurch street, and which I knew to mean that he would meet me in five minutes in a shop on the opposite side of the way. The crowd, on seeing and hearing me thus addressed, gave way very respectfully around me. Hats were lifted; a way was indicated for me to advance. I had presence of mind to bow to those making a road for me: availing myself of it, I crossed the pavement, and, rather diffidently, passed just within the doorway of the shop. There, in less than the five minutes, Tom Brims came to me.

"You unbelieving wretch," were his first words, "didn't I always tell you and the other fellows in the office I should make my fortune some day? I did not make one in India when I was there, I know—more fool I was for it; but I shan't be a simpleton this time. Their mahogany Highnesses here are rolling in the rupees I have a lack of—ha! ha!—I mean to make more than a lac of it."

I grasped Tom's hand, congratulating him, although I hardly knew how to address him, he was so changed altogether, looking so grand in his gold lace and semi-uniform.

The bootmaker, having discovered that as the princes knew not a word of French, he was wasting his volubility in the absence of Tom, here came smilingly toward us, and reminded him, in the politest way, that he was needed by their Magnificences.

Tom lightly waved him off with his hand. He said aside to me in English: "Let them wait. They could not stir a yard without me. I have got them under my thumb completely. They come from Upper India, right away from the known parts, and there is not a man within thousands of miles of us at this moment who could tell a word they say." He went on to add that it was the luckiest thing in the world. He was on the quay at Marseilles when they landed. The interpreter they had brought with them was, poor fellow, killed on the spot by falling headlong into a dock, where a vessel crushed him. He himself stepped forward, was of much service to them, and was appointed straightway.

I told him how delighted I was at his good fortune, but said I must not detain him. The fellows in the office, I assured him, would be equally glad of the news. I was taking my leave. His large features relaxed into a grin, deepening into a chuckle; then, instantly, he put on a most tremendous frown. "It would never do," he muttered, "for them to see him laughing. If I keep them waiting any longer," he continued, "when they get back to the hotel, they'll run their swords through two or three of the poor wretches of their *suite*. Nobody could hurt them for it, as they are travelling under Ambassadors' Law. I'll stop, if you like."

"You must come to me at the hotel," he added; "come at six o'clock. There will be time for a little chat. We are going to one of the minor theatres to-night; we shall go to the Grand Opera when we come back to Paris from London. They are in a sort of incognito till they reach England, for fear of offending the Indian Secretary."

He gave me a card of the hotel; taking it, I hastily made my way out into the street, amazed at the coolness with which Tom Brims sauntered toward those fierce magnates.

At six o'clock that evening, instead of being at Tom Brims's hotel I was some fifty miles away from Paris, hastening on the railway route to Calais on my way for England. The reëxtension of my holiday had run out, and I knew that if I had any dispute with my principals in Fenchurch street I could not hope to tumble into an interpreter-ship to great Indian nabobs. If there was no other reason, I did not know any Eastern languages, which was perhaps sufficient. I did not choose to take up Brims's invaluable time, by explaining this; but, before quitting Paris, I posted a letter to him stating it. It was great news I was taking back to the London office. The clerks were only a little less amazed at it, second-hand, than I was in the first instance. Business in the office, I fear, suffered from our watching the newspapers from day to day for the arrival of the great personages in what was in those days my country.

The intimation was found in the *Times* on the morning of the fourth day. It appeared among the parliamentary intelligence. A well-known honorable member, who devotes him-

self mainly to showing that whatever relates to India, no matter how it is done, is grossly mismanaged, had indignantly asked the Indian minister in the House of Commons, on the previous evening, whether it was true that the hospitality of the country was to be again disgraced by their Highnesses, the Indian princes, just upon the point of landing on our shores, not being received in some special way befitting their rank and authority?

The minister, in reply, said every attention would be paid to the distinguished visitors. But at present, their Highnesses had not officially notified their wishes. In Paris, they had preserved a kind of incognito: it was not known what their desires as to publicity might be. Owing to an accident which it was understood befell their interpreter, an offer of services had been tendered to the princes by the English Embassy in Paris; but it had been replied by their Highnesses, that they had the adequate aid of an eminent Englishman in that capacity.

Our office startled the whole premises, from basement to roof, by a round of cheers. The eminent Englishman could be no other than Tom Brims. He had achieved fame; he had been alluded to in the British parliament. It calmed our excitement a little in the course of the morning to carve an inscription upon the desk which had had the honor in former times of propping his elbows, and on which he had momentarily rested the pewter pots containing his stout. Each one of us, by means of our penknives, contributed a word in turn. The composition stated that "T. Brims, Esq., the eminent Englishman alluded to in parliamen-

by the Indian minister, on the evening of the 16th of July, as the able interpreter of their Highnesses the Indian princes then visiting Europe, once labored at that obscure desk."

The junior member of the firm—for such a thing as this was not to be kept a secret from the principals—said we had made a mistake in the last word but four of the inscription. It was inaccurate, he said, to assert that Brims had "labored" at that desk.

But Tom Brims's fellow-clerks did him what feeble honor they could, in return for the greater honor he had conferred upon them and on the office. As soon as we learned that the princes had arrived in London, and were located at Claridge's, we made business bend to higher considerations. We arranged for a collective attendance in front of that hotel at an early hour on the following morning. We there patiently awaited the issuing forth of their Highnesses for the day's sight-seeing. By using our elbows, and by letting it be known among the group assembled there, that we were friends of the great interpreter, we got front places. It happened exactly as I had foretold to the clerks. The three bejewelled chieftains, their visages sallower, their dark eyes fiercer even than in Paris, came out with a stately shuffle; then followed Tom Brims, this time without the white linen curtain to his hat, doubtless in compliment to his native climate; and, after him, three or four Hindus of humble dress and appearance belonging to the suite. At sight of Tom Brims, his old associates, drawing closer together in a semicircle, swung their hats into the air, giving a loud hurrah in his honor.

It was misunderstood by the princes. They stopped short; the eldest, whose swarthy countenance became of a sickly pallor, drew his flashing scimitar half-way out of its jewel-enamelled sheath. I am ashamed to say there was a panic. The clerks fled, and so did the rest of the group whom the clerks had not knocked sprawling over in the first impulsive effort. These prostrate individuals a policeman on duty there judiciously attacked, saying, as he vigorously used his stick: "Do you think as their 'ighnesses is used to sich rows as *we* have to put up with?"

As for myself, I had a justification for going quickly into the middle of the road. Brims had told me of the habit the princes had of turning their displeasure upon their servants. I had no wish that even two or three Hindus should perish for me. But their Highnesses rallied. The impression that it was a plot to assassinate them passed away. The scimitar was restored to its hiding, unstained by blood, and the princes got into their carriages. Tom Brims had recognized us. His blue eyes closed in rapid succession several times. He had to enter one of the vehicles, but, before doing so, he came to the back of the carriage, beckoning to him one of us, the least far away. He left a message, saying that all was right; we should hear from him.

We did more than hear from Tom; we saw him; we feasted with him. His greatness had neither turned his head nor spoiled his heart. On the following night, when he managed to get two hours of leisure, he entertained us at a hotel in Fleet street in a manner which would have done no discredit to

the princes, if they, instead of their interpreter, had themselves been the givers of the banquet. Behind Tom Brims's chair squatted a turbaned servant whom he had brought with him; not to wait upon him, for the Hindu knew nothing of our habits. Brims must have brought him as a specimen. It had a great effect, since, whenever Tom addressed him in queer-sounding words, the servant went down on his hands and knees to reply. In his reply to our compliments in drinking his health, he graciously wished he could make all our fortunes as easily as his own had been made. But it was impossible. His influence over the princes, though it might be considerable, must not be over-estimated. All that he could do would be to make a post on their Highnesses' staff for one of us, by way of showing what he wished he could have done for all. His own duties were too much for him. What with messages from the Indian Office, and calls from peeresses and ladies of fashion, who wanted the princes for lions, he was greatly overworked. If some one of us would not consider it derogatory to act for a time as his secretary, he had no doubt that on his asking their Highnesses they would make the appointment. As to remuneration, our hopes must be moderate. He could not hold out a prospect of more than—say £200 or £250 a month during the princes' stay, with a handsome present at the close.

Everybody was attacked with a fit of modesty. They said it was too much.

"Nay," answered Brims; "it is only their cashing one diamond more. See, this is how the princes pay!" He

threw down upon the table three loose stones of large size, and which, only half-cut as they were, glinted and coruscated in the gas-light. Putting them carelessly back into his waistcoat pocket, after our awed examination of them, he added, that it would be difficult for him to make a selection from among us—to choose who his secretary should be. We must give him a little time to think about it. It would have to be a kind of lottery.

When Tom Brims left, which he did amidst the most vociferous cheering, I, in pursuance of a signal he made to me, went with him, the others being left to continue the entertainment. If any of them were indulging hopes of the secretaryship, they were doomed to disappointment. As soon as we were in the cab, the turbaned servant being outside on the box with the driver, Tom put his hand heavily on my shoulder, and said: "You are the man! It is only fair; you had the start of the others. You picked me up in Paris, you know."

I was overwhelmed. I told him, that owing to his friendship, my luck was going to be second only to his own.

Tom took me with him into the hotel. Their Highnesses were in their rooms, as was sufficiently betokened by the rich odor of strange aromatic drugs, mingled with the scent of fine, powerful tobacco, with which the atmosphere was heavy. The apartments were a handsome suite furnished in the ordinary way, no doubt, but just then they had an untidy, makeshift look, owing to all the European furniture, with the exception of a stray couch and an odd chair in a corner, having been removed—

Thick cushions placed on gay carpet-covered mattresses here and there did not quite make up, in my unaccustomed eyes, for the absence of more furniture. It too much resembled the last night in a house from which you were flitting, or else the first in which you had just arrived, before the household belongings were unpacked. Tom Brims passed into the innermost room for an audience with the nabobs. Several dark-skinned, melancholy-eyed figures, looking very mysterious in their long, tucked-up robes, glided noiselessly in and out, never failing deeply to salaam to me in passing. I was embarrassed: to merely nod back seemed such a very poor acknowledgment of their elaborate ceremonial performance.

When Tom came back to me, he had a great bundle of open letters and documents in his hand. He was in ill-humor, and he made the Hindu attendants know it by the strength of the language he indulged in. They only bent still lower before him—growing meeker, if it were possible.

"I know that expense matters nothing to them," said Tom, having skirmished the natives from the room; but it is the childishness of the thing that vexed me. I find in the Exhibition, this morning, they bought thirteen carriages." He flourished the accounts for them openly in his hand, his voice and eyes not quite free of traces of the banquet we had come from. "Thirteen! If they had bought, say, three, well and good; but no; they go in for above a dozen. I say, it is ridiculous."

I tried to soothe him.

"But," he persisted, "if they go on purchasing as they have done in Paris

and here, there won't be shipping enough in all the ports of Britain to convey the things to Bombay."

I waited while he hastily docketed the papers, finally stowing them away in a travelling-desk. That done, he turned about, and clapped his hands, which startled me as much as our English cheer the day before had scared the nabobs. He grimly smiled, pointing, by way of explanation, to a crouching attendant, who had instantly appeared in the door-way in answer to the summons.

In the course of a little confidential conversation which followed, Tom explained to me the princes' plans. He said they would leave London the day after to-morrow, for a short time. They were sensible people in their own way, he said, if they did not fool their money away so. They had determined to get through their business before giving themselves up to pleasure. One chief object of their visit was to get really to know what England was, and, with that view, they intended going down to Manchester, and from thence to Liverpool. Then, having made their observations in the manufacturing and commercial centres, they would return to the metropolis for a round of festivities among the grandees. "Then," said Brims, "we shall show you what Indian splendor is. That is," he added hollowly, and with a rapid change of face, "if we are all spared."

He repeated this grave reflection more than once; a kind of melancholy progressively overpowered him.

"I fear," said he, "that from present appearances a coroner's inquest will have to be held."

Utterly bewildered, I begged him to explain himself.

"Put me up," he answered. "When I sat down here, I had forgotten the length of my legs. We will go out, and I'll tell you all."

After I had helped him up, and he had stretched his cramped limbs into use again, we went down into the street.

"I think," said Tom, "your stipend ought to be more than the paltry sum I mentioned, because I fear it won't last long. In a certain number of days, I expect *they will every one be starved to death.*"

What could I do but doubt my own ears. "In a land of plenty!" I exclaimed.

"They got rid of their cook in Paris," he said with a groan.

"Well, what of that?" I asked; "why don't they get another cook?"

"That shows how little you know of India and Indians," he answered. "There is not another cook for them within ten thousand miles. You might just as well tell them to get another interpreter."

I ventured to say that some of the other servants could make shift in that way surely.

"I did not know that you were so perfectly ignorant," said Tom. "That is the result of your ignorance of Indian superstitions. If these princes tasted a morsel cooked by a man not of the right caste, they would be lost forever, or at least, they believe so. They will perish of hunger first, I can tell you. They are living now on some rice cake that happened to be baked ready, eked out with opium and tobacco smoke. But they cannot do

that long. I want to get them down to Manchester as quickly as I can, for I believe there is a little colony of Brahmins there, and they may get a mouthful of food."

I could not help turning about to look up at the house windows, in wonder, thinking of these Eastern potentates rolling in diamonds, yet sitting there in the midst of great, noisy, heedless London, starving on account of a religious scruple. What suggestion was it possible for anybody to make in such a case as that? Tom, speaking in sepulchral tones, said:

"Let us hope something will turn up at Manchester to keep them alive. You must get leave of absence from Fenchurch street; they will never stand in the way of your making a little fortune in a few weeks. I'll push the figures up high enough for it to be worth your while, whatever happens."

Tom Brims, after this unburdening of his mind, quickly recovered his spirits. It was no fault of his, he said, that the princes were such fanatics. When I parted from him, I went home, and dreamt all night, in slightly varying forms, that the wealth of India was mine, but that there was not a cook to be had, and that I had nothing but unboiled diamonds to eat.

(To be continued.)

A society has been formed in England, under the title of the National Health Society, the object of which shall be to help every man and woman, rich and poor, to know for himself and herself, and to carry out practically around them, the best conditions of healthy living.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

We are not surprised that the *London Times*, with all its hostility to Catholics the world over, is disgusted with the position taken by the Protestant religious and secular press in treating the persecution in Germany. The very men who have been loudest in their admiration of Puritan pluck and covenanting spirit are the first to speak of Monseigneur Ledochowski as a malecontent and law-shirking bigot. They have seen the venerable bishop exposed to affront, penalties and imprisonment and have charitably agreed that "it served him right." Nay more, we have read, in more than one medium of enlightened thought, cold-blooded commentaries on the necessity of the iron empire's enactments sandwiched of course with layers of trite balderdash about the deference due the state. With a consistency to which they seem to have sole right and title, they laud this state to the skies, while they exalt rampant liberalism in the same breath. Crowned despotism and red-shirted license have a common merit in their eyes from their common bond of enmity to Rome. The *London Times*, it appears, has noticed this amiable weakness in many of its contemporaries, and we must admit that it gives them an honest chastisement in placing in its true light the abused question.

This is what it says:

Monseigneur Ledochowski, in his reply to the summons addressed to him by the Government to resign his See, states that a Bishop derives his authority from the Pope and *not from the Civil Power*; he therefore will not resign at the command of the latter. He would only abandon his See if the Pope wished him to do so, and at present he intends to remain at his post.

The *Montreal True Witness*, in commenting on this admirably, defines the position of the persecuted prelates and gives the Bismarck worshippers a merited rebuke. It speaks of the above paragraph as follows:

This is the offence, the sole offence against the State with which the Prelates of the Catholic Church in Germany can be charged. They assert that in the exercise

of their purely spiritual functions they owe allegiance to Christ alone, speaking to them through His Vicar on earth, the Pope; and that the Civil Power has no spiritual jurisdiction whatsoever. For this they are persecuted, fined, and threatened with exile or imprisonment. The State cannot tolerate a divided allegiance.

It is lawful for the Protestant minister to assert the existence of two kingdoms, of two distinct authorities within one and the same country; why then should it not be equally lawful for the Catholic Bishop to do the same? And yet neither in Germany, nor in Switzerland, have Catholics used such violent language to denounce the pretensions of the State, as that which was to be heard in every Protestant pulpit in Scotland against the arbitrary proceedings of the Stuart Kings; whilst never in their wildest excesses did the claims of the latter approach even to those now set forth by the civil authorities in Germany and Switzerland. For instance: One of the leading Edinburgh ministers—Dury—openly applauded the treasonable attempt on the King known as the *Raid of Ruthven*: whilst Mr. Andrew Melvil having, as Dr. Robertson in his *History of Scotland* tells us, "obliquely intimated" from the pulpit that the wrongs of the nation ought to be redressed in the days of James VI in the same manner as they were redressed in the reign of James III, (who was assassinated), and having been called to answer for his seditious language before the Privy Council—openly denied the competence of any civil tribunal to sit in judgment upon him in an ecclesiastical cause; the "presbytery he contended had the sole right to call him to account for words spoken in the pulpit; and neither King nor council could judge in the first instance of the doctrine delivered by preachers, without violating the immunities of the Church." —*Robertson's Hist.* lib. 6.

These are the liberties for which the fathers of Protestantism contended. For so contending they are immortalized in Protestant ecclesiastical annals and held up to our admiration for their heroic vindication of

the principles of civil and religious liberty; their words and actions are on anniversaries propounded to us, as only a little less worthy of our perpetual admiration and eternal gratitude, than the words of Him Who brought glad tidings of salvation to the poor and oppressed, and Who gave His life for us upon the cross.

We are not disparaging the memory of these men. In that in their day they fought against the accursed principle of Erastianism—or as we call it now-a-days Gallicanism, for the two words mean precisely the same thing—they did a good work; they asserted formally a true principle though materially they misapplied it, and are so far entitled to praise. But—and this is the point we are coming to—why is it that—if the Puritans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Scotch Presbyterians and Covenanters be worthy of praise for resisting the encroachments of the civil power on the spiritual domain; for asserting, and suffering persecution for upholding the principle that there were two Kings and two Kingdoms within one and the same country; to one of which Kings, and Lords, and men of all degree owed allegiance, and over which they could exercise no authority—why is it Catholics of the present day, for asserting precisely the same principle, only in language more moderate and more respectful toward the Civil Magistrate, should be held up to execration, and subject to civil pains and penalties amidst the loud applause of the Protestant world?

The spirit of enterprise which has characterized the management of the *Catholic Review* has been of late very markedly illustrated in the growing value of its foreign correspondence. From its representative in London the following letter from the Archbishop of Westminster has been forwarded and published in a recent impression.

“ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,

“WESTMINSTER, S. W., Dec. 2, 1873.

“MY DEAR SIR: As I do not know who is to be the President or Head of the American Pilgrimage, I write to you to ask you to say in my name, that the Catholics of England will give a hearty and homely welcome to the Catholics of the United States. We are in every sense brothers in blood, and race, and speech, and faith, and we shall count our-

selves to be represented by your Pilgrims wheresoever they go.

“I would ask you to let me have timely notice of their coming, that I may not be absent. I have an engagement at Leeds for the 27th, 28th, and 29th of January; but, this time excepted, I shall be in London.

“Pray say all this in my name; and let me know any wishes they have to express.

“Believe me, always,

“My dear Mr. ———,

“Yours very truly.

“HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.”

We are glad to see that this project of an American Pilgrimage, in spite of some uncatholic persons' caustic sayings is beginning to assume the shape of a thoroughly organized movement. The itinerary to be followed and the chances of securing favorable terms of transportation are being discussed and agreed upon; the opinions of the clergy and laity throughout the country have been consulted and found accordant; and nothing remains but to determine the time of embarkation and such other arrangements as the needs of the enterprise may suggest. The letter of Archbishop Manning is full of encouragement, and bespeaks a solicitude for the concerns of his transatlantic brothers in the faith that merits our grateful appreciation; and *propos* of the subject of pilgrimages, we cannot resist replying to the men of doubts and those of sneers as well in the words of a writer in the *Dublin Review*: “What shall the end of these things be? you ask. We cannot tell. Not all our prayers may be heard; not all our hopes may be fulfilled; the triumph of the Church may be delayed a little longer. But one thing we cannot doubt. There will spring from the present movement, in which the finger of God is so clearly visible, a livelier and a more earnest faith, a more burning charity, a more out-spoken testimony to the divinity of the Church of God and to the value of her influence, a more bold and unflinching policy in every Catholic nation under the sun, and in our Lord's own time the recognition even by the world itself that the Church which could produce such a movement is none other than that city which has an eternal foundation, whose builder and maker is God.”



CATHOLIC ITEMS.

A Catholic man may sin, like other men; he may be false in every relation of life; he may be false in the domestic circle; he may be false socially; he may be false politically; but one thing you may be sure of—that he either does not go to confession at all, or, if he goes to confession, and comes to the holy altar, there is an end to his falsehood, there is an end to his sin; and the whole world around him, in the social circle, the domestic circle, the political circle, receives an absolute guarantee, an absolute proof that that man must be all that I have described the Christian man to be—a man in whom every one, in every relation of life, may trust and confide. This is the test. Do not speak to me of Catholics who do not give us this test. When a Catholic does not go to the sacraments, I could no more trust in him than in any other man. I say to you, do not talk to me about Catholics who do not go to the Sacraments. I have nothing to say of them, only to pray for them, to preach to them, and to beseech them to come to this holy Sacrament, where they will find grace to enable them to live up to the principles which they had forsaken. But give me the practical, intellectual Catholic man,—the man of faith: give me the man of human power and intelligence, and the higher power, divine principle and divine love. With that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world—*Patheer Burke*

A very ancient Catholic Altar of the third century has been recently discovered at St. Paray, in the Ardeches, France. It is a work of art in marble, and is ornamented with Christian symbols, mingled with Pagan emblems. It is valuable as a record of very early Christianity; and as an evidence of the antiquity of many of the symbols still seen in the ornaments of the Catholic Church. It is now deposited in the museum of St. Germain. For centuries it has been used as a horse trough.

You cannot hope for anything like contentment so long as you continue to attach that ridiculous degree of importance to the events of this life which so many people are inclined to do. Observe the effect which it has upon them: they are most uncomfortable if their little projects do turn out according to their fancy—nothing is to be angular to them; they regard external things as the only realities; and as they have fixed their abode here, they must have it arranged to their mind. In all they undertake, they feel the anxiety of a gambler, and not calmness of a laboring man. It is, however, the success or failure of their efforts, and not the motives for their endeavor, which gives them this concern. “It will be all the same a hundred years hence.” So says the Epicurean as he saunters by. The Christian exhorts them to extend their hopes and fears to the far future. But they are up to their lips in the present, though they taste it none the more for that. And so they go on, fretting and planning and contending; until an event, about which of all their anxieties they have felt the least anxious, sweeps them and their cobwebs away from the face of the earth.

The New York Times has a table showing how clergymen are paid in that city. While the Protestant “pastors” average from one thousand eight hundred to five thousand dollars per annum, the highest salary being twelve thousand and the lowest five hundred, the Catholic priests receive average salaries of seven hundred dollars, the highest salary being eight hundred and the lowest six.

Mgr. Capel, who is the appointed head of the Catholic University of England, recently said: “I am convinced that while large numbers of people are moving Romewards, a much greater mass of Englishmen are giving up all belief in Christianity; and that at no very distant period.”

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

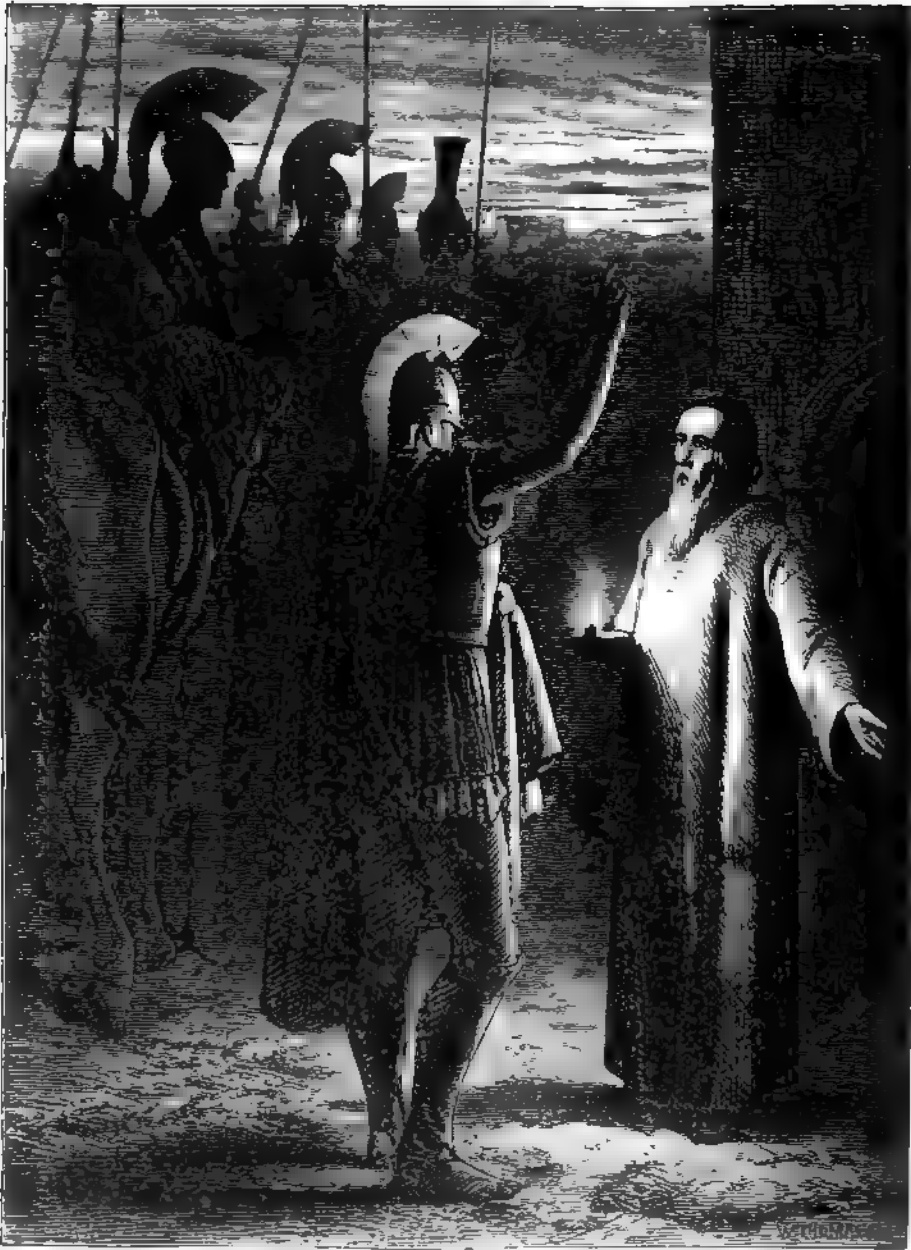
There is now exhibiting in Paris one of the most startling works of genius and art that we have ever witnessed. It is a diorama of the siege of Paris, and all Paris is running wild to view it. There is some species of optical illusion in connection with it that no one seems able to understand. Although a painting, it so closely resembles nature that, on suddenly entering the hall, the spectator is bewildered, and invariably complains of dizziness as his eye scans the intervening scenes and the distant horizon presented to view. Of course, as we could not understand, we cannot describe, and we scarcely expect the reader to believe that it was difficult to realize that we were not really standing on a lofty eminence between the lines of the contending armies, and viewing the progress of the siege. The building in which the diorama is exhibited is circular, and about three hundred feet in diameter, with a glass dome. On entering it the visitor passes along a rather dark passage to what seems the centre of the building, and then proceeds up a circular series of stone steps, about forty in number, and finds himself on a circular platform on the top of a veritable hill of earth; strewn with cannon-balls and shell, the object of the artist being to place him in the Fort of Issy, surrounded on every side by the incidents of the siege, with the city of Paris and its monuments, domes and steeples in the distance. By close examination it could be discovered that the nearer earthworks of the picture, and even some of the cannon, for a distance of fifty or sixty feet from the platform, is veritable earth, and undoubted cannon and real willow gabions and sand bags, but the exact spot where the substantials ended, and the canvas began was not so easily detected. The reader must take our word for it that, as we stood on the platform, representing an elevated position in one of the bastions of Fort Issy, it appeared to the mortal vision of all of us just as if we were there in reality in the midst of the siege. We would scarcely be-

lieve we were inside of a building, as nature was so closely imitated that it seemed as if the vision embraced every tree and hillock up to Fortress Mont Valerien, eight or ten miles distant. The horizon was perfect all around the circle, and there was nothing visible to indicate that we were not out in the open air, except circular canvas, suspended as if from the clouds, high up over our heads, and nothing visible anywhere to indicate that we were in reality inside of a building viewing a painting. The whole seems to be a piece of legerdemain in art that has never been attempted before. When we came out of the building we involuntarily turned around and measured its size with our eyes, in a vain attempt to unravel its mystery.

A party of surveyors belonging to the United States geological survey expedition of 1872 had a novel experience on the summit of a peak near Cinnabar mountain. When they were within five hundred feet of the top, a storm came up and they were enveloped in clouds. The ascent was very difficult, as the fragments of rock were sharp, and the most of them loose, sliding from beneath the feet of the party as they clambered upward. One of the company, however, succeeded in reaching the highest point and depositing his instruments, where he discovered that he was in the midst of an electrical cloud, and his feelings not being of the most agreeable sort, he retreated. As he neared the remainder of the party they observed that his hair was standing on end, as though he were on an electrical stool, and they could hear a series of snapping sounds, as if he were receiving the charges of a number of frictional electrical machines. Another member who attempted the ascent soon received a shock which deterred him. The peak was appropriately called Electric Peak. Its altitude, as measured the following day, is 10,990 feet above the sea.

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"Standing there I told him of God's mercies, while soldiers sitting silent on their steeds, listened with awe and wonder"—*The Monk's Story.*

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

VOL. X.—APRIL, 1874.—No. 58.

A GREAT LINGUIST.

The name of Mezzofanti has long been familiar to our ears. Almost all published records of travel in Italy—and these are legion—have contained more or less detailed accounts of him and his acquirements; and few tourists, even of the unambitious class, content merely to talk over their recollections, but have returned with some tale to tell of this far-famed and easily accessible Italian lion. These written and spoken reminiscences have, however, widely differed. That Mezzofanti was a distinguished linguist, all have, indeed, agreed; but, even in this particular, there has been exaggeration on one hand, and depreciation on the other. Still more discrepant have been the estimates as to the general intellectual development of the man. By many he has been described as little other than a superior sort of parrot—pronounced wholly wanting in the philosophical element, and in that power of combination so essential to philological excellence; styled a “framer of keys to palace-gates he had no power to enter;” “a man who, marvellous in knowing fifty languages, was still more marvellous in never saying in one of them anything worthy to be remembered.”

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By others, he has been accredited with stores of profound and varied information, spoken of as not only an extraordinary linguist, but an extraordinary philologist, as gifted with an “eminently analytical mind, which rapidly penetrated the genius of different languages, and made them his own.”

Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti was born at Bologna, in the September of 1774. His parents were in humble circumstances; his father, a carpenter, intelligent and skilful in his craft, upright and honorable in character and conduct; his mother, somewhat superior in point of education to her husband, and uniting much natural talent to a sweet disposition and deeply religious heart. Of their numerous family, two only survived childhood: a daughter, Teresa by name, who married a hair-dresser; and the future linguist, who was ten years younger than this his only sister.

His worthy parents, sensible of their own lack of learning, were determined to bestow it on their only son. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school; but here he astonished his mistress, and soon exhausted the good woman's stock of elementary instruction. His next move was to a more advanced

school, kept by an Abbate Cicotti; but here, too, he so rapidly ran through the curriculum, that the worthy priest advised his parents, young as the boy then was, to send him at once to some institution where he might devote himself unrestrainedly to higher and more congenial studies.

The difficulties made by the father were at length smoothed away, and the boy was entered at a school at Bologna managed by the clergy, and among them several Jesuits. The Jesuits, with their rapid insight into the potentialities of the young minds committed to their care, soon took note of their promising scholar, and treated him with distinction and confidence. Little is known of the exact course of his school-days, but we read of marvellous feats of memory—a folio page of a Greek treatise read once and repeated without a blunder—of uniform success in all classes, general popularity, and friendships formed which lasted throughout life. He early manifested a desire to take holy orders, but this was contrary to his father's wishes, who, like all fathers of distinguished men, had views of his own for his son, diametrically opposed to that son's inborn vocation. However, his mother came to the rescue, and he became a scholar in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Bologna, when only a boy of twelve. At the age of fifteen, he took his degree in philosophy; but his health sank beneath study so continued and intense, and he was unable to enter upon his theological course till four years later. Having completed it, as well as that of canon-law, he attended a celebrated priest's lectures on Roman law, and established a reputation in the

class for such proficiency in each of his many studies as would have rewarded undivided attention to it.

It is pleasant to read of his studies being shared by Clotilda Tambroni—herself a professor in the university of Bologna, and a linguist of no mean eminence—and to know that the warm friendship thus formed endured throughout life. But Mezzofanti's Greek studies did not engross him. It was during this time that he learned Arabic and Coptic. French and German he had already learned. The latter was taught him by a Swede of the name of Thuilus, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the revolutionary party in Bologna, was exiled about this time. His absence was the means of first calling out that extraordinary, that almost intuitive quickness in mastering a new language, with which Mezzofanti in after years was wont to amaze even those who knew him best. Being sent for to act as interpreter to a youth newly arrived from Sweden, and consigned to the care of an uncle in Bologna, he found that the language the stranger spoke was as unintelligible to him as to the perplexed circle of relatives. What was to be done? Difficulties were incentives to the zealous linguist. He asked for the books the boy had brought with him, took them home, discovered the affinities between Swedish and German, mastered the peculiarities that distinguish the former from other Teutonic tongues, and, in a few days, was able not only to act as interpreter, but to converse with ease and rapidity!

At the age of twenty-three, Mezzofanti was admitted into full orders, and

appointed professor of Arabic in the University of Bologna; a high distinction, indeed, for one so young. But his tenure of the flattering post was a very brief one. The revolutionary party in Bologna having, early in 1796, invited the French to take possession of their city, the advancing army willingly complied. Before the year was over, Bologna was merged in the Cisalpine Republic, the name given to Bonaparte's conquests in Northern Italy. The new rulers next proceeded to demand of all public officials an oath of fidelity to the republican government, and this oath was enforced with especial strictness in the case of ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, to their honor be it spoken, such was the respect of the authorities for the talents of the young abbé, that they were willing to make an exception in his favor, and to dispense with the oath he had refused to take, provided he would consent to exchange overt acts of courtesy with the republican governor. On this point, however, Mezzofanti was alike inexorable: and accordingly, in 1798, he lost his professorship, as did also his friend Clotilda, and the celebrated experimentalist Ludovico Galvani.

This was no small sacrifice to loyalty on Mezzofanti's part. At that time his parents were both in feeble health, his father unable to ply his trade, his mother's sight rapidly failing. His sister had become mother of a large family, whom she found it difficult to maintain—still more to educate. Mezzofanti had liberally assisted them all out of his professional income, which only amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars but which was his chief means

of support, the two small benefices conferred upon him as a title to ordination, not exceeding forty dollars. Another forty dollars had been settled upon him by a clerical friend, and this yearly eighty dollars was all he had to look to. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded at this juncture to take his sister and her family into his house; and to meet the necessary increase of expenditure, he, like many a brave-hearted man, in all times, bent his genius to the lowly and laborious task of teaching. We are glad to know that this self-sacrifice had its compensations. It brought him into friendly relations with several distinguished families, opened to him libraries rich in foreign books, and afforded him frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with foreigners. Indeed, thanks to its political reverses, Bologna was at that time a first-rate school for a linguist. French or Austrian troops alternately occupied it during four years, and amongst the latter were found representatives of most of the leading European languages, Teutonic, Slavonic, Czealink, Magyar, Romaic, etc., all of which were spoken by Mezzofanti with rare perfection; for his religious zeal and his active benevolence had combined to strengthen the natural bias of his mind, and to give him a lofty motive for its indulgence. The military hospitals were filled with Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians wounded or invalided; and to use Mezzofanti's own words: "It pained him to the heart, that for want of means of communicating with them, he should be unable to confess those among them who were Catholic." Accordingly, he was wont to apply

himself energetically to the study of a patient's language till he knew enough to make himself understood; then, by frequenting the sick wards, he soon acquired a considerable vocabulary; and thus he came to know not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces.

Then, again, Bologna was a capital school for a linguist, because, being on the high road to Rome, almost all travellers to the capital stopped there a while. The hotel-keepers, knowing Mezzofanti's passion for a new tongue, were in the habit of apprising him of all new arrivals; and with his sociable, cheerful temperament, and perfect freedom from insular *mauvaise honte*, and dread of committing ourselves, it was to him the easiest and simplest thing in the world to "call on these strangers, interrogate them, make notes of their communications, and take lessons from them in pronunciation." At this time, he tells us, "I made it a rule to learn every new grammar, and to apply myself to every strange dictionary that came within my reach. I was constantly filling my head with new words. I must confess that it cost me but little trouble; for, in addition to an excellent memory, God had blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech." Early in 1803, the abbé's financial position was a little improved by his appointment of assistant-librarian to the *Instituto* of Bologna; and before the close of the year he was chosen professor of oriental languages. He was now about thirty years of age, and there is some reason to believe that he was already master

of twenty-four languages. What with constant study, his arduous duties of librarian, family distress, and loss of sleep, Mezzofanti's health now began to give way. At this very time he received a most flattering invitation from the Emperor Napoleon to transfer his residence to Paris, where scientific or literary eminence was then sure of distinction and reward. But his love for his native city and its university, and his attachment to his sister's family, so dependent upon his care, combined with a genuine modesty which made him feel that the "shade suited him best," led him to decline the invitation and all its brilliant possibilities. The good man preferred to dwell among his own people, laboring at the wearisome compilation of the library catalogue, tending the sick-bed of his blind mother, composing odes, sonnets, nay, on one occasion, a little comedy for his nephews and nieces, of whom he was the familiar friend and playmate, as well as the earnest and respected instructor. But one of the most painfully-felt reverses in the even tenor of Mezzofanti's way was now at hand. In 1808, the oriental professorship, in which he took such delight, was suppressed. This gave him, however, more time to study, and he now first turned his attention to Sanscrit and other Indian languages, with whose vast importance Sir William Jones and others had familiarized the English, but to which Frederic Schlegel had only just called the attention of the learned in continental Europe.

In 1814, a bright change came over the fortunes of our loyal churchman. Pius VII having been at last set free to return to his capital, reached Bologna

in the month of April, and pressingly invited Mezzofanti to accompany him to Rome, and undertake the secretaryship of the Propaganda, which is well known to be the first step in the direction of a cardinalate. But again the modest student declined to exchange his quiet life for a more brilliant position; and the pontiff could bestow on him no other mark of favor than his reestablishment as oriental professor.

Hitherto, we have drawn our information respecting Mezzofanti from Italian sources only; but now that the peace of 1814 had turned the annual tide of tourists in the old southward direction, he began to be one of the chief objects of attraction at Bologna, and we hear of distinguished men from all quarters visiting him to test his extraordinary gift of tongues. Amongst these was Lord Byron, who, disliking, as he said, literary men, and especially foreigners, excepted Mezzofanti, and owned he should like to see him again, calling him, in his lively way, "a master of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and *omnium gatherum*, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter—a marvel indeed—unassuming also. I tried him," Lord Byron goes on to say, "in all the tongues in which I knew a single oath or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, postmasters, etc., and, egad! he astonished me—even to my English." When Mezzofanti was forty-five, he had the grief of losing his friend, the celebrated Clotilda Tambroni, who,

like himself, had been reinstated in her Greek professorship upon the occasion of the Pope's return to his country. She was herself an excellent linguist; and Lady Morgan tells us that it was a pleasure to hear how, without any of the "comparative respect which means the absolute scorn," her friend and coadjutor did ample justice to the profound—too often the clever woman's only portion—learning which had raised her to an equality of collegiate rank with himself.

It has been said that "happy are the nations whose annals are dull;" happy, too, was Mezzofanti, we cannot doubt, during the next twelve years of his life—happy in constant occupation, in the culture and exercise of his special gift, and the loving esteem of family and friends, we pass on to his first visit to Rome in 1830, where he was received by Gregory XVI with the utmost kindness, and at his final audience personally and pressingly invited to settle in Rome, and accept the secretaryship of the Propaganda. It was not, however, till after what the pope himself called "a long siege," that Mezzofanti consented, gracefully acknowledging his obligations to the pontiff, and declaring that though people said he could speak a great many languages, in no one of them, nor in them all, could he find words to express how deeply he felt this mark of his holiness's regard.

And now do we indeed for once behold "the right man in the right place." At the great Urban College, whither students are gathered from every quarter of the world, we have the tutor able to speak to the representatives of forty-one distinct nation-

alities in his own language. Mezzofanti, at the Propaganda! His first visit there must have afforded a curious scene. Making his way unattended to one of the corridors, the first room he chanced to enter was that of a Turkish student, now Archbishop at Constantinople. The abbé at once began a Turkish conversation; next came a young Greek, and the Turkish was changed for Romaic. On the approach of an Irish O'Connor, Romaic gave place to English. Soon the students, attracted by the novel sounds, came pouring in, each to be greeted in his own tongue!

But there was one language unrepresented at the Propaganda, and for that one—namely, Chinese—the insatiable linguist had long and ardently craved. However, there was at Naples a Chinese college, designed for the education, as catechists, of natives of China, Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, and the Indian peninsula. To Naples, accordingly, Mezzofanti went, and threw himself with his accustomed ardor into the study of this most difficult and complicated language. But he paid the penalty of immoderate application, for fever quickly ensued, and his life was for some time in danger. The effect of his illness was completely to suspend his memory for the time. He forgot all languages except his own native Italian. No sooner had health and strength returned, than he devoted himself anew to his life-long pursuit, and having before his attack succeeded in mastering the rudimental principles of the Chinese language, he now availed himself of the assistance of some Chinese students opportunely transferred from Naples to the Pro-

paganda; and accordingly we find that Chinese was one of the thirty languages of which his knowledge has been thoroughly tested and freely admitted by competent judges. He owned, however, that he had acquired it with unwonted difficulty. His method, as he once told Cardinal Wiseman, being to learn through the ear, and not the eye, and Chinese, unlike all other tongues, having an eye-language distinct from the ear-language, of which he was obliged to make a separate and special study.

In 1838, Mezzofanti was called to the purple, which of course brought him into still closer relations with the pontiff, to whom he was so sincerely attached. But his favorite studies went on undisturbed. Though now in his grand climacteric, he did not think it too late to set about acquiring several languages with which he had before had little or no acquaintance. Of these, one was Amarinna, an Abyssinian dialect, and the other the proverbially "impossible" Basque—Basque, with its eleven-mooded and numberless tense-verb, and its utter absence of affinity with any European language whatever.

The death of Pope Gregory XVI, in 1846, was a great trial to his attached friend, though Pius IX regarded him with friendship and favor equal to that shown by his predecessor. Mezzofanti had never taken any part in politics under the former pontificate, nor did he do so now. The fulfilment of his public duties as cardinal, the confessional whenever a foreigner needed his services, and, above all, his pupils in the Propaganda, formed the business of his self-denying and laborious life. During the whole period of his cardinalate, he

had been accustomed to help the students in composing their national odes for the Polyglot Academy, held during the week of the Epiphany. These odes were written in no fewer than fifty tongues, and the cardinal would overlook and correct them all. Often during the recitations of the oriental poems especially, the speaker would turn exclusively to him as the only competent judge of his performance. Amidst political storms, and in spite of his rapidly failing strength, when his favorite festival came round in 1849, he had still a regret to spare for the absence of the accustomed Polyglot Academy of the Propaganda. But his own end was now rapidly drawing near. An alarming attack of pleurisy was followed by gastric fever; he grew weaker and weaker, though conscious to the last; and on the 17th of March, after two months of patient and prayerful suffering, and with words of happy hope on his lips, he calmly expired.

Having given this sketch of a life which, with its privations and its single-minded devotion to a favorite pursuit, reminds us of that of a scholar of the middle ages, we proceed to inquire what Mezzofanti's linguistic attainments really were. We have seen that in 1805, when little more than thirty years old, he was commonly reported to be master of twenty-four languages at least. Twelve years later, Mr. Stewart Rose speaks of him as "reading twenty languages, and conversing in eighteen." Three years later, again, Baron von Zach computes the languages spoken by him to be thirty-two; and Lady Morgan quotes public report as raising the number to

forty. In 1836 he himself told Count Mazzinghi, the well-known composer, that he knew forty-five; and three years later he was in the habit of saying that he knew "fifty, and Bolognese." Ten years after this, Mezzofanti told Palten Bresciani, the rector of the Propaganda, that he knew seventy-eight languages and dialects; and his nephew, Dr. Gastano Minarelli, has, since the cardinal's death, compiled, after much careful examination of his uncle's books and papers, a list which swells the number to one hundred and fourteen.

But now comes the question, what is meant by "knowing" a language? "Doctors differ." One calculates that, to give complete expression to human thought, a vocabulary of 10,000 words is required. Another asserts that 4,000 words are enough for the study of the great classics in any tongue. The standard which Dr. Russell adopts, however, appears a very fair and practical one; and when he states of any language that Mezzofanti knew it well, he means that he could read it fluently, write it correctly, and speak it idiomatically. Bearing this in mind, we proceed to give the table he has drawn up:

1. Languages frequently tested and spoken with rare excellence—thirty.
2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but less accurately tested—nine.
3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly—eleven.
4. Spoken imperfectly—eight.
5. Studied, but not known to have been spoken—fourteen.
6. Dialects spoken or understood—seven of French, six of Italian, two of English, three of Basque, four of Ara-

bic, four of German, three of Spanish, two of Chinese, and one of Hebrew—thirty-two in all. When we remember that many of these dialects offer all the difficulties of a separate language, we must own that their sum-total is astounding indeed.

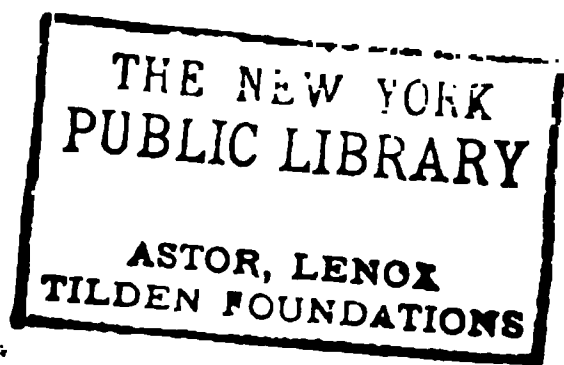
The cardinal himself told M. Libri that he found the learning of languages “less difficult than is generally thought, that there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to attend, and that when once master of these, the remainder follows with great facility”—adding, that when ten or twelve languages essentially different from each other have been thoroughly learned, an indefinite number may be added with little difficulty. But to Dr. Tholuck and others he also mentioned, that his “own way of learning new languages was no other than that of our school-boys,” by writing out paradigms and words, and learning them by heart. Dictionaries, vocabularies, and catechisms were his favorite delectation and incessant study, and his memory had an iron grasp, from which nothing once seen or heard ever seems to have escaped.

During the long nights which he devoted to study, he could hardly ever, even when a cardinal, be induced to have recourse to a fire. Singularly

abstemious in eating and drinking, limited means were yet compatible with a charity so prodigal as to gain for him the sobriquet of *Monsignor Limosiniere*. Affectionate and sincere, the friendships he once formed endured throughout life. Not less remarkable was his humility, “his habitual consciousness of what he *was not*, rather than his self-complacent recollection of what he was.” “What am I,” he would playfully say, “but an ill-bound dictionary.” Certain superficial observers seem to have associated vanity with his childlike readiness to gratify curiosity by the display of his extraordinary gifts; but this seems to have arisen from his singular self-unconsciousness, as well as from that enjoyment which God has linked with the exercise and improvement of his gift in every healthy mind. Mezzofanti’s buoyant spirit and kindly nature delighted to expand under all circumstances; but the charge of vanity is best refuted by the fact vouched for by his biographer, and worthily closing a notice of his blameless life, that “never in the most distinguished circle did he give himself to linguistic exercises with half the spirit which he evinced among his humble friends, the obscure and almost nameless students of the Propaganda.”

GRAINS OF GOLD. — There are always general features of resemblance in the works of contemporary authors, which are not so much borrowed from each other as from the times. Writers, like bees, toil their sweets in the wide

world; they incorporate with their own conceptions the anecdotes and thoughts current in society; and thus each generation has some features common characteristic of the age in which it lived.





SPRING

This glorious birth
Of buds and grasses, and the scented air
Make us forget all things that are less fair. — *The Spring Time*

ca-
like

THE SPRING-TIME.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

Regrets! the troubles of this lower world
Fall from my mind, as from the new-clad Earth
Fades out the memory of the dead leaves twirl'd
About her Autumns past. This glorious birth
Of buds and grasses, and the scented air,
Make one forget all things that are less fair.

Eternal Spring-tide! for it is eternal—
'Tis we who pass out of it, in the shade
Of youth's eclipse; but it has regions vernal
And haunting odors that die not nor fade,
Or else why should we look so fondly back,
And through the years still scent its flowery track?

Years after we have moulder'd into dust,
Young hearts shall feel what ours feel to-day;
Yet in the fairer Home there surely must
Be joys before which this shall pale its ray.
Death is so near in sunshine, and my mood
Would take it as a step to greater good.

'Twould not be hard to die 'neath this new sun;
'Twere better, perhaps, than waiting till it set
In Winter glooms that tinge the soul with dun,
And mar its vision with a vain regret.
Heaven is so near. O aërial maids, take me!
I should not fear to die, and soar with ye.

Strange that the earth, the fairer that it grows,
Should make one sit more lightly to it, than
When from the pale north sky fall fast the snows,
And babbling brooks, ice-bound, no longer ran;
We had no restless longings in those days—
We sat contented in the wintry rays,

Like children quiet, in an alien place,
Forgetful or unheeding, 'mid their toys,
Until some semblance of their mother's face,
With longing grief their little hearts annoys,
And all's forgotten, all things lose their charms,
Poor comforters, for lack of mother's loving arms.

Dear mother nature, but one glance from thee
 Is Spring for us; a smile, and Summer blooms;
 A passing frown, and Autumn from the tree
 Scatters the leaves; then Winter quick entombs
 The Earth, and it, like buried Lazarus, sleeps,
 Nor wakes till o'er it tender April weeps.

HUMOR AND SARCASM.—It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was jolly for the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in good part, and, instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the purpose of uttering a sharp repartee. Ridicule at best is a dangerous weapon. Satire, however, when levelled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

SMATTERINGS.—Learn everything, you can. It will come in play. Don't be frightened away from any pursuit because you have only a little time to devote to it. If you can't have anything more, a smattering is infinitely better than nothing. Even a slight knowledge of the arts and science opens up a whole world of thought before us. We appreciate a fine painting better because we have taken a few strokes of the pencil and know something of the difficulties of the task. Ignorance is restricted to very few pleasures; it is only intelligence which delights in all things.

We should never in any way consent to the ill-treatment of animals, because the fear of ridicule, or some other fear, prevents our interfering. As there being anything really trifling in any act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man absorbed in some worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him, and kindness to an animal is one of these, are perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording.

THE MONK'S STORY.

By F.

With the dusk I was at the little postern gate in the garden wall, where a bell-rope hung, barely within reach. I pulled it, and before the dull thump of the brazen tongue had stopped sounding, the professor was before me, holding ajar the clumsy portal.

"Come in," said he, "and wait for me upon the terrace. This gate seems not to have been opened for generations."

I walked up the stone pathway, bordered by orange and lime trees, to where the shadow of the heavy, high walls fell upon a battered marble basin.

Here I waited while a creaking noise told that the professor was straining at the reluctant gate. A soft, pale moon was in the sky, and its light lay white upon the hard-trodden walk and silvered the upper boughs of the trees. A low murmur came on the air from the more crowded parts of the city, mingled with the far-off chiming of a bell; but here all was solemn, dreamy peace. The white urns, the broken marble basin, and the tall, sombre structure rising up above me, were sad and dreary-looking in the silence. A step upon the pathway and the professor came into the moonlight, dragging a rude step-ladder after him.

"The mischief take all rust," said he. "It lies thick on anything here that ever touched metal. What with unwieldy furniture and inaccessible rooms one's temper is sorely tried."

The last words sounded hollow and sepulchral in the arched passage-way which we entered. Up stone steps we went—there is something chilling and dungeon-like in stone steps—up stone steps still we stood in a wide, arched corridor.

"Now then," said the professor, taking a lamp from a bracket and leading me into a high, roomy apartment with a long bookcase and some modernized furniture in it. This was the South Chamber, the professor's study. Books and manuscripts were scattered about it, and on a table in the centre were some curious odds and ends in stone and iron. An unearthed statue from Pompeii stood in a corner, an inscribed marble slab from the Sacred Way leaned against the wall; beside the table was a pile of dark stones from the Catacombs.

"Be seated," said the professor, motioning me to a deep, leather-covered chair. I obeyed. Then he lighted a curious bronze lamp, cleared the table, and placed on it a small iron box. From this he took, with great care and deliberation, some rolls of parchment. They were brown and musty, stained and blurred by age and neglect; but I could trace some familiar characters on them quite distinctly, and could judge from the script that the writings must have been at least fifteen hundred years old. These were the antique scriptures he had found in the old

abbey, and which we had come together to restore and translate.

"Now to work," said the professor sententiously. I took up the pen he handed me, prepared to act as his amanuensis and commit to nineteenth century paper the writings of the third.

Many an hour we passed over those musty parchments. The yellow light of the lamp streaming upon the strange shapes the room contained, and the bald, massy head of the professor, bent in deep study above his antique treasures, to this day come into my memory at times as a curious but familiar picture. Sometimes we were nonplussed by some illegible word or figure; and then the professor would readjust his spectacles, stare straight at the lamp, and frown grandly till his active mind had fairly grasped and conquered the difficulty. I came evening after evening to the South Chamber, and sat down amidst a pile of discarded books of reference and obsolete lexicons, while the professor resurrected word by word and caused me to transfer them to paper. At length one evening when the iron box was opened only one ragged sheet of parchment remained. Soon we had its contents on paper, and then the work was over. The professor had performed his task. He

had restored what had been lost for ages. Some epic, perhaps, or curious commentary, I thought; for as yet we had not translated it. But the professor cut my conjectures short.

"It is a curious story," said he, looking at the pile of parchment.

"What is?" I asked.

"The story of Felix of Amanæa."

"And who was Felix, pray?"

"The author of these writings."

"Then it is not an epic, or a history, or—"

"No, only a monkish chronicle. Still I do not regret my trouble in restoring it. It tells a curious tale—a very curious tale," he said musingly.

I admit that I was disappointed, I fancied that I was colaborer in a work which would be famed ere long and make me famous too. But now—a monkish chronicle forsooth—my idol had indeed fallen into small pieces. When the professor translated the writings, so piqued was I that I only glanced over his version. For years it has lain in our old escritoire unread. A childish hand prying among the wilderness of manuscript and print but a little time since brought it out again. The professor was right. It is a curious tale, and here I give it as it was given to me.

THE STORY OF FELIX.

"I, Felix, the Abbot of the Congregation of Hætus, awaiting my end in the trust of the Lord, write what has befallen me throughout a changeful life, to the end that those who come after me may learn therefrom the mercies of Christ God Almighty. As I look back

upon the years I have consumed in the pursuit of pleasures and upon the crimes and excesses of my early life, turn my eyes to earth for shame. cannot raise my face to heaven, for the sight of the past appalls me, and tremble as I think of it. For tw

score years have I striven to serve the Lord; as long have I mingled my tears with the dust; in fasting and prayer have I spent my days; my vigils through the night have been passed in communion with the spirit.

"I am at peace with men, and my trust is in Christ who saved us. But the past is not appeased. It rises still to trouble and confound me. In my slumbers come the rushing sound of steeds, the clank of iron armor, the crash of heavy swords through yielding bone, the thud of fallen bosoms trampled under foot. Pale faces come before me too, pale faces streaked with gaping lines of red, but grand and clear and noble. And then there sounds into mine ears the dragging of heavy chains o'er floors of stone. The fetid odors of the dungeon pollute my nostrils, and there is a smell of fire. My brain burns, my heart is bursting, and I wake to fall upon my knees and call for solace to my anguish. Grovelling in my cell do I pray the Lord to grant me peace of soul.

"I was born in Amanæa, a town of Thessaly, in the first year of the reign of Probus, Plautus being prætor of the province.

"My father was a vintner, and I, a wilful, sanguine boy, repined at such an humble lot and shirked the drudgery of the vineyard. I spent the time in play with my companions, the sons of wealthier neighbors, and took a pride in making them look up to me as their leader in all dangerous sports and reckless feats. For I was strong of limb and full of daring.

"One day, while wandering with my comrades among the hills which rose on either side the town, we came upon

two strangers seated on the ruin of an old fountain. The water from the springs of Eslon bubbled up through the broken stones, and among the fallen marbles made a pool where cattle came to drink. Below us, through a passage in the hills, gleamed the sea. A vessel was at anchor near the beach.

"As we stopped to look at the strangers one of them beckoned us to him. He was a large, dark man in a saffron-colored mantle clasped with shining brooches. He wore no sandals on his feet, but a bracelet of purest gold encircled his ankles. His companion was a small, meanly-attired person, who gave us no attention.

"'Pretty boys,' said the stranger, 'what brings you here?'

"'We come, noble sir,' I answered him, 'to bring away the newly-ripened grapes and taste the scented waters of Eslon. Perchance too we may kill a serpent in the marshes of Emnos.'

"'By Hercules! a gentle mission for such children,' said the stranger, 'but tell me, boy, you who are the largest,'—speaking to me—'could you carry for me a skin of water to the beach.'

"'I could well do it, sir,' I said, advancing to him, 'and so can any of my comrades.'

"'Wait then for those you see approaching,' he said, pointing to a number of men who came up through the passage in the hills, bearing waterskins between them. Then, motioning toward the vessel on the beach, 'Help them to carry the water of this pool to it and these shall be yours.' As he spoke he took a handful of glittering coin from his girdle and held them toward us.

"Elated with the prospect of such gain

we eased the dark seamen of a couple of skins, and soon were bearing them down to the beach, laughing merrily as we went. The stranger followed us and often spoke a word of kindness or encouragement.

"At length we reached the shore, and clambered up the plank-way to the vessel, bearing the skin above us. For a moment we stood marvelling at everything we saw, for most of us had never been upon a vessel's deck before. But soon wonder gave way to fear; for the stranger on reaching the deck had drawn the plank-way after him and now was ordering the others to make sail without noticing us. At once I knew that we were being carried away, and with the thought I sprang to the vessel's side to leap into the sea. But the stranger caught and drew me back; and then, smiling cruelly, he held me there till the ship had left the shore.

"I never saw Amanæa more. I was sold at Cyprus to a merchant who brought me to Rome and presented me as a slave to his friend, the tribune Æmilianus. He was a rough soldier but a good master, and when he freed me I joined a Roman legion and went with Maximian to Germany. The life of a legionary was not without its pleasures. The changing scenes, the march, the battle, victory, pillage, riot, all served to make the soldier's calling grateful to me. I was a favorite with my comrades, although I far surpassed them all in strength as well as in courage. In the conflict it was I who struck the stoutest blows and hurled the most unerring javelin. I revelled in blood. In the frenzy of battle I raged like a fury and fell upon our foes as one gone mad.

"My valor made me noted. I became a decurion.

"Then came the news of the so-called German revolt, and we marched against them. In this campaign I met Antonius Marcus Antonius. How remembrance stirs me at the name. Its mention makes the torpid blood flow fast through my veins. There is a weight that presses on my heart. A band of pain is on my forehead. My cheeks are white and furrowed, but they flush with shame and mortification. Antonius! oh, could I live the past again! Could I redeem the precious moments with my life! Even now there comes a memory of his presence to my aching brain. He was noble and gracious in mien. Upon his open brow sat candor and the lustre of a hundred manifold virtues shone upon him. Every one loved him and he in turn was kind and affable to all.

"I can now recall the moment when I met him first. It was in an engagement with the barbarians. Our legion was hard beset. A thousand adversaries were before us; as many harassed us on flank and rear.

"We strove against the foe; but we were as forest-trees that raise their height against the tempest's fury and are at length swept down like stubble in the blast. We formed a phalanx after the manner of legionary tactics and charged the foe. But all in vain.

"Baffled and despairing we were driven back. Defeat and death impended and our hearts sank within us when suddenly we heard the cry 'The Theban legion! the Theban legion! come.' And upon the barbarian host the gallant band swept like a whirlwind. In vain the Germans gathered i

masses and flung themselves with reckless daring upon the charging line. The Roman broadswords mowed them down by hundreds, and over a corpse-strewn path the new-comers brought us succor. Weary and spent with blows I was defending myself against an assailant, when my foot slipped and I fell to the ground. Another instant and the barbarian's club would have despatched me. But a hand was interposed. A Roman shield turned off the German's blow and a stroke of the short sword stretched him lifeless at my side.

"'Rise, decurion, and follow,' said my preserver. It was Antonius. The light of battle was in his eye and his cheek glowed with the delirium of the conflict. His brave followers had brought him safe out of danger. The charge of the Theban legion had reversed the tide of battle and made a probable defeat a certain victory.

"'I am grateful, centurion,' said I to Antonius after the battle, 'you saved my life.'

"'You would have done the same for me,' he said, and modestly disclaimed the merit of his deed.

"One evening not long after the battle, I strolled away from where we were encamped close by the pools of Shuletis which are also called the Lygdian Marshes. The sky was shrouded and hung dark above the wide-stretching plain, save where a pale and foggy lustre trembling on the edges of the clouds marked the course of the new-risen moon. On a hill-side standing out against the darkness was the Roman camp with its watchfires spreading a red haze upon the heavy air. A chain of bare hills stretched northward, growing large and dimmer in the night.

There was a great stillness round about. Only the croaking of the frogs in the distant marshes and the challenge of the sentinel on the hill disturbed the dead silence of the place.

"Plunged in thought I passed beyond the reedy hollow under the camp and wandered off to where some bushes grew beside a mass of lichen-covered rock. I found an old tree here, with mighty limbs shrivelled and cracked by age, and, sitting in the dead leaves at its feet, I fell into a gentle slumber. How long I slept I know not. When I awoke, it was with the feeling that something was going on about me. The night-dew lay thick upon my helm. I felt cold and restless. The stillness of the night was deep as ever. The croaking in the marshes and the murmur from the camp seemed afar off as if they came from another world. Suddenly there was a movement close at hand. I heard the bending of boughs, the rustle of the leaves, a trampling in the wet reeds of the hollow, and out before me in the dim radiance from the sky there passed a line of men, one by one, until they reached the space beyond the rock. I saw they wore the mail of Roman legionaries, but I could not see their faces for the gloom. Close to the rocks they stopped, and kneeling on the dripping grass they bent with downcast head unto the earth. There was a murmur soft and droning. It was their voices. I lay quiet among the dead leaves and watched them.

"The darkness cleared away. The horn of the moon lingered behind the clouds and glittered on the margin of the marshes. Pale streaks cut the sky behind the hills. Then one came f

among the kneeling men, and standing before a mighty block of stone performed some mystic rite. I knew not what it was but I saw the kneeling figures prostrate themselves in prayer. The morning broke at length. Those I watched rose and passed me in silence as they came. Then for the first time did I know them as the Theban legionaries. Antonius came last, with him who had performed the ceremony. He was an old man and poorly clad. I had seen him before among the followers of the camp. That day, while talking with a comrade in the camp, I saw Antonius pass us.

“‘Decurion,’ said my companion, ‘do you know that tall fellow there? He is a centurion in the Theban legion, I believe.’

“‘Yes, Creon, I have reason to know him. He saved my life lately. He is a brave soldier and a truly noble man.’

“‘Ah, ha!’ said Creon, leering at me under his black brows—I never liked Creon. He was a dark, brutal man with an eye like a serpent’s, brave as a soldier but jealous and deceitful as a companion—‘Ah, ha,’ said Creon, ‘you do not know him, decurion, or you would alter your opinion.’

“‘Why do you think so? Do you know anything against him?’

“‘Know anything against him!’ Creon repeated. ‘Ha, ha, decurion, you should ask, Do I know anything in his favor. What I know is that Antonius is a proud, conceited turkey-cock who can croak louder about virtues of which he knows nothing, than all the frogs in the Lygdian marsh. And besides,’ added Creon, lowering his voice and turning his black eyes upon me, ‘and besides, he deals with things

about which men had better not concern themselves. He holds intercourse with magicians and men of evil arts. His comrades, like him, worship strange gods and hold awful orgies in secret places. In caves and forests they sacrifice human victims and drink the blood of a newly murdered child, in celebrating their terrible mysteries. Decurion’—here Creon’s white teeth closed till he hissed the words between them—‘Decurion, Antonius is a Christian.’

“‘I started as if an adder had stung me. The word Christian I had been led to look upon as a name for all abominations. Christian! They were Christians who rebelled against the divine emperors and insulted Jupiter and the gods. The same sect which plotted in private the ruin of Rome and the destruction of the whole human race. Christians! They were all assassins, malefactors, and criminals, bound together by a common enmity to mankind, and satisfying, by hidden acts of cruelty, their awful thirst for blood. Yet Antonius was one of these! Impossible. There was nothing base or lowly in him. Yet I remembered the night before, the silent gathering of the Theban legionaries—the strange prayers, the mystic rites—Could these have been Christian ceremonies which I witnessed?

“‘Creon,’ said I, turning to my companion, ‘Creon, how came you to hear of these things? How do you know they are true?’

“‘Why, decurion,’ he replied, ‘every one knows them. It is the talk of the camp. The Theban legion is composed entirely of Christians. That accounts for their success in the battle when we had failed. Nothing can injure them.

their charms and enchantments turn away the weapons of the y and make them wound their rs.'

II.

Antonius repassed us while Creon speaking. The old camp-follower with him.

There he is, hatching some mis- I'll be bound, with that old owl,' Creon, rising to his feet and moving away.

Antonius saluted me as he went along. 'How fares it with you, decurion?' he, smiling that clear, frank smile is. Surely no guile could lay with such an exterior I thought when back was turned. Still the words of and the mystic rites I had witnessed made me suspicious of the man had saved my life, and of his christian comrades.

One evening, a short time after this, as I was strolling on the borders of the thicket when I heard the sound of many voices from a thicket about a hundred paces off. Drawing near it I found a group of my comrades gathered about a kneeling figure.

Scorch his hands with a fagot. 'This will make the obstinate dotard listen to them.' It was Creon's voice that said this.

'Yes, yes,' cried a half dozen soldiers. 'Singe the croaker well.' They surrounded the group while these were singing. An old man knelt among them with his hands held tight before his bosom. I recognized in the calm, wrinkled face that of the old camp-follower of the Theban legion. A couple of sturdy soldiers, companions in the Theban legion, were striving to open

the pallid, clenched hands through which the bones seemed ready to burst, yet so tightly did the feeble old man hold them that he balked their efforts.

" 'May the gods confound the gray-beard,' said one of the soldiers, turning away; 'sure Vulcan's self must have forged his knuckles. They are as stiff as steel.'

" 'This will bring the Christian dog to his senses,' said Creon, coming from a watchfire with a lighted brand. 'There is nothing like fire to conquer bad tempers. In my land we scared leopards and lions with fire till we tamed or drove them mad. We shall see if Theban Christians are any wilder brutes.'

"The soldiers laughed at their comrade's cruel words, while he, standing above the kneeling man, waved the fagot before his eyes with a savage leer.

" 'Creon,' said I, coming out of the darkness, 'Creon, what is this you are doing?'

" 'Only scorching this Christian dog here. He is bringing, I'll warrant, a limb or titbit of a slaughtered babe to feast on at his mysteries, and yet he refuses to let us have a glimpse of it.' And again he flourished his torch before the old man's eyes. The latter was growing weak. His struggle with the strong legionary had completely unnerved him. Nearer the ground sank the venerable head, the hands dropped powerless, and from his bosom fell an embroidered cover, holding what seemed a morsel of white bread.

" 'Ha! Graybeard,' said Creon, bending over him and twining his hand in the mean tunic the old man wore. 'Rise up, my Christian—'

"He had not time to finish. A figure passed between me and the group, and the next minute Creon was hurled by a vigorous hand to the ground.

"'For shame, soldiers,' cried Antonius, looking round upon the rest; 'for shame, soldiers, thus to treat an old man.' Then, turning to the prostrate form, I, who was nearest, heard him whisper,

"'Rise, Father Damasus. The holy mysteries are saved.'

"The old man took the embroidered cover and its contents with reverent hand, and as he raised them from the ground a halo as of sunlight fell around them and dazzled all who looked upon the place. In fear and awe I left the spot while Antonius and his charge bowed to the earth, and then took their way to the Theban legion's quarter, in silence as if they prayed.

"The next day Creon left the camp for Rome. He was one of a detachment sent as escort to a bearer of tidings to the divine emperor. Before he left us he brought me aside.

"'Decurion,' said he, 'I am going to Rome. When I return you will see how I can revenge an insult on those cursed Christian dogs. *Vale.*' And he went away, looking dark and wicked. Time passed. The labors of the campaign engrossed all my attention, and in the far, wild lands of the north we seldom heard of what was going on in Rome. The Theban legion was still with the army, and in every encounter it proved worthy of its old repute. Antonius had been advanced in rank, and was now a prominent officer whom every one admired and loved. To me in particular he was a friend. More than once he interested

himself in my behalf, and I still believe it was through his patronage that I was made a centurion. About that time strange rumors began to reach from the capital. The divine emperor who had for a while tolerated the abominations of the Christians, had at length determined to utterly exterminate the sect. Through the camp another persecution was talked of, and from that moment all eyes were turned upon the Theban legion. Of course we never fancied that the sword of the empire would be turned upon its best guardians, but we wondered how the staunch soldiers would act when the news reached them of slaughtered kindred and confiscated homes.

"One day there was a great clamor and bustle in the camp. Messengers had come from Rome who were rumored to be bearers of strange tidings. Suddenly Creon burst in upon me from the Tribune's quarter. He was covered with dust and pale from fatigue. His swarthy face wore a cruel smile, in his eyes was a gleam of malicious triumph.

"'Good news,' he shouted, 'good news, decurion, or rather centurion, believe. The divine emperor has issued his edict against the Christians. We shall root out the unclean dog. Not one of them but shall perish.'

"I did not join in his riotous mirth at first. Hardened as I was, his bloodthirsty levity did not please me.

"'What of that, Creon? We are far away from Rome. The emperor's edict does not affect us.'

"'Does it not?' said Creon, bending his head till his lips were near my ear. Then he hissed into it.

"'Have you forgotten the Theban legion?'

"Involuntarily I started up.

"'No, no, Creon,' I cried, 'the divine emperor loves his own servants. They at least are secure.'

"Creon pondered for a moment before he spoke. Then he said,

"'Centurion, before we speak more of this I have a proposition to make you.

I have been in luck since I left you. I have now a chance of befriending you.

I left Rome intrusted by the prefect Plotus with the conduct of the Christian persecution in the army. How I gained

this favor I shall not now need I tell. It is enough that I have it. My fortune

is made. But I am not selfish, centurion, I have a chance for you. I need

an assistant; I have power to make you one. What do you say? Will

you accept my offer?'

"Creon sat down before me, and his deep, black eyes seemed to read my

very soul. For over an hour we talked together, and when he left me I had

become his assistant in the charge delegated to him by the prefect. Did

I assume the office cheerfully? No. My conscience reproached me. An

inward sense of shame held me back. But Creon's promises—rank, honor, the

golden reward. How could I hesitate? What to me were the Christians? Was

not the divine emperor's will that they should be exterminated? Were they

not vile sorcerers, assassins, malefactors, whose rites would darken the sun with

horror were they performed by day?

"'Away,' I cried, as a hundred visions of wealth and glory attained floated

before me; 'away with this childish hesitation. Death to the Christians.

The emperor has said it. The gods will do it. Death to the worshippers of the

ass's head.'

"From that day Creon and I began our work. One of our own comrades

died first. He was arrested and ordered to sacrifice to the gods. He refused.

Without flinching he refused, even when we had him racked till his bones were

torn from out their sockets. And he died calmly, praying with his latest breath

that his God would forgive us and teach us the truth. But I cannot tell the

awful story of these days. I am filled with horror and disgust when the mem-

ory of them comes upon me. They haunt my life and consume me like

living fire. But one, the blackest day of all. Would that I could pass it over!

Would that I could cover it from the sight of generations who will shudder

at its story!

"It was upon the day that Creon wrought his vengeance. Long and

steadfastly he pursued his end. Like a blood-hound he hung upon the The-

ban legion's track and followed to death its soldiers one by one. He held his

course; in spite of frowns from some but with the praise of many. One

day an imperial order came to him from Rome. It nearly drove him mad

with delight. I never saw a man in such a frenzy. He leaped and laughed

and raved in wild delirium, then seized me in his arms and shouted:

"'Io, io, Felix! I'll have my sweet revenge. The Theban legion dies to-day.'

"It was true. The most faithful servants of the Empire were con-

demned by the power for which they toiled and bled and died. Antonius

and the officers of rank, we were to bring to Rome in chains. The rest

died by the sword or were trampled to death by horsemen.

"The day was dark that looked upon the deed. The barren hills of the border Italian waste-land rose around us. Black rocks and leafless trunks of trees broke the brown sod. Low down in air hung heavy masses of cloud rushing together in changeful, monstrous forms, which coursed across the gloomy sky like giant demons chased by the furious wind. An uncertain, greenish haze shrouded the mountains' brows.

"With arms bound with ox-hide stood the survivors of the Theban legion on the level plain. Their eyes were raised to heaven. Their faces glowed with joyous expectancy. Not a lip quivered, not a cheek paled. For each, death was victory.

"On an elevation near the Roman camp, which was crowded with spectators, the officers of the legion stood in chains. Creon, with a malicious cruelty that disgusted me had insisted on placing them there to behold the slaughter of their comrades. A band of men stood ready to mount a troop of mighty, half-broken horses. Creon was to lead these executioners, and he forced me to accompany him. It was shame that made my cheeks burn as I mounted a mighty charger, but selfish thoughts soon deadened the stings of conscience. A delirium seized me. I hated these Christian soldiers, their fortitude maddened me. I could not bear their glowing faces. Creon rode up to them, and asked them again to sacrifice to the gods and obey the divine emperor's edict. With one voice they refused. Then he came back to us. His dark face was flushed, his eyes emitted a dark, lurid light. He took his place at our head. The word was

given. There was a thunder of hoofs—a furious clamor—a roar as the troop of frantic, rearing steeds were flung upon the band of Christians. In a frenzy we dashed along. The broad bosoms were trodden to the dust, the skulls were battered and crushed, the Christians' lives were trampled out in the wild uproar and the dress trampling. Then the band of murderers—myself one of them—reined in the snorting steeds, furious with rage at the smell of blood. Their limbs were drenched in the gore of the Christian martyrs. The deed was consummated. The Theban legion was no more. I grew sick with the sight of blood. My brain swam. The storm burst in upon the plain. Awed and frightened we sought the camp. But on the plain above, the Christian God seemed to be speaking words of doom in lurid lightning and his voice spoke angrily in the rumble of the thunder.

"A month after this Antonius died in Rome. He languished for a while in a dungeon, where they racked and tortured his body with tortures. Then he was led forth to die in the arena. When I was there I could not bear the sight. With throbbing brows and a heavy heart I paced the dismal chamber of the *spoliatorium*. I felt sick of soul. The air was filled with disgust and horror to myself.

"The loud vociferation of the multitude pierced the dreary walls of the prison. Perhaps they were rejoicing over the death of Antonius, of him who had been my preserver, my friend. And again did I hear the hundred thousand voices shout aloud. Reluctantly I passed through the stone corridor toward the arena.

group of gladiators and the public executioners stood around the entrance. They divided as I approached, and the *lanista* came through them, preceding four slaves. They were dragging along a human body. As they passed, my heart rose within me, for in the martyr I recognized Antonius. He was not dead when they laid him on the cold stone floor of the *spoliatorium*, but he was dying fast. A leopard had torn his throat and breast to pieces. I felt abashed, degraded, confounded in this Christian's presence. I hated Creon, I cursed the hooting multitude, I abhorred myself. Weak and giddy, I knelt beside the mangled body, I took the lifeless hand in mine. Antonius opened his eyes, a smile of recognition lit his face. Then, taking my hand, he placed it on his bleeding breast, and, with a prayer trembling upon his lips, he died.

"But, just God! what thoughts then were mine. I felt the purity, the holiness, the sanctity of a Christian life. My own years spent in crime loomed dark before me. Kneeling, with my hands bathed in the martyr's blood, God's truth shone into my soul. The exhortation of Antonius's pallid, speechless lips reached my heart and won it. When I left the *spoliatorium* I was a Christian. I fled from Rome. The consciousness that God's mercy could reach even a wretch like me upbore me, but the memory of my iniquities pursued me and embittered all my days. I joined the army again, and strove to drive away in battle and excitement the haunting memories. But in vain. I fain would have given my life for the faith. But that consolation was denied me. Maximian died as Creon had, a

year before him, in self-inflicted tortures, and the persecution he had instituted ceased.

"The faith spread. The rites which had been performed in the mazes of the Catacombs were now tolerated in the light of day. The prayers of the Christian worship were uttered within hearing of the Temple of Jupiter, and the despised disciples of the Nazarite dared to tread the marble of the Forum with the symbol of his faith upon his breast. The splendor of truth had shone upon the world only fitfully, through rifts among the clouds. Now the twilight brightened into the glory of dawn. The soil which the blood of confessors had drenched became prolific of successors worthy to follow in their footsteps.

"The line of pontiffs which began with Peter and which never had been broken, by the martyrdom of any of its members had now its representative to show unto the Christian world as the owner of a twofold allegiance. In the great cities of the empire, churches rose to Him whom Paul, three centuries before, had preached as the unknown God, and in the wilderness the truth bloomed in monastic oases and sent forth its perfume unto all the nations.

"Meantime I still pursued my soldier's life. Honors became mine, and rank was given me among the captains of the imperial guards. But what of that! Could hollow pomp hide me from myself? Could the world's praise afford a healing balm unto my tortured soul? Hoping for mercy, praying the Lord God to turn his face upon me, yet dreading to utter his great name, I lived and moved among men a stricken man. Once in battle I was wounded,

and as I lay upon the field of blood a thought came into my mind like an inspiration from above. Why not leave this world where all contentment was denied me? Why not turn to God's own service and to works of penance the life I had misused? Before my wound had healed my resolution was taken. I would leave the world and in the cloister's sacred precincts spend my latter days. The night of nights whereon I bade farewell to all the vain, deceitful follies that had oppressed me and dammed the current of my Christian life is yet fresh in my memory. I shall ever bless that night. It opened to me a fount of consolation whose waters have been healing.

"I had resigned my position in the army and turned my eyes to the solitude of Hœtus, and those monastic brethren who there served God and wrought their own salvation. Thither I journeyed, and some of the imperial guard who long had loved me as their tribune begged to accompany me. The sun had just sunk beneath the broad plain, and the moist night began to darken overhead as we reached the sacred retreat. Before the walls my comrades drew up to bid me their last farewell. With an expectant heart I heard the portal open to receive me. An aged man came out bearing a lamp.

"'Peace be with ye,' he said.

"God of mercy! how his words

thrilled me. His was a voice that seemed to come up from the buried past. I looked upon the venerable features lit by the lamp's glare, and memory brought back to me a face like this. Nay, this face itself. This old religious with a hundred years upon him was the camp-follower of the Theban legion. Standing there I told him of God's mercies, while the soldiers sitting silent on their steeds listened with awe and wonder.

"What more is left me to say? Years have passed over me. My hair is white, my limbs have grown decrepit. In the hope of heaven I await my end, and pray the Lord God Almighty to free me from my earthly dwelling and admit me to his rest. Consolation is given me from above, but how can my guilty soul have rest? The past, the dreadful past—would to Heaven I could blot it from my life!

"Have pity, ye who read. Pray for the soul of the guilty Felix."

So ends the Monk's Story. I do not regret my vigils with the professor, for has not this testimony of one forgotten centuries ago, a value in these later days of scoffers and new-shaped forms of unbelief! I prize it highly now, and as I place it back among my little collection of curious books and odd writings, gathered from places whose stories are centuries old, I feel that it is my most precious relic.

Many persons persuade themselves that the life and well-being of a state are something like their own fleeting health and brief prosperity. And hence it is that they see portentous things in every subject of political dis-

pute. Such fancies add much to the intolerance of party spirit. But the state will bear much killing. It has outlived many generations of political prophets; and it may survive the present ones.

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When before the merced board

L A V A S M E.

By H. J. C.

“Wash me also; not only my feet and my hands, but my heart and my soul.”—MANUAL OF PRAYER.

When before the sacred board,
Christ on his disciples poured
Cleansing waters from his hand,
That the world might understand
One had come from God's own side
To restore to purity
Our defiled humanity.

Lord, who on that holy day
Purified our carnal clay,
Look upon us from the skies
With the mercy of Thine eyes,
And in the redeeming wave
Trickling from Golgotha's hill
Cleanse us still.

SAVING AND HAVING.—Either a man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all that he earns (whether his earning be one dollar or ten dollars every day), let him look for lean and hungry want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks.

To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune; there is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these plain facts will be forever poor, and, for their obstinate rejections of the truth, mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them so die and thank themselves. But; no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath! They might as well curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can tell them fortune does not give away her real and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest, wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think they are mere creatures of fate. Every man may make or mar his life, whichever he may choose. Fortune is for those who, by diligence, honesty, frugality, place themselves in position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of frugality is the five hundred dollars in the savings bank. The best evidence of honesty are both diligence and frugality.

SOMETHING ABOUT EDUCATION.*

BY JAMES B. FISHER.

There is a story told young students of natural science, to illustrate the principle of action and reaction, about a man who tried to get over a stone wall by tugging at the straps of his boots, and who, it is needless to say, came to regard that as a lamentably unsatisfactory method. The action lately taken by a body of prominent and patriotic citizens, known to fame as the "Council of Political Reform," puts us in mind of this benighted person. The Council's "Committee on Education" have published a report and have judiciously circulated copies of the same. It is a report of a dozen pages, with a prefatory quotation, much vigorous rhetoric, and a great parade of figures. It bristles with statistics, abounds in emphatic italics, and is altogether a pamphlet which the committee may use to some purpose. Compulsory education is the subject discussed through the twelve pages, and it appears from perusing them that the committee are pretty well convinced of the merits of the system, and deem it just the thing our Republic wants to make it a satisfactory success. There is a mighty obstacle, it seems, laid right across the highway of national progress, which certain obstinate people insist on making a permanent impediment; and to get over this has been the end sought

after by the committee. But even Reform Council Boards are not infallible, and this particular one made a very egregious error in trusting compulsory education to lift itself over the stile on the strength of its own merits.

In vain are statistics trumped up, and nice, goody platitudes cited. The impediment in the compulsory system's way—which by the by is known as parochial education—seems quite as hard to surmount as ever.

"Education perpetuates a free state; decreases pauperism; and doubles the value of the citizen." This is the text of the report, and it seems a very plausible one; but the deductions which are drawn from it are not so just. Education is essential to the life of the state, as it is to the life of society. But it must be an education directed and controlled by religion, by morality, by Christian virtue. Independent of these, it becomes a tool in the hands of designing villains, a power to disrupt the government, or a lever to unsettle the law. An educated rascal is a much more dangerous character than an ignorant one, and if men are instructed in material knowledge while their minds and hearts are left to follow their own wayward inclinations, what assurance is there that their education will not be turned to evil use? Education, without a corresponding heart training, is a curse. It but arms the criminal and places in the hands of

* Report of the Committee on Education of the New York City Council of Political Reform, upon Compulsory Education.

aves the mighty agencies which
od designed for good and useful pur-
ses. It prostitutes the great works
human ingenuity, and makes science
ndmaid to crime. "Knowledge,"
ys ex-Governor Seymour, "knowl-
ge fights on both sides in the battle
tween right and wrong. At this age
lays siege to banks. It forces open
ults stronger than old castles. It
ges and counterfeits. The most
ngerous criminal is the educated,
ellectual violator of the law, for he
s all the resources of art at his com-
nd—the forces of mechanics, the
otlety of chemistry, the knowledge
men's ways and passions. Learn-
; by itself only changes the aspect
immorality. Virtue is frequently
nd with the simple uneducated."

Again, "Education doubles the value
the citizen," says the report.

Abridged, Godless education increase
ue of the citizen! Not at all.
is not an intelligent acquaintance
h the alphabet that makes a street-
hin obey his parents. It is the
ining he has received—the home
cipline, the virtuous teachings, the
oral injunctions—these are what in-
re them his respect and obedience.
nd no more do scholarly attainments
eate in a man a love for order, good-
ll for his neighbors, deference to the
ws, or, in a word, any of the qualities
good citizenship. True, he is able
understand his duty to the state; he
ows perfectly well his obligations to
e community; but that is no guarantee
at he will fulfil the one or discharge
others.

Our recent history is not at all calcu-
ed to advance irreligiously educated
n in our esteem. Actuated by the

greed of gold, educated men have
plundered the public revenues, corrupt-
ed legislation, violated official trust, and
unsettled public confidence. Educated
men have manipulated the markets,
distorted values, and brought upon our
own city a season of financial and in-
dustrial distress unprecedented in its
history. Educated men are still prey-
ing upon the public exchequer, others
are thriving upon artful and fraudulent
speculation, and some too there are
who do not scruple to handle the fruits
of defalcation and theft. Are these
things done by good citizens and men?
Are they not rather the work of felons
far more criminal than those who fill
our jails and lock-ups?

No, it is not a bare familiarity with
the facts of science that is going to
make good citizens out of impious men.
It is the well regulated mind, the up-
right heart, the honest motives that
mark the man of trust; and he only
can be true in his allegiance to the state
who is constant in the other relations
of life. The education which enhances
the value of the citizen—doubles, ay,
triples it—is that which teaches him to
obey the laws of God, and practise the
Christian virtues. He alone will re-
spect and guard legitimate authority
who reverences the source whence all
authority is derived.

After dwelling at some length on the
advantages of education, none of which
can be disputed or gainsaid, the report
comes down to the real bone of con-
tention. In capitals it announces that
there is "but one sect opposed to free
schools," and follows this up with the
following paragraph:

This American doctrine of free non-sec-
tarian schools is substantially accepted and

adopted by all religious sects save one. That one, however, is large, enthusiastic, well drilled and ably and powerfully led; and though its members are chiefly of foreign birth, yet, having become citizens, they are entitled to the same voice and rights and privileges as natives are in this matter. The leader of this sect, though a foreign ruler, has ordered the destruction of our free non-sectarian system of popular education, and the substitution of his own system of church or parochial schools, that is schools whose text-books and teachers are selected, appointed, and controlled by the Church, though the State may be permitted to pay all the bills. In the city of New York, through State and municipal legislation, the following amounts of money were obtained in the last five years from the public treasury for sectarian institutions, such as churches, church schools, and church charities, viz.:

1869.—\$767,815, of which this one	
sect received - - -	\$651,191
1870.—\$861,326, of which this one	
sect received - - -	711,436
1871.—\$634,088, of which this one	
sect received - - -	552,718
1872.—\$419,849, of which this one	
sect received - - -	252,110
1873.—\$324,284, of which this one	
sect received - - -	306,193
<hr/>	
Total 5 yrs. \$3,017,362 - -	\$2,473,648

If this is a better system than ours, we should adopt it, for we want the best; but if it is a worse, we should reject it.

This is one of the fairest specimens of amiable malice, on paper, we have encountered in some time. The references to the foreign ruler and the church's magnanimity in the matter of bill settling are worth a whole stack of anti-Catholic pamphlets. They are just aggravating enough to set any true-blue American on his mettle, and get up a fine rousing spirit of animosity against these designing foreigners. The value of the paragraph is further enhanced by the figures. They embellish it, and stamp its authenticity. "Figures don't lie," and those cited serve to disarm any suspicion of untruthfulness which might be enter-

tained. It appears from these statistics that out of the three hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars appropriated to sectarian institutions, Catholics received three hundred and six thousand. A very undue monopoly, one would think.

But let it be remembered that a great many institutions supported entirely by the state and very handsomely subsidized are virtually as sectarian as they are anti-Catholic, and it would be well also to bear in mind that, according to the recent showing of a New York paper, it costs these institutions to distribute relief about as much as the relief itself amounts to. The reports of Catholic institutions, on the other hand, show that with little expense a sum is disbursed directly in charities of which the city subsidy makes up a very inconsiderable portion.

The Catholic Protectory alone, if we may cite an instance, expended more money in relief during the past year than the entire sum of all the sectarian appropriations.

"The parochial system," the Report goes on to claim, "produces more illiterate, paupers, and criminals than ours. It has been tried for centuries; and in some countries, such as Italy and Spain, under the most favorable auspices, for there this sect (the Catholics) has had despotic power, both civil and religious, and so could carry its system out to its highest perfection. What then are its fruits? We may say, its necessary and inevitable fruits? By its fruits it should be judged. They are as follows:

"(1) A highly educated few; but among the masses general ignorance, instead of general enlightenment.

"(2) A low grade of morality.

"(3) A large pauper and criminal class.

"(4) A tendency to despotism and to official selfishness and corruption.

"(5) A lack of national progress and development."

Parochial education favors the monopoly of knowledge by the few,

leaving the masses in ignorance. This is the first position taken in the report. It is a principle generalized from the investigation of the educational status of Spain and Italy. But these are countries from whose present condition no deductions of this kind can be drawn at all affecting us. Contemporary Spain is in revolt, as contemporary Italy has been in disorder. In neither has adequate state patronage been extended to education. Rent by political feuds and overrun by the infidel progeny of uncatholic teaching, Spain passes from ruler to ruler and from bad to worse. With dissolving Cortes, unsettled governments, war, insurrection, and disaster looming on every side, what wonder is it that she neglects education, and permits her children to attain an unlettered maturity? Outside of the universities which produce the cultured few there are no properly organized schools, nor can there be without a properly organized government and an unrevolutionary society. Spain and Italy are troubled waters to fish in for analogies which will fit us. Why not come nearer home for comparisons? We have some, at once apposite and within reach of us. Every one of our large cities has its parochial schools. Let them be judged by their fruits. With straitened resources, insufficient accommodations, and instructors numerically unequal to the demand, they give their pupils as thorough a secular education as the public schools, besides training them in the higher duties of religion and morality. It is the children of the masses who derive from them the greatest advantage; and they it is who

most frequently prove the quality of their instruction in their dealings with the world.

The parochial school is designed for the masses. It is called into existence by their wants and it has derived its advancement from their recognition of its necessity. Its mission is not to give the few a superior education, but to adequately train every one to perform his life-duties well. Its very nature makes any unequal distribution of knowledge impossible. Supported by contributions alone, it has given a fair earnest of the great things within its power to do, were it half as bountifully endowed as the state institutions.

The Parochial system induces a low state of morality, the Report asserts; that is to say, that a teaching in morality begets a state of immorality. Notwithstanding the committee's avowed knowledge of this statement's truth, we decline to believe it. Virtue never produces vice. It is contrary to the nature of things. It runs counter to every day's experience. It belies the testimony of God himself. A low state of morality may prevail in a community where Parochial schools are established, we doubt not, but it arises from peculiar causes, and seldom affects those who have enjoyed the benefits of their instruction. On the other hand, vicious habits are naturally the offspring of a godless education. Unless the home influence is sufficiently powerful to counteract temptation, how can the young mind, imperfectly trained in religion and morals, escape the contagion of vice? We would commend to the consideration of the committee, the statement of the late Professor Agassiz, that in the houses of prostitution visited

by him in Boston for the collection of statistics, he found more inmates who had fallen through influences brought to bear upon them during attendance at the Public Schools than from any other cause.

The spread of pauperism, crime, and political corruption are among the other charges laid by the Report at the Parochial system's door. The first, instead of being enlarged, has been as effectually impeded by Parish Schools as by any other means of prevention; and crime, like immorality, has met in their teachings a most powerful antidote. We think that the Committee acted rashly in making the charge of political corruption. At this time, when distinguished graduates of Public Schools and anti-Catholic colleges are being tried by juries of their countrymen for public fraud, for bribery, and for theft, it is most inopportune to bring to the surface of discussion the subject of education's influence on politics. Parochial schools, did they make it an object to sow broadcast political corruption, could never hope to rival the public schools' efficiency in that respect.

There are other things spoken of in this Report which the supporters of Compulsory Education might better

have left unsaid; but they only go to prove its weakness. This Republic of ours, if it is deteriorating, as the wisest among us claim, cannot be arrested in its downward course by book-learning, and least of all by the learning which non-Catholics propose to give. The rules of syntax and the Rule of Three are no specifics for the maladies which prostrate the social body. There is no catholicon for a nation's infirmities hidden between the covers of a book. It is only through Christian teaching, the inculcation of religion and of virtue, that the nation can recuperate its wasted energies. It is not the multiplication of pedantic brains we look for, so much as the increase of large, honest hearts. We have no desire to hear our children quoting Kant and scoffing at church-goers in the same breath, nor to know that they can prove a theorem and pick a pocket with the same compunction.

We want to see them grow up into good Christian men and women, intelligent, cultured, if you will, but above all mindful of their God and their religion.

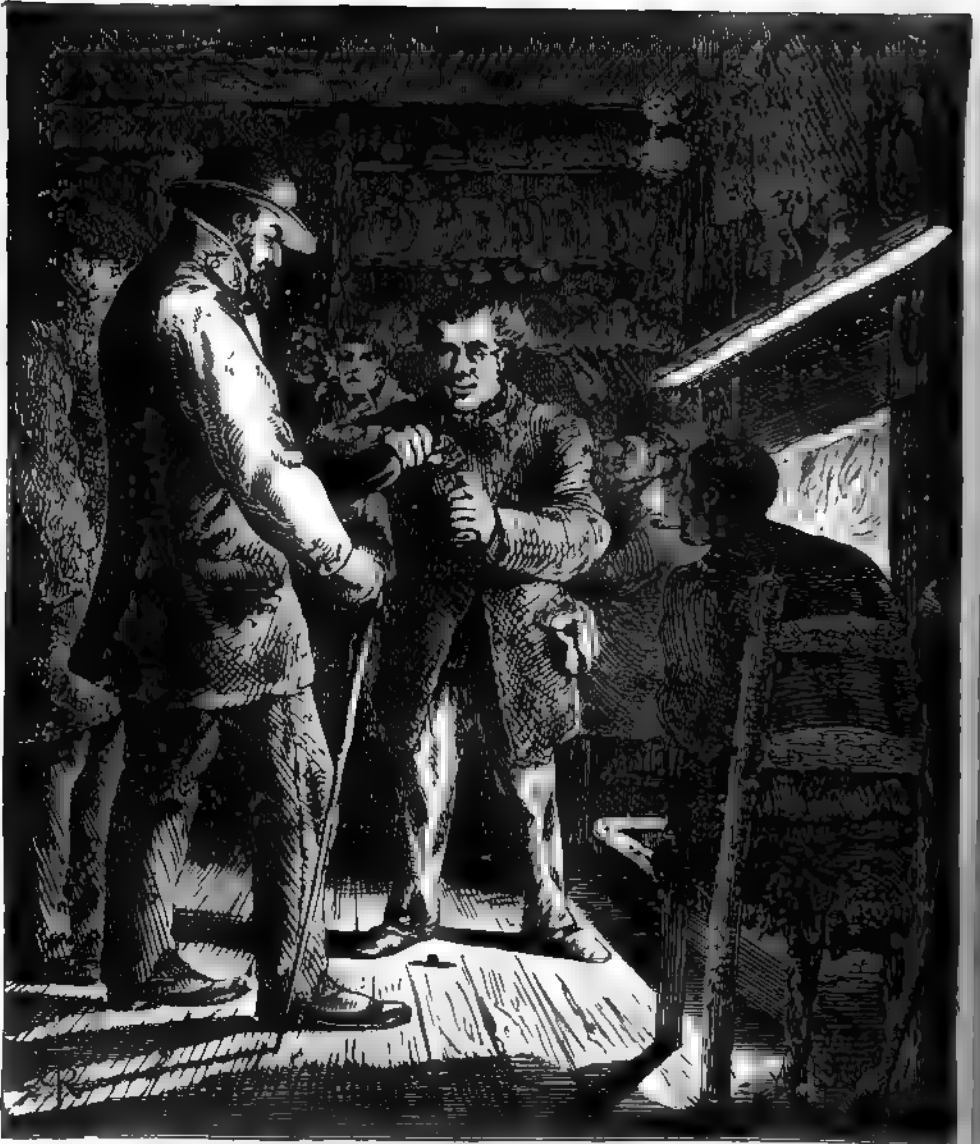
We ask the "Council of Political Reform's" Committee if the education which they are so willing to foist on us will afford us these things.

The men who profit least by interviews are often those who are most inclined to resort to them. They are irresolute persons, who wish to avoid pledging themselves to anything; and so they choose an interview as the safest course which occurs to them. Besides, it looks like progress; and makes them, as they say, see their way.

Such persons, however, are very soon entangled in their own words, or they are oppressed by the earnest opinions they meet. For to conduct an interview in the manner which they intend would require them to have at command that courage and decision which they never attain without a long and miserly weighing of consequences.

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"'I'll drink yee a toast,' said Owen, taking a glass from one of them. — *The Fool's Quest.*"

THE FOOL'S CAIRN.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

By J. B. F.

I.

at Carrickglas, a rocky bluff jutting out into the sea, there stretches along the water's edge a wild belt of land over miles of the uneven county. Out beyond it are fields of oats and barley checkered with the darker potato patches. Clean houses, with their yellow thatch, the high road skirting the woods, point the way to an old town that sits above the hillocks which surround the church's gable and the ridges of the black's roof. The town is a drowsy, sleepy place, and the road is seldom busy much except on market-days. The forest which approaches them so near seems however to form no part of the place. Except the beggars of the town, who repair to it for errandings once or twice in a month, no one ever visits it, and the path leading through it to the coast is much choked and wasted by neglect. Yet it is a strangely beautiful place. The turf is green beneath the feet, and round the trees rise high and solemn their boughs concealed in clouds of green. The little knolls that rise up step by step are bright with ferns which twine among the hazel bushes, and in the glades where the fern reaches the ground red berries grow and feathery clusters of

The old white road, with broken, bramble-covered banks alongside it, cuts the forest in half, touching at one end the high road to the town and at the other debouching on the waste land before Carrickglas promontory.

Through this road, on a beautiful spring day of fifty years ago, a small detachment of soldiers was marching up from the coast. There had been rain a short time before, and the ground was so wet and soggy that the heavy military boots sank noiseless in the slush at every step, and only an occasional splash and the ring of iron told, in the silence of the woods, the movements of the marching men.

At some distance behind the soldiers came a tall, stern-looking man, in a military cloak, accompanied by one in the rough working dress of a farm hand. This latter was a great, awkward hulk of a fellow, with sandy hair and deep-set eyes hidden beneath heavy brows. His face wore a crafty, but what now seemed a half-frightened expression, and he scanned every turn of the road hesitatingly and with distrust. Evidently he was in uncomfortable company and willing to get out of it speedily.

"You say there is a path leading to it," said the cloaked personage, thoughtfully gnawing at his moustache. "Is it a broad one?"

"'Tis not, thin. A borhcen's wider nor it," the other answered.

"Can it accommodate a file of soldiers."

"I dun know that," said the gawky fellow, scratching his head and looking doubtfully at the other.

"I mean can a dozen or two soldiers pass along it with safety."

"A hundred can pass it wan be wan."

For a minute they walked on in silence, the one thoughtful the other anxious and fearful of every rustle he heard and of every shadow that crossed his path.

"You are certain that the priest will be there," said the cloaked man.

"Yes," replied the other with a nod.

"And that he will be attended by all the rebellious characters of the place, the hot-headed fellows you know."

The other again nodded.

"Now, why should they be with him?"

"Och! Sure all av thim wus to meet him. The whole place, weemen, childhre, and all."

"Women and children! Phew! What are they going to meet him for?" Then, seeing the other hesitate, his brows knit and his whole face assumed a threatening aspect.

"Daniel Doolan," said he, "take care how you deal with me. Remember, the first bit of deceit you try to play is your own déath-warrant."

The man Doolan quailed before the dark, menacing look.

"Sure, captain," said he in a pleading, complaining tone, "'Tis not me would be thryin' t' desave ye. I've bin o' sarvice t' ye more nor a time and I—"

"Enough of that," the other interrupted. "Answer my question. Why are the women and children to go to the meeting place?"

"Bekase," said Doolan, looking furtively around while his voice sank to a whisper. "Bekase they're goin' t' have the mass."

"Humph," said the officer. "Why didn't you tell me this?"

Doolan muttered something between his set teeth and jogged on in silence. The officer walked beside him deeply thoughtful.

The shadows of the trees diminished, the road became drier, the grasses along the high banks stood still and drooping. It was near mid-day. On in front still plodded the soldiers. Their even tread sounded hollow and far off, and only by fits and starts did the glitter of their guns and the gleam of their coats appear to the two men walking after them.

The noise of a little stream beating along the pebbles in its channel aroused them both. Doolan gave a frightened start, peered around him and touched the officer's arm hesitatingly.

"Well?" asked the latter snappishly.

"I—I oughtn't t' go no further," said Doolan. "It is n't safe."

"Well, you need not. Now remember," said the officer, turning upon him and looking into his face, "remember, you keep your word with me. These cursed rebels in my hands—priest and all, remember, priest and all—and then comes your reward. Take care how you act, Daniel Doolan. You may go now."

The officer hurried after the marching troops, and Doolan stood on the for-

st path alone, with knitted brows and with his teeth biting into his thin lips all the blood came.

For a couple of years he had lived in this place with Farmer Dowd, an easy, good-natured man, who bore with his ill-temper long and acted fairly with him. But Daniel Doolan was a man who never could make friends nor ever keep them. He had forced the old farmer to discharge him, and from that time had become a ne'er-do-well, a loungeur in shebeens, and an occasional companion of the reckless fellows living on the coast. From bad to worse he went, until falling lower than the lowest, so to speak, he bartered honor, faith, and country for a few English pounds; and known only to himself and Captain Hamilton, the bigot commander of the local garrison, he set about spying victims for the bullet or gibbet at a time when the iron policy of England was most severe and the infamous penal code was honored and enforced.

Even for such a hardened wretch conscience has biting stings; and as Doolan stood alone that spring day in the depth of the woods the baseness of his own life sickened him and the thought of his awful treachery seared his brain with fire.

The warm sun shone, and the leaves and flowers flashed in the brightness of the noon. But to him everything was dark and barren and bare. A wild bird rose from a pool and fluttered past him. Its wings flapped loud in the quiet solitude. The informer started and peered eagerly around. His life had become a curse, haunted by the phantoms his conscience brought about him. Then striking his hand across

his forehead he hurried off up the road as if trying to fly from his own torturing fancies.

The sun poured down through the branches, drying up the little pools along the way and turning the mud to dust. The wood-bird that had scared the wretched man hopped upon a branch and twittered merrily.

Then from beyond the bank alongside the road rose a curious red face and a broad squat figure. From beneath a shock of deep red hair peered up the road a pair of vacant eyes, yet with a peculiar cunning in them. Some ragged clothing hung from the strong shoulders and covered the stout, short limbs.

"He, he, he, he!" laughed the new-comer hysterically. "Dannie the dodger's goin' wi' Hamilton and his sojers. Well an' good, well an' good, Dannie. Dannie's goin' t' lead the sojers t' the glin, and catch his reverence and the boys. He, he, he, he!"

And Ownie the idiot, as they called him, went away giggling and muttering to himself.

II.

Jutting out from Carrickglas, and separated from the mainland by a gaping chasm which a thin neck of rock barely bridged, there was in those days a large mass of rock holding in a wide crevice an old, tumble-down hut. It was formed of rough pieces of stone, with boards and bits of ship-timber fastened across it. In front of it had gathered some stray particles of clay which formed a precarious soil for a few patches of heather.

The setting sun flung a purple line across the waste of water lying in front,

and tipped with light the gray rocks overhead, as a man came down the steep and winding pathway to the hut. From his rambling gait, and the broad shoulders and shaggy head, an old man leaning on a hurdle outside the hut, knew the idiot Ownie. Flinging out his sinewy arms and laughing gleefully, the half-witted creature came down the dangerous passage-way and stopped before the door.

"Ownie now, Ownie," said the old man, in a tone of remonstrance, "don't come peekin' round. Go away. There's a big storm brewin' beyond. Away wid ye."

"Aih?" said the idiot, grinning up at him.

"Away, I tell ye. Begone, sir!" the old man repeated, clapping his hands.

The idiot did not stir. The look of low cunning came into his face, and taking the old man by the coat sleeves, "Paddy dhu," said he, "Paddy dhu, the fool can shame the wisest ov yez. See if he can't. I want in among the boys. I've something t' tell them that'll make sport, or Ownie's no prophet."

"Tut, tut, Ownie," persisted the old man, "this isn't the place for you."

"Paddy dhu," Ownie interrupted, "I'm wanted here and no other place; and ye'll not be the only man'll know it afore ye're a day oulder."

Something positive in the idiot's way of speaking made the old man stop and look at him. The vacant eyes were fixed upon him, and they seemed to have a fixed, determined light in them, as if some great purpose occupied all their owner's feeble brain.

"Paddy dhu," said Ownie, quietly but positively putting the other aside,

"Paddy dhu, I've come t' save ye and I'll do it."

With that he shambled past and entered the hut, while the old man looked after him with a curious, puzzled face.

"God be good to us," said the latter resuming his place on the hurdle. "God be good to us, and keep us in our senses but it's a quare look intirely is in poor Ownie's face."

When the idiot entered the hut, an expression of surprise burst from twelve men grouped about a fire seated on some rudely made benches in the room.

"Gondoutha!" cried the loudest voice of all. "But here's Ownie Farrell come all the way from the town this fine evening t' bid us time o' day. What's the best word, Ownie?"

"Och, dere's little t' say and less hear," said the idiot, rolling his eyes around the room, and fixing them on Daniel Doolan, where he sat aloof, looking out through an air-hole at the bare rocks landward.

"I'll go bail that Ownie knows what's going on as well as the best of us," said a little man, talking out of his big overcoat and muffler.

"And why shouldn't he?" said another. "Sure there's not a better minded, nor more God-fearing crathur in all the world nor Ownie Farrell."

"Has Dannie been stalin' from you, Ownie? Faith, you're hard at work studying his mug, at any rate," said one of the men, who had watched the idiot's actions.

Doolan started at the mention of the name, and met the idiot's wild eyes fixed upon him.

"Well, Ownie," said he, looking

"Aih, Dannie?" said the idiot.

"I was only bidding ye time o' day man," said Doolan, resuming his watch at the air-hole.

"He, he, he, he!" laughed the idiot, in his strange, hysterical way.

Doolan looked troubled. This brainless fellow's cachinnations annoyed him.

"It's a quare place for the fool t' come," he muttered to some one near him.

Ownie caught the words, and laughed louder. "He, he, he! Dannie," he cried; "you're as droll as iver, Dannie. But it's minny a cock crows what has little corn t' pick."

"What's that you're saying?" Doolan asked, rising to his feet.

"What do you care, Dannie, for Ownie's sayings?" the idiot asked. There was a bitter ring in his words. "It doesn't become a man like you t' heed him at all. Don't mind him, Dannie. He, he! Let him mind hisself and you, Dannie. He, he! and you too, Dannie."

Doolan could make nothing out of the idiot's incoherency; but he somehow felt more fearful, and fidgeted as he looked out to the dark ridge of rock rising above the beach. The informer was watching for Captain Hamilton's signal. The wolf was in the fold, yet none detected his borrowed raiment. Little did the bluff, hearty men who came crowding in ever and anon know that the quiet, ill-favored fellow who sat apart from them had sold them to their enemy and hoped to thrive upon their blood. Little did the aged priest who came along the coast to the headland in a fisher's craft fancy that one of those to whom he risked his life to minister had betrayed him, as his Master

was of old, and now sat waiting to fulfil the terms of his unholy compact. But so it was.

Doolan had heard of the secret meeting and the holy sacrifice which was to be performed in that wild place, when armed injustice had put it under ban; and like to him who earned the thirty pieces he went in cover of the night to the bigot commander and disclosed a secret which death itself should not have torn from him. In those days of evil laws and evil men the practices forbidden by a power that pervaded and controlled the whole country were observed by strict adherents of the faith in caves and solitudes where no one came. The Holy Sacrifice, to celebrate which was certain death, could only be attended in some hidden retreat, where the blood-hounds of the law might be eluded for a while and a suffering people could lay before the throne the sorrows and hardships they were forced to endure. The cave of Carrickglas, a deep fissure in the rock, closed above and entered from the land only by a narrow way which opened into the old hut, had long been used by the peasantry of the Antrim seaboard for purposes of this kind. Here, whenever occasion offered, would the faithful repair, covertly and by stratagem, to elude their watchful guardians, and here would be performed, as years before in the Roman Catacombs, the sacred observances of the proscribed faith. Many and many a day did the wild surge chant the only refrain that filled the silence between the utterances of the officiating priest; and many a day did the coast guards from their station on the beach wonder when they saw the slight fishers' craft plying around the Carrick Head. On

the evening of this spring day the peasantry from the country round came up in secret to the lonely hut to meet by promise good Father Kane, the banished pastor of the parish.

Old men came there whose locks were white with years and on whose bended shoulders age and care sat heavy, and youths with boyhood's bloom upon their cheeks and the pureness of their childhood in their hearts. There were a few women, too, the wives of fishermen along the coast, who ventured out in straining boats, and with their sons and husbands came to offer up their hearts' sincere devotion. There was something sublime in these humble, uncouth people seeking the sweet solace of religion in the desert place where human intolerance had driven them. These tall, brown-cheeked men and dark-haired women with not unpicturesque kirtles hanging from their shoulders might well represent the class of strong-minded, noble-hearted people of whom the martyrs of an earlier age were the prototypes.

Denied by unjust rulers the right of worshipping their God as their fathers had before them, they bent with no ignoble resignation to the bigot's will; but strong in their faith they rose superior to the trammels set upon them and were true to their olden form of worship despite the menace of gibbet and of sword. Many of them crowded into the hut that spring evening, many more sought the Carrick cave by water, and in it awaited the coming of the priest. At last, when the red sun sank below the line where sea and sky united, and the silver crescent of the moon peeped from the gray sky through the gathering shadows, a small

boat came quickly through the water, propelled by sail and the sinewy arms of two expert rowers. The old man seated on the hurdle without the hut came to the door and made the announcement, "His riverence is below."

At this all rose from their seats and descended by a passage in the rock to the place of worship. It was a damp, miserable spot. The water dripped from the slimy walls of rock, and fell in little pools upon the floor. From clefts and crannies in the solid stone projected masses of brown sea-weed and curious clusters of marine shells. A wide entrance opened seaward and the waters beat upon a little cape of rock that stretched out from it and rose and fell with sullen, tremulous roar. This cave had afforded a safe retreat for many an insurgent in the wars, and, in a nook of the narrow passage-way, as all there knew, were still concealed some kegs of powder, with pikes and scattered stores saved from the last fatal field where English might prevailed. Sometime, perhaps at no distant day, an emergency might again demand their use. Till then, however, they lay stowed away in this hidden chamber of the rock, and no one chose to meddle with them.

In the gloom of the underground retreat, and sheltered from the sea air by a canvas screen, a few candles flickered on a rocky boulder, and before this stood a lean old man in chasuble and stole.

Down upon the damp stone knelt burly manhood, failing age, and budding youth; and with them knelt the kirtled women—mothers, wives and sisters in the little community. Then, in the silence, the voice of the priest rose aloud,

chanting the prayers of the holy sacrifice, and the kneeling people beat their breasts and joined with reverent hearts in supplication.

Among the rest was the idiot Ownie, with his eyes fixed upon Doolan where he crouched rather than knelt at the mouth of the passage. Never for a moment did he withdraw his gaze, and not one change in the informer's face but was read and interpreted by the fool. He saw the ill-looking face flush and pale again, and the large jaws become fixed and rigid, and even to his shallow brain did a conjecture of the traitor's inward sufferings penetrate.

Suddenly Ownie rose and glided softly around the kneeling crowd to the passage. Doolan had just withdrawn. Up in the hut the idiot found him with some sturdy boatmen who had just arrived all drenched and chilled by the surf, and who now stood before the fire warming their limbs and passing around a flask of usquebaugh.

"Here's Ownie Farrell, by 'dhe hokey," cried one of them; "here Ownie, boy, dhrink us a toast before you lave us."

The idiot gave a look over his shoulder at Doolan, who had taken a flaming sod of turf in his hand and held it above him while he peered out through the open door—an unnecessary proceeding the boatmen thought, for the moon was quite bright without.

"I'll dhrink yez a toast," said Ownie, taking from one of them a glass, which was then a rare article in that place.

For a moment he held it aloft, and then with a voice that bore no resemblance to his customary whining treble:

"Here," cried he, "is death and

dishonor t' thraitors and informers." With that he flung the contents of the glass full into Doolan's face, and before the latter could stir, he grappled and threw him heavily to the ground.

"What's this, Ownie," cried the boatmen, starting to their feet. "What's that you say?"

"I say," cried the fool, kneeling upon the prostrate man, "I say that Dannie Doolan here is an informer, and that he has sould ivery sowl o' ye t' Red Hamilton."

"It's a lie," shrieked the wretched man, vainly struggling up under the powerful idiot.

"It's no lie," said the latter, "you're jist afther givin' the sogers the sign t' come. Ah, Dannie boy, I've caught you tight. He, he, he!" and Ownie laughed in his wild, mocking way. The ashen face of the informer was proof enough of his guilt.

"If this is thrue, what's t' be done?" asked one of the men.

"Hurry off his riverence and the rest av' thim t' the boats. I'll see t' this colleen and give the sogers their errand-penny."

The boatmen went down the passage and left the idiot alone with the informer.

The priest had just concluded the Mass, and was addressing to his hearers a few words of exhortation, when the boatmen burst into the cave with the news of Doolan's treachery and the danger that impended. In a moment all was excitement. The men prepared the boats and hurried the women into them. The lights were put out, the chalice, vestments and altar furniture packed into a shallop, with the priest,

and with the utmost caution the boats were loosened and run out into the surf. The warning had been timely, for just as the first craft moved off from the ledge of rock, its occupants heard the ring of metal and saw the glimmer of steel upon the dark pathway leading to the hut.

"Whisht," whispered the helmsman to the rowers, "not a word for your lives."

The boat floated in the shadow of the cliff, till the last of the soldiers had disappeared behind the rocks.

A half dozen suppressed "Now thin's" sounded in the darkness, and as many boats shot out into the moonlight and swept off across the water.

"Hould fast," some one cried, as the last boat left. "We've forgotten Ownie Farrell."

At once the rowers reversed their stroke, but a voice which all recognized as the idiot's hailed them from the darkness.

"Be off wid yez," it said; "Ownie's waitin' t' give Red Hamilton a failtha."

"Coom, coom, Ownie, boy," a boatman called.

But the voice replied, this time from inside the cave, with an emphatic "Noa!"

As the boats went skimming across the waters under a stiff breeze the moonlight shone upon the bare, gray rocks of the headland and showed just a corner of the old hut's roof. The crash of axes, breaking in the door no doubt, sounded faintly from the cliff. Some of the boatmen, looking back at this moment, saw a light moving in the cave. For a time it flickered and then was gone.

Over the water went the boats, and

far away from the peril that threatened their occupants. Still no sound betrayed the soldiers' entrance cave. The rocks rose bare and in the white moonlight and at last the darkness still lay. Suddenly the watchers saw a lurid shoot into the air above the hut, a report rolled out across the sea, a huge section of rock rose up and fell inward with a crash like thunder. The boats stopped, and the spectators held their breath, till the smoke and dust had blown away, and then the pale moonlight fell upon a shapeless mass of rock fallen into the sea where once had been the cliff and the Carrickglas.

"It's Ownie's work," was whispered from one to another, as the devotees hurried to their homes in awe and wonder.

When the morning dawned a regiment of soldiers came down from the forest to the headland. The unexpected absence of Captain Hamilton and his company had caused much anxiety in the garrison, and they had been despatched to follow up him and render what assistance might be needed. They found the shapeless rocks as they had fallen, and a dozen of the coast-guard from the station ten miles off. These latter had heard the dull report of the explosion and seen the glare upon the sea, but knew no further of it. They searched for and moved such fragments of rocks as they could and found one of their comrades crushed to death, and near the edge the body of the idiot Ownie Farrell.

Fool as he was he had wrought a fearful vengeance on the bigot

and his soldiers. At the moment of their entrance he had fired the concealed kegs of powder, and with them and the informer shared a common doom.

There are characters in history who won fame by such an act, but the story

of the idiot's death is not known without the limits of his native parish. Among the rough Antrim fishermen he is still remembered, and to this day they call the moss-covered pile of stone off Carrickglas, "The Fool's Cairn."

THE SECRET OF BEING SUCCESSFUL.

—The success of almost every enterprise depends upon the degree of assiduity with which it is followed by the party engaged in it. Many things seemingly impossible have been overcome by persons who have bent their whole energies of mind upon the accomplishment of their object. From observance we can see genius and high intellectual attainments outstripped by moderate talent, when the latter brings its full powers of mind to the work. Some persons who have had a fair course to the gaining of a particular point have broken down, while other men with not even as good an opportunity would have been successful; thus showing that success may be obtained by a man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will, notwithstanding the force of circumstances. *As to luck, there is less of success due to chance than is commonly supposed.* There is no doubt that many escape the consequences of missteps as if by miracle, but this is not the rule of life; *success is obedient to a law that can be traced throughout the whole of one's career.* So that, whether in the school-room or in the every-day business of life, in labor physical or labor mental, in invention or execution,

in theory or in practice, it is not he who has the strongest powers, but he who the most persistently brings those powers into use, that will become master of the secret of being successful.

CIVILITY.—A courteous man often succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded, by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantages, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

By J. J.

A Conservative triumph, a Liberal defeat, "the most powerful ministry in Europe" fallen, and half a hundred "Home-Rulers" in Parliament! All this has transpired in a few weeks, and the political waters, which were agitated and foam-flecked through the election's uproar, have had time to settle and let the bubbles of excitement float off or break upon their surface. For the first time in years the Catholics of Ireland have made an organized and consistent movement; and the Catholics of England for the first time in over a century have made their weight felt in the balance of power.

Home-rule has achieved a triumph in Ireland, and Catholic education has succeeded in both countries. There is no telling what these things may lead to. The shaft of conjecture may fall far wide of the mark. In this age of ephemeral governments, changeful politics, and uncertain ministries, when the results of years are wrought in days, it is difficult to ground opinion with any degree of certitude. But, judging from the aspect of things, Ireland will ere long have an independent parliament and a home government, provided she abide by the policy which O'Connell taught her thirty years ago and which has given her the triumph of to-day. Armed revolution or underhand intrigue have never brought to Ireland anything but sorrow. If she has sown in affliction, she has reaped but a har-

vest of tears. Independent of the barren glory which valor in action and constancy in defeat have brought her, she has gained nothing by insurrection but oppression and insult. Now there is a new order of men upon the stage of public life, not one whit less intolerant, not less prejudiced, perhaps not less violent than their Elizabethan and Cromwellian ancestors, but willing to compromise national policies to secure partisan ends. The times have changed, and the papist and the churchman stand upon the floor of Parliament on an almost even footing.

So the battles which before were fought on bloody fields against awful odds must now be contested in the halls of state with perhaps a more equal distribution of the strength. The time for conspiracy in Ireland has passed, the days of free speech and open protest are at hand. The national cause must no longer be upheld against disciplined armies by a few desperate, unarmed, unaided men; it must be championed by pleaders in the cabinet, at the throne, and before the world.

It has been proven that Ireland's fetters are not to be burst by open violence, but they may be unlocked by a united nation speaking through men pledged to support its vital interests.

The Liberator knew this. He dictated a peace-policy, and Ireland prospered while she followed it. The contest was transferred from the hills

and valleys of the suffering land to the English House of Commons, and there a single plucky Irishman wrung from a reluctant Parliament and an unwilling king what a thousand Irishmen no less plucky had striven for on the battlefield—and striven for in vain. United Ireland under O'Connell achieved emancipation. Ireland united to-day can secure Home-Rule. If every constituency pledge its parliamentary candidate to support the movement, as nearly every constituency has done, then can we look for tangible results. Ireland holds the parliamentary balance of power in the three kingdoms. She has thrown down Gladstone, and if she be true to herself she can pull from power any ministry that chooses to ignore her just demands and be deaf to her complaints. Since O'Connell's time Ireland has never been a unit. Had she been so, the elections would have had different results. His policy is now revived, and it is needed to invigorate her political life.

The people have been waiting for it—some in silence, some clamoring; they have called it by different names, and sought it by different ways; but it was the same remedy that each and every one looked for, and now that they have it let them not give it over till they have tested its potency. Gladstone has fallen

and D'Israeli is in power. He has never been over-fond of Ireland, but it is hardly probable that he can resist the demands she makes at this time. Does he lack the will to see justice done, political considerations will constrain him to accede to the wishes of the people to whom he owes his elevation. Ireland needs Home-Rule, she has wanted it for centuries, but she has not had the power to wrest it by force nor the cunning to seize it by stratagem. She has always had the will, a way is now open to her.

Englishmen—at least such of them as are open to conviction—see that gross injustice has been meted out to a people deserving better at their hands. Some are willing to see the past retrieved, and the rancor of five hundred years softened and appeased. Some go further and study the wants of Ireland to make a fair presentment of them to their countrymen and the world. Of these is Archbishop Manning.

No work on the present state of Ireland has displayed a profounder insight into the popular wants than a letter which he addressed some time ago to the Irish Primate. It is a review of the condition of the country and its people which has at this time an interest for all readers. And as such we append it here.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON "THE IRISH QUESTION."

I.

If I had been able to be among you, I should have expressed, so far as I could, some of the many motives of veneration with which I regard Catholic Ireland; for I know no country in

the world more truly Christian, nor any Catholic people that has retained its faith and traditions more inviolate. The one only exception I know is indeed out of all comparison: I mean Rome. It is true indeed that the im-

mutability of Rome is thrown out into higher relief by the fact that the city has been submerged, times without number, by every form of anti-Christian enmity; and that it has been the centre of all the warfare of the world against the Faith: but it has been sustained by its exceptional divine prerogatives, and therefore remains immovable. Ireland has not the special support of either "Tu es Petrus" or of "Ego rogavi pro te"; nevertheless it remains to this day, for fourteen hundred years, as St. Patrick left it, unstained and inviolate in Catholic fidelity. I know of no other province in the Kingdom of our Divine Master of which this can be said. Every other country in Europe has had its heresy, and its periods of obscuration. Some have risen and fallen again, and have been restored once more; some, after centuries of light and grace, have apostatized utterly, and lie dead to this day; but Ireland is the Ireland of St. Patrick to the present hour. I am well aware what nibbling critics and historical scavengers may rake up from the twelfth or thirteenth centuries of Irish history; but this still more confirms my assertion. Even in those dark days the faith of Ireland never failed. It was Catholic and Roman as St. Patrick taught it. I note this, not only because it is a great glory which has been won by centuries of suffering even unto death—and Ireland may indeed be truly inscribed in the Calendar of the Church as both Confessor and Martyr—but I note it because it seems to me to be related to other great truths. If England had been less prosperous in this world, it might have been more faithful to the Kingdom of

God. If Ireland has had an instance of sorrow, it has received the order of grace and life and the recompense of a great reward. In this I see some explanation of the unexampled spiritual fertility of Ireland. What other race since the Apostles had so spread the Faith over the earth? There is at this hour an English and Catholic population in England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, and the United States, double in number compared with the whole population of Ireland. They are multiplied beyond all other races: four churches and episcopates, but many cathedrals, raising everywhere schools, colleges, convents; and covering the surface of new countries, may say new continents—with the Catholic faith, as fervent, fruitful, pure, as in Dublin, Cashel, Tuam, and Armagh. I know nothing else like this in the world—I may say, in Christian history. When I remember that this faith has been preserved, through what sorrows and sufferings, what a prolonged martyrdom of generations, I must believe that the Divine Master has called the Irish nation to a great mission, and a great destiny. And this comes out more visibly in this age of national apostasy. The nations have fallen away one after another from the Kingdom of God. Germany and the North fell first; France, Italy, and Austria, and now Russia have followed. By anti-Christian revolutions and public rejection of the Vicar of Jesus Christ they have made nations cease to be Catholic, and seem bent on ceasing to be Christians; but Ireland, in hear-

and will, in its private life and public opinion, in its popular voice and political action, is Christian and Catholic; with a noble pride and manly indignation at the apostasy and cowardice of the nations who are hiding their face from the Redeemer of the world, and disowning His Vicar upon earth. With all my heart I love Ireland for this apostolic fidelity, for this chivalry of Catholic fortitude and Christian love. Your Grace is at this moment, while I am writing, surrounded by the Bishops and clergy of Ireland, dedicating the Cathedral at Armagh. I am consoling myself for my privation by writing these words: and praying that the promise made to St. Patrick may be abundantly fulfilled in all the world, and with a special benediction on the province of Ulster; and upon the faithful, fervent, generous people of Ireland.

Edmund Burke said that, with some changes, the Catholic Church in Ireland, to his mind, bore the closest resemblance of any Church on earth to the Church of the Apostles. I fully believe this; for it is the most Pastoral Church in the world, where pastors and flock are in the closest bonds of confidence and love. Where this is, Christianity is in its primitive purity of life. I am not going to dwell on these topics now. Ireland, its adversaries being both judges and witnesses, is at the head of the nations for purity of morals and freedom from ordinary crime. For years I have declared my belief that Ireland is the most Christian country in the world. Its Christian traditions are universal and unbroken; its people know their religion; the intelligence of Ireland has

been illuminated, quickened, enlarged by the inherited faith of fourteen hundred years; to your flocks Christian and Catholic are convertible terms. An Irishman without faith is a shame to his mother and to Ireland. The laity of Ireland, as I well know, are as prompt and clear when Catholic doctrine or principle are at stake, and speak as authoritatively and logically in defence of the Catholic religion, as if they had been trained in a seminary. The whole action of Irish homes, Irish public opinion, and the social life of the nation, moulds them, not by constraint and unwillingly, but insensibly and spontaneously, to the instincts and character of Christians. May God preserve this inheritance of His grace to you. In England it has been shattered and wasted; every year mutilates more and more the remaining Christian traditions of public life and opinion among us. We can test this comparative difference under our own hands. The difference of Catholic formation between those who come to us from Ireland and those who are born of Irish parents in England is sadly marked. The atmosphere of Ireland unfolds and ripens the Catholic instincts of faith; the atmosphere of England, like untimely frost, checks and cuts them off.

II.

I could have wished also to say to my Irish brethren what, as one looks at Ireland from a distance, may perhaps be a mirage or an illusion; but it may also be a truth and reality, more promptly seen by those who look from a distance, than by those who live in the monotony of every day and the

importunate presence of the common life which surrounds them. Perhaps no one is so quick to perceive the growth of the trees about a friend's house as a visitor who comes only from time to time. One conviction then is strongly impressed upon my mind. I do not believe that Ireland was ever so full of life, power, and resource as at this day. I can fully understand how the constant sense of the many evils and wrongs you daily see, may make it hard to realize this fact; but I believe it to be the simple truth.

1. First, was there ever any time in the history of Ireland when its people were so completely united? There have been in past times many interests of races, families, and classes, which have hindered the fusion of the people into one whole. At this day they are as solidly united as the people of Scotland or of Yorkshire. The moral importance of this fact will be estimated by all who know the past history of Ireland.

2. Next, it may with certainty be said that the people of Ireland were never so well or so universally educated as at this day. The College of St. Patrick's, at Maynooth, has now, since the beginning of this century, wrought its effects throughout the Catholic clergy; a number of lesser colleges throughout the provinces has powerfully affected the Catholic laity. The system of education which for the last thirty years has covered Ireland with national schools, has diffused education through the whole body of the people. Popular education in Ireland is more widely spread than in England. What was intended by some to undermine the Catholic religion in Ireland has

turned to the confirmation of the Faith. The mass of the people at this day are an intelligent and educated Catholic nation: all the more Catholic because all the more intelligent; and thereby able to appreciate explicitly the grounds of their faith, the notes of the Church, the history of heresy, and the emptiness of all anti-Catholic systems which, after ages of pretensions, are visibly dissolving every day before their eyes. Firm, changeless, and invincible as Ireland has ever been in its faith, it is more so now than ever. Everything has been tried against it, from martyrdom and pitchcaps to soup and secular education: *merges profundo pulchrior evenit*. I am old enough to remember the high days of Exeter Hall, and Irish missions at Dingle and the like, and Priest Protection Societies, and the New Reformation in Connemara; of which the great public oracle of England declared that, if its progress should be long maintained, Roman Catholicism would one day be as extinct in Ireland as the worship of the Phenicians in Cornwall. But all these things have gone to the limbo of South Sea Bubbles; and the Catholic people of Ireland are rising and consolidating every year in vigorous intelligence and immutable faith.

3. To this I may add one more sign of prosperous growth in Ireland. Since the day when its people were put out of their inheritance in the soil, there was never a time when so much land had returned again into Catholic hands. Famine and fever, and the exodus, have indeed done their mournful work, in assuring to those who survive or remain, a better remuneration for their industry; but, apart from

his, there never was, I believe, a time when more industry was at work in Ireland, when more capital was invested, more activity of production and exchange was in motion, and when, therefore, better returns were secured to the employers and better wages to the employed. Of this I lately had an unlooked for and trustworthy proof. A very intelligent Englishman, who had raised himself, as he told me, from the plough's tail, went over last autumn to Connemara, to see with his own eyes the material condition of the peasantry in Ireland. On his return he assured me that in abundance and quality of food, in rate of wages, and even in the comfort of their dwellings, the working men of Connemara are better off than the agricultural laborers of certain of our English counties. It is, therefore, to me beyond a doubt, that the Catholic population of Ireland is at this moment forming to itself a social organization, in all its conditions of industry and commerce, labor and capital; and filling up the unsightly chasm between the richest and the poorest with a gradation of social classes; which must every year indefinitely increase the resources and power of the country. I know, indeed, that the last census shows once more a diminished population: but when this descent has touched a certain point emigration will slacken, if not cease, and the population must increase again.

4. And, lastly, I must say that no one without a foresight almost prophetic could have foretold, in 1828 and 1829, to how high a share in the public life and power of the Empire Ireland has been lifted by the last five and forty years. On this let me speak

out of my own observation. I was just entering upon life when the Catholics of these kingdoms were admitted into Parliament. I well remember the political conflicts from the time of Mr. O'Connell's election for the county of Clare. From that day to this many events and reasons have made me note somewhat closely the course of our legislation: and my clear and firm conviction is, that at no time in the history of the English Monarchy has Ireland had so wide, so various, and so powerful a share in the legislature, in the public opinion, and in the public life of the Empire. The justice of Englishmen has admitted Ireland to the same legal privileges and powers as England and Scotland; and the intelligence and energy of Irishmen are every year converting what is potential in the Statute Book into actual exercise and possession. It is not my intention now to enter upon political matters; but I must say in passing that I do not forget the inequalities which still depress the Catholic population of these kingdoms. They are not, however, inequalities of the law, which is the same for all; but inequalities of social and personal conditions, which still weigh upon the posterity of those who were a generation ago under penal laws. Who would have believed that, after five and forty years—that is, nearly half a century after the admission of Catholics to Parliament—there should not be a single Catholic returned to the House of Commons by any constituency in England or in Scotland? And who would believe that, of the hundred and five Irish members in the House of Commons, the Catholic members should be only one in three to represent a

people of whom the Catholics are nearly four to one? Nevertheless, as I am aware, the Protestant representatives of Catholic constituencies are men of honor; and through them also Catholic Ireland makes its just claims felt, so far as they are felt, in the Imperial Legislature. Your Grace will correct me if I be in error; but am I not right in affirming that Ireland has a public opinion of its own which has matured and strengthened in the last forty years beyond all example in the past history of the country? And has not that public opinion a powerful action, through an extensive and active press, upon the public opinion of England and upon the Imperial Legislature? And let me add that, in all the great cities and towns of England and Scotland, there is a response to this public opinion and to this public voice of Ireland which carries home both to the ear and to the intelligence of this country. My belief is that there is a great future for Ireland. If less than fifty years have brought about what I have hardly touched in outline, what may not another fifty years with the accelerating ratio of improvement accomplish? When I look on foreign nations, and I may say also upon England, I see cause for grave foreboding. Everywhere I see change, or what men call progress, without stability. Governments and nations are marching into the unknown, without a base of operations, and therefore without any line of retreat; without communications open for resource, or means of reforming in case of a disaster. States, I do not say monarchies, for they have sold themselves and are morally gone, but States without faith are therefore with-

out God; and States without God have no stability, because they have no vital coherence. They may hold together by the force of custom for awhile, or by the tenacity of interest even for a long time; but they have no source of life or curative resources in themselves. All these things I see in Ireland. You have a people pervaded by faith, openly serving God by every form of private and public duty. You have a religious unity in doctrine, worship, and communion, which resists and casts off all modern expedients of latitudinarianism or Godless legislation. The progress of Ireland is on the pathway of Christianity, which has made the nations of Christendom and the glory of them. They have departed, or are departing from faith, and their glory likewise is departing from them. For them I see no future. I see no future for Imperial Germany; or for revolutionary Italy; or for Spain, if it abandon its ancient Catholic traditions; or for France, if it continue to deify Voltaire and to glorify the principles of 1789. But I do see a future for Ireland, and I see also a future for England—if Ireland be Ireland still, and if England have still a Christian heart. Here is the trial which has now reached its crisis. The trial is this: Shall the next generation of Irishmen be formed as Catholics? Shall the next generation of Englishmen be formed as Christians?

III.

I am at a loss to understand the blindness which has fallen upon a multitude of men at this day. They would indignantly claim to be Christian. But they deal with Christian education as they would deal with the casting of

on and the combing of wool; as a necessary but expensive work, in which there is no motive for enthusiasm. Not so those who desire to rid the world of the Catholic faith, of doctrinal Christianity, and of religion in any form. They know perfectly well that the school is more fatal to their policy than the church. Our churches would soon stand empty if our schools were not full. They see what we are either blind enough not to see, or, as they may well think, stupid enough not to understand; that the shape, and mould, and form, and character of the next generation is to be decided in our schools. Bring up the children without religion, and the next generation will pull down the churches. We in England were upon the brink of being terrified by agitation, and juggled by Leagues into some compromise, which is the beginning of interminable concessions. This danger is I hope past, because the momentary scare is over, and the weakness of the agitation is found out. We have need, however, of a hundred eyes, and of keeping them all open, to watch the dangers which beset the Catholic and Christian education of these countries. The popular education of Ireland is indeed safe; not through any favor of legislatures, but through the fidelity and industry of the Catholic Church and its people. Your danger will be in the higher education. And your only safety will be in the same Catholic fidelity and industry; which will render all experiments at mixed education in Ireland useless, because the Catholicity in Ireland refuse them, and the Catholic Church is resolved to provide colleges and a higher education for its

people. When the late proposal for university education in Ireland was first made known, I was, for a time, induced to believe, looking at it as for us in England, that it could be accepted with safety and worked for ultimate good. But this impression, for I will not call it a judgment, or even an opinion, I carefully guarded by the consciousness that those only who are upon the spot and familiar with all local and personal conditions could form an adequate judgment. I was fully aware that what could be tolerated in England might be intolerable in Ireland: and that what would be a gain to a handful of Catholics in a vast non-Catholic population, might be a great loss, and even a wrong, to a Catholic people of which the religious unity and Catholic traditions are unbroken. When, then, the Catholic Episcopate of Ireland refused the proposal on the high Christian principle that it involved two things which the Catholic Church inflexibly refuses, the one mixed education, the other education without faith, I recognized the higher and nobler attitude of its refusal. I saw in it the broad assertion that a Catholic people have a right to Catholic education; that education is impossible without faith; that already enough had been endured by Ireland; and that had been done by Parliament in the establishment of primary schools in which the Catholic religion could not be taught, and in the founding of colleges where education is mixed; that both these things are wrong against a Catholic people; and that it was therefore impossible to consent to a measure which would consolidate, perpetuate, and extend this system of mixed and Godless

education in the heart of a people profoundly religious and profoundly Catholic. When I saw this, I at once recognized not only the truth and the justice, but also the higher elevation of your reply. Such mixed and Godless schemes of university education have become inevitable in England by reason of our endless religious contentions. England has lost its religious unity and is paying the grievous penalty. But Ireland may well remind the Imperial Parliament that it has not forfeited its religious unity, and that such penal legislation is neither necessary nor tolerable. Even Scotland has made this plea good, in bar of schemes of education at variance with its religious convictions. The Scotch Education Bill is essentially religious and denominational. Parliament has legislated for Scotland wisely and justly, according to the desires and the conscience of the Scotch people. It will assuredly take its measure of any education schemes for England from the ideas and choices of the English people. To their shame be it spoken, there are Englishmen and Scotchmen who will claim this for themselves and will deny it to Irishmen. We have of late years fully unmasked this injustice. For a long time your claim was not denied, because it was not distinctly enunciated. Ireland had borne with a long course of niggard and ungenerous legislation; in which the least possible recognition was admitted that Ireland is a Catholic country, and the Irish a Catholic people. But when certain politicians began to claim Presbyterian education for Presbyterian Scotland, the whole truth was told, and the claim of Ireland was unintentionally established. The Presbyterians in Scotland are as somewhat more than four to one of the population. The Catholics of Ireland are about the same to their non-Catholic fellow countrymen. The late Irish University debates have lifted the whole question, and placed it upon this level: Catholic Ireland justly claims that its higher education shall be Catholic. And from this demand, I trust, under God, it will never go back. The Bishops and people of Ireland who, in resistance of the Godless colleges five and twenty years ago, founded a Catholic University, will not fail now in resisting the scheme of a mixed university, to give permanence and development to the university which already exists. The vigorous unity of the pastors and people of Ireland will not hesitate to take up and to consolidate the work which was so well begun with so much foresight, and with so much self-denial. Its very existence on Stephen's Green is a witness that Catholic Ireland claims a pure Catholic University. I trust that no line, no letter of this noble and explicit inscription, will be effaced. It was the work of the Irish Church and nation. It has stood for more than twenty years, bearing witness to the claims of the laity of Ireland, and to the duty of the Imperial Parliament toward the Irish people. If it served no other purpose in our day—and it does serve a multitude of other and excellent uses—this one alone would suffice to bind the faithful to maintain it in its integrity, and to make it the centre of the higher national education of Ireland.

IV.

If this be done by the spontaneous efforts of the Irish people, the day must come when a juster spirit will prevail in our Legislature. It will not forever obey the narrow bigotry of Covenanters, nor the jealous fears of Sectarians, nor the imperial haughtiness of tyrannical Liberals, nor the supercilious contempt of infidels. The Parliament of the future will be broader, and more in sympathy with the constituencies of the three kingdoms. England and Scotland will not claim to legislate for Ireland according to English and Scotch interests and prejudices; and Ireland, when it is justly treated, will have no more will than it has now to make or meddle in the local affairs of England or Scotland. The three peoples are distinct in blood, in religion, in character, and in local interests. They will soon learn to "live and let live," when the vanishing *reliquiæ* of the Tudor tyranny shall have died out, unless the insane example of Germany shall, for a time, inflame the heads of certain violent politicians to try their hand at what they call an Imperial policy. I have watched with a mixture of sorrow and indignation the writings and the speeches of a handful of boisterous and blustering doctrinaires, who are trying to turn men away from doing what is just toward Ireland by grandiloquent phrases about the Imperial race and an Imperial policy. An Imperial policy, in the mouths of doctrinaires, means a legislation which ignores the special character and legitimate demands of races and localities, and subjects them to the coercion of laws at variance with their most sacred instincts. Not

so the Imperial policy of ancient Rome, which wisely consolidated its world-wide power by the most delicate regard to the religion of every race and nation. But our doctrinaires either have no religion, or a Scotch or English creed. They will take good care to make provision for themselves.

Imperial policy means, and may be defined as, legislation to hamper and harass the Catholic Church in Ireland. Such Imperial legislation would be intensely English for England, and Scotch for Scotland; but Imperial, that is, anti-Irish and anti-Catholic for Ireland. Imperial legislation means using Imperial power to force Ireland into subjection to the religious ideas of England. These same gentlemen lament openly that the policy of the Tudors stopped short of exterminating the Irish Catholic race. They are saying: "If we had lived in the days of our fathers not a Catholic soul should have been left in Ireland, and then we should now have had no trouble with questions of Church, or land, or university education." The appearance of such public counsellors is a portent of evil. They distort the vision and heat the blood of men; they revive animosities and kindle old hates. They may be the forerunners of convulsions which would lay waste our public peace, if there be not calmer heads and juster hearts to repress their inflammatory declamation.

The rise of an Empire is no cause of joy to men who love their country. It is the sign of the loss of true liberty. When local government, springing from mature national self-control, grows weak and impotent, then, and then only, it is that Imperial centraliza-

tion becomes possible and necessary. France has tried it, and is expiating the fault by half a century of successive revolutions and a chronic instability. Germany is beginning to inflict upon itself a vengeance worse than France could wreak, by an Imperial despotism which legislates in violation of the religion and conscience of its subjects. Its present ecclesiastical laws have been hailed and heralded by our newspapers as the policy of Henry VIII. Till the other day no Englishman was found to glorify Henry VIII. Now he has received his apotheosis as a great Englishman and a wise king. Germany is applauded because it is persecuting the Catholic Church. The Imperial power is setting to us the magnanimous example of defying the Pope. Articles without end appear every week, all alive with sympathy for this ignoble tyranny, which violates liberty of conscience, of religion, of speech, and of action, in its most sacred sphere. And Englishmen, who have prated for three hundred years of the duty of private judgment, of the rights of conscience, of civil and religious liberty, are praising the German penal laws with all the fervor with which they used to denounce the fables of the Spanish Inquisition.

V.

I cannot say that I have much fear of an Imperial policy in Great Britain and Ireland. The day is past, and the work would be found too tough for our doctrinaires. My chief reason for this confidence is, that the people of these three kingdoms will not have it so. They mean to manage their own affairs with a great extension, rather than a

hair's-breadth of diminution, in the freedom of local self-government. They are willing, as I said, to live and to let live; not to meddle with others, nor to allow anybody to meddle with them: above all, in matters of conscience and of religion they will not be interfered with by any authority. They have no desire to interfere with the conscience or religion of their neighbors; and they do not mean to be used again as the tools or the weapons of any party, political or religious.

Such is certainly the mind and will of the English people, as I believe I can undertake to say; and I think your Grace would be able to add your testimony as to the people of Ireland. They have least of all any desire to meddle with the political or religious affairs of their neighbors; and they have no intention that any neighbors whatsoever should meddle with theirs. In this temper of mind I see the surest guarantees of our future peace; and of the healthful development of a local self-government over the three kingdoms, suited to the character, faith, conscience, traditions, and interests of each. We shall be thereby removed every day further and further from the danger of "Imperial" centralization, which is everywhere, as it has been in France, the paralysis of all local and individual energy and life. In this expansion of our distinct and various national life and energy, I see also the bonds of mutual good will and justice which must assuredly draw us more closely together and hold us indissolubly united.

I shall, therefore, hope that our Legislature will hereafter represent more adequately the legitimate will, conscience, and mind of Great Britain and Ireland:

and that when certain politicians, who would vote for denominational education in England and mixed education in Ireland, because they exist by favor of the Orangemen of Ireland and the Anglicans in England, shall have put off their traditional narrowness and their anti-Catholic enmity; and when the so-called Liberals shall have repented of their sympathy with the German penal laws, and the Non-conformists shall have remembered that it is not for Free Churches to force the conscience of those who believe education without religion to be anti-Christian; when these recent mental aberrations shall have been rectified by certain of our legislators, and they will be rectified when the House of Commons truly represents the people of the three kingdoms,—then, I believe, the university education offered to the people of Ireland will be such as a Catholic nation has a right to possess. Until then I hope both the Bishops and laity of Ireland will wait in patience. The policy of patience won for them unconditional Catholic emancipation fifty years ago; and it will win for them hereafter a true and pure Catholic University.

VI.

In the course of the late debates I heard strange utterances about the duty of Government to interfere to save the laity of Ireland from an Ultramontane priesthood. There are yet men alive, and in parliament too, who can harbor and utter such wild talk. This was the dream of those who set up the National Education of 1835. They fought Papacy “with their right hand tied behind them.” The result was not encouraging. And now rather than

confess their mistake they must try it again. It has failed with the poor, but it may prosper with the upper class; especially if there can be found anywhere the fear of being thought to be priestridden to work upon. I will confess that I had maliciously made up my mind, when I should be enjoying your hospitality, to hear what the laymen of Ireland would say to this benevolent purpose of their English protectors. As I have not seldom to converse with men who profess to know on the best evidence that the laity in Ireland are sighing for redemption from an Ultramontane and domineering priesthood, I thought it would not be amiss if I could give in this matter the result of my own experience. But in truth I have no need to go to Armagh, to know what the laity of Ireland would say to those who scatter imputations on their fidelity and would try to seduce them from their pastors; nor do I need any evidence to assure me that the handful of men, who in London or in Dublin mutter and whisper under the eaves of Governments against the Hierarchy of Ireland, do not represent or know the Irish people.

VII.

I am well aware how many questions there are bearing on the welfare of Ireland which demand attention; but I must take leave to say that in my judgment there is none that bears any comparison in vital importance to that of education. It is nothing less than this: Shall the posterity of Ireland be the children of St. Patrick, or the children of this world? Here is an issue in which I believe all Irishmen will be united. Even the Protestants and

the Presbyterians of Ireland desire that education shall be religious and Christian. The whole Irish people, Catholic and Protestant, therefore, alike demand that the tradition of Christian education, unbroken hitherto, may be preserved inviolate, and handed down as they have received it to their children's children.

I rejoice to know that on the 12th of July no Catholic in Ulster raised his hand or his voice to hinder the freedom which his Protestant neighbors enjoyed: and that on the 15th of August no Protestant moved to disturb his Catholic neighbors. When these things can be done in Ulster, what may not be done in Ireland? I learned yesterday that on Sunday, while the Catholic Cathedral of Armagh was dedicated, the bells of Armagh rang a friendly greeting. God grant that their mingled harmony may be a prophecy of a future perfect unity of faith. It made me doubly sorry that I was not there to hear them. Whatever experiments, I was almost going to say tricks, the miserable political and religious contentions of England may force men to practise in this country Scotland will have none of them. John Knox has just put his foot down, and while he gives freedom to others, he will have his own Bible and Catechism. Ireland will not fail to do what Scotland has done. St. Patrick will claim that the Christian Faith of the whole people shall be guarded in all its purity and freedom; and Irishmen will know how to make this national right known and felt at the next general election. I hope to see the hundred and five Irish members vote as one man against every attempt to meddle with the full freedom and purity of religious education in Ireland.

And now, my dear Lord Primate, I have detained you too long; and if I were not to put some force on myself I should run on out of bounds. I hope my brethren, the Bishops of Ireland, will accept what I have written as an expression of my heart-felt regret at finding myself here alone while they were offering up the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving, in the new Cathedral of Armagh. The Catholic Church in Ireland and in England has at this day a solid unity of mutual coöperation such as it never had since Armagh and Canterbury were founded. In the Vatican Council no Saint had so many mitred sons as St. Patrick; and, wonderful are the ways of God, no power on earth had there a Hierarchy so numerous gathered from the ends of the earth as our own. These things are not without a future: and that future hangs in great measure on our close union and mutual help. In your brotherly invitation to Armagh I read the same meaning; and in this answer, in the name of the Catholic Bishops and Church in England, I accept and reciprocate the assurance of our alliance.

Believe me, my dear Lord Primate,
Your Grace's affectionate Brother and
Servant,

✠ HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

LONDON, August 31, 1873.



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'St. Peter's tower still stands the antique tower,
A volume of strength is death of pillars'—*From a Tower*

PISA'S TOWER.

BY CHARLES B. NUGENT.

In Pisa's town still stands the antique tower,
 A miracle of strength, a dream of power,
 Toppling above the olden market-square,
 Yet held in robust grandeur high in air.
 The crowding years to centuries have grown,
 But left no footprints on the sturdy stone ;
 And though by wind and weather hard beset,
 The ever dizzy height is stable yet.
 Strong in its fabric, in foundation sure
 Through changing empires doth the tower endure.
 Our lives, like Pisa's tower, depend on youth
 Based on a groundwork of unfailing truth.
 They still are steadfast. E'en if tempest-driven,
 They bend to earth, they never fall from heaven.

NEARNESS TO DEATH.—When we look near powerful machinery, we know that one misstep, and those mighty engines will tear us to ribbons by their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine, then, that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice.

But we do not see it. Whether on sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank or a three-inch iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The valves that hold the beating powers in their place, are often not thicker than

a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition ruptured, it would be the same as if a cannon-ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he may to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist ; but, by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement : we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

TOM BRIMS'S INDIAN PRINCES.

II.

I got a letter from Brims on the Wednesday after this, stating that the princes had assented to his request, and had duly made my appointment. He added a sentence which alone rendered the other news of much value. "Their Highnesses," he wrote, "got something to eat in Manchester." It would not have been of any great avail to receive an appointment from men who were to expire of inanition five minutes afterwards. The firm in Fenchurch street, on my representing my case to them, said they would not stand in the way of my making a fortune much faster than they had any hope of doing. I might take some weeks' absence, short as was the time since my last holiday. The junior partner satirically remarked, "that he only feared they should lose my valuable services altogether, owing to the Bank of England wishing to make me a governor on my return to town a millionaire." I put the sneer into my pocket, into which I hoped soon to put something else far more valuable.

It was in one of the great Yorkshire towns that I came up with Tom Brims and the distinguished Oriental visitors.

"We have turned aside here before going on to Liverpool," explained Brims, "because the princes want forty thousand caps, or hats, you would call them, of a peculiarly light fabric, for their people at home, and it is only here they can get them."

"Forty thousand!" I could not help

repeating it. Everything with them seemed to be on the scale of the "Arabian Nights."

"Yes," he ill-temperedly continued, "they are going on in the way of ordering just as they did at Paris and in London. In Manchester they bought calico right and left; enough for all India, you would think. They are like big children; they want to buy everything they see. Even nabobs can't afford to keep up this style of thing. But it is of no use my trying to check it. The only thing to be said on the other side is, that their living won't cost them much. They are on short commons again since leaving Manchester. I could have got a makeshift cook for them there, but some of their high-caste nonsense came in; they would neither consent to it, nor see any of the Hindus in the place. They are feeding on their pipes, and little or nothing else. At Liverpool, they may be able to beg another mouthful or two."

The great rank of the Hindus had not been specially promulgated, but our presence made some stir among the inhabitants. Whenever we left the hotel we were accompanied by a group of women and children, the faces of the former peeping out of shawls thrown over their heads in lieu of bonnets. They all clattered along in clogs, like the Lancashire people. The men in the streets stopped to grin at the unfamiliar procession we made. It was relief to think that the broad vernacular

ar they spoke was not intelligible to the cimitar-bearing potentates before us, or some of the criticisms upon their appearance were not complimentary. The Yorkshiremen seemed to think it was preposterous and ludicrous that they did not wear good broadcloth and chimney-pot hats, like other male creatures, having the money to buy them. The town officials and the leading manufacturers better appreciated foreign peculiarities, and the advantages of cultivating amity with possible customers. Invitations to visit the leading mills and other places of interest were kindly pressed upon the princes. A number of these were accepted. For men living upon smoke, they got through an astonishing amount of work of this kind. Late in the afternoon their highnesses went to inspect a large, handsome hall used for public purposes.

I stayed a few minutes behind at the last warehouse visited, in order to see to the right directing of some patterns which had been presented to the princes as specimens of Yorkshire manufactures. Just as I reached the building whither they had gone, a series of most fearful yells resounded within. I hastened through a doorway into a large room, where I instantly saw, from the long lines of snowy tables, duly set out with glittering glass and flashing cutlery, a public dinner was pending. But all my powers of observation were speedily concentrated on the frantic gestures of a black-coated, white-neckerchiefed waiter, who was wildly flourishing his napkin, as also his arms and legs, in front of the chief cross table. At the other side of the table sat the youngest of

the three princes, his dark blazing eye resting on the waiter, as he silently went on helping himself from the principal dishes.

"Help, help!" the waiter was shouting, among his inarticulate yelling. "We shall all be ruined. There is only one apricot left for the high sheriff. Hoo! that is gone now. Help, help!" Roger, Willie, Sarah, where are you? We shall never get over this disgrace."

Hurrying up, I put my hand on his shoulder, trying to control him by a whisper that it was one of their highnesses. He was in such a fury that he either would not or could not listen.

"Now he has spoiled the best sweetmeat there is, I shall certainly be discharged; we shall all lose our characters forever."

His highness, keeping his glittering eye upon his vituperator, and taking no heed of me, had greatly altered the look of a very ornate piece of confectionery. Attacking it with his fingers, he was carrying it to his mouth by the handful.

"See how he eats with his paws!" roared the waiter.

There were loud voices, and a noise advancing behind us. Several underwaiters and women-assistants came rushing up the hall. Behind them, stepping in from the doorway, I was relieved to see Tom Brims's tall form, the other princes with their servants being visible in the background.

The head waiter had caught sight of them. He lost all vestige of control. "There is more of em," he yelled. "Here's a 'Christy Minstrel' has come and sat in the chairman's chair, and eaten the high sheriff's apricots; and the rest o' the gang is coming to finish

us up. Police ! Where are the police ?" Not waiting for the arrival of the police he got fast hold of his highness's robe, and to it he clung, lying across the table.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Tom Brims and myself, even with the aid of three gentlemen accompanying the party, who ran to our help, could extricate his highness from the waiter's clutch. So soon as we did, the prince's hand went to the hilt of his scimitar. But we restrained him. His nostrils dilating from anger, he, with a dignified strut, joined the other excited Hindus, wiping upon his capacious sleeve the traces of the fruit and sweetmeats.

It was in vain the gentlemen with us tried to explain matters.

"We shall be ruined in the eyes of the public," persisted the head-waiter, letting his head emerge from the recovered napkin, in which he had wrapped it. "The newspapers will be down on us without mercy, as they allus is. Didn't they say the last time as the dinner wasn't worth sneezing at, becoss we was underhanded, which I don't say wasn't in part true. But this time we have got twelve more helps, and now the reporters'll say we served nothing for dessert up to the high sheriff's table but raw potatoes." He danced round and round on the floor in a fury, and again wrapped his head in the napkin, to hide his grief and shame.

The last words I heard him utter, as we were passing out, the princes walking as statelily as ever, were these:

"Not Christy's Minstrels ? No ; their manners are worse !"

This was a great scandal. It ap-

peared that the youngest prince, the promptings of whose appetite must have been irresistible at the sight of the banquet spread out, had, unobserved, quitted the gallery where the party were having shown to them a great organ, which was one of the local marvels. Going down below, he had proceeded some way in helping himself to the fruits and other dainties before he was noticed by any one, with the result of very considerably disfiguring the arrangements of the sheriff's table.

The matter was made the best of by those immediately concerned. Large presents of fruit were sent to their highnesses' hotel by some of the leading townsmen, by way of vindicating English hospitality. But Tom Brims himself, I think, was not sorry when, early the next day, we got ready to quit the town for Liverpool. One last pang of humiliation we had to endure at the railway station.

It had, somehow, got to be known that their highnesses were leaving, and a large and miscellaneous crowd was in and about the station, which was adjacent to the hotel. So soon as the princes had passed each successive group of shawl-huddled women and broad-grinning men, loud laughter rang forth, while apples and oranges, some of them having deep, wide marks of bites already in them, were conspicuously held aloft. From every quarter their highnesses were asked, in the broadest dialect, if they'd "like a boite."

It was a great relief when the train glided out of the dingy, squalid-looking town into the pleasant scenery of the country, and we were on our way to

Liverpool—although, if I had then known what awaited us there, that certainly would not have been my feeling.

Fortunately, at Liverpool an Indian book was obtained. The princes took up their quarters at one of the leading hotels, but their presence did not attract much attention in the great port. Foreigners have about as much novelty there as they have in London. Some compliments were offered them by the authorities, but their Highnesses kept much aloof. It was only in reference to the shipping that they availed themselves of the courtesies. They paid repeated visits to the docks and piers, seemingly, in their own gloomy way, much interested in the splendid river and the busy scenes it shows.

But if they were enjoying Liverpool, Tom Brims was not doing so; his health and temper were both failing him together. I could not but notice his manner becoming very strange. Both in the hotel and out of it he would unexpectedly stand, pale, haggard, before me, and strike his forehead with his hand; then he would spread out bundles of accounts which he took indiscriminately from any of his pockets. Invoices, bills, accounts, stuck all over him—fresh supplies being brought by the post before he could detect, enter, and put away the last lots.

"I have been expecting them to want to buy a Cunard steamer or two, or some other trifle of that kind, since they have been here," he bitterly said, in a talk with me on the second day. Luckily, ships are the only specialty there is in this place. But we shall be in money difficulties as it is, before we get away. Some diamonds ought

to have been cashed before we left London. The treasurer has no money left in his bag. I told you they are like big children. It is of no more use trying to make them understand business than it would be trying to leap over the Mersey. Because I said last night the accounts must be paid, for some of them were coming in twice and three times over, the old one's moustache went up to his eyebrows. I expected he would have run an attendant or two through on the spot. But I mean to return to it this evening, if he kills every one of them." He added that he should tell all three of them that it was the first time accounts for hundreds and thousands of pounds had had to be sent in to him over again—which was no doubt true.

I begged him not to be rash. He said he did not mean to be, but he would not lose his character for punctuality of payment for all the princes in India. It was delightful to hear him talk; he preached a lay sermon on prompt settlements. It might entail some loss, he said, to sell diamonds in Liverpool, London being the right market; but that was their bad management, not his.

That night a critical scene took place. I had been formally introduced to their highnesses in Yorkshire—that is to say, Tom had presented me, and they had each looked me through with their dark eyes, not one of them uttering a word on the occasion. Understanding no syllable of their language, direct communication with them by me was out of the question; in fact, except when making one of the procession out-of-doors, I had not been in their presence for five minutes at a time. But

Tom insisted upon my accompanying him into the inner room for this interview, giving me a great bundle of accounts by way of pretext.

As in London, the apartments had been rearranged, that is, in fact, disarranged, stripped, suitably to their own customs. For some reason, they had the gas turned only half-way on. There, in the dimness, they sat, each upon his own cushioned carpet, the eldest prince occupying the centre, wreaths of smoke of an odd, foreign fragrance going up from their hookahs.

Tom Brims, addressing the central figure, made a speech. It was lengthy, for although he came to a pause several times, no answer was vouchsafed to him. He had to go on again. The three muffled-up, squat forms stirred not a fold of their white robes, moved not a wrinkle of their impassive faces. I could not understand what Tom was saying, as he spoke in their language, but I could tell that he was talking of the accounts, for he referred to them. Toward the close, he displayed a long list of copied figures, showing the total of the indebtedness, so far as it was then known. Suddenly, at the recital of the figures, a grim smile shone on the swarthy features of the eldest prince; his gleaming eyes turned to his companions on either side. The smile and the flashing look were reflected in the visages of the other princes. With one and the same action they put aside their pipes. At a signal in which they all seemed to join, like clockwork, two attendants who were in the room glided to the doorway, and drew close over it a curtain suspended there. The elder prince tilted his head a little back, but kept

his eyes, which were now positively burning in their brilliancy, fixed on Tom Brims, as he deliberately, distinctly, musically said: "You do well to press so. We know that you English are very honest. Do not you come to India and teach it us?"

Tom Brims had begun to stagger back at the first word he heard. He kept up a staggering retreat upon me, as if each sentence was a blow dealt to him. He had some reason. This taciturn figure, which always, when addressed in its own native tongue, had up to this time answered only in monosyllables, had suddenly opened its mouth in the purest English. But the wonder continued. The speaker's grayish moustache curled like a snake.

"Cash our diamonds? It is well we have any. Your masters have left us few in the land. India shone with them before they came, but it is darkening fast. It is like your streets in the morning; the lamps being put out one by one. Pay, you say? Yes. Have they paid so promptly? You flourish our little accounts in our faces; but where is India's bill to present to England? At what figure shall we put down each province she has seized? Value for us the blood you English have shed in oceans. You could not, rich as you are, pay that account, if we could offer it."

Brims was finally brought up in his retreat by coming into contact with me. I had only entered a couple of paces within the doorway. He turned a white face toward me, gasping forth: "They can talk English better than I can!"

I was perfectly amazed.

Another voice struck in: "It would

not befit us to be without an interpreter." Which of the other princes gave this explanation, I did not distinguish. The articulation was not so distinct as in the former utterances.

A moment's silence followed. Then the central figure spoke again: "You have been too bold;" the eyes blazed toward Tom Brims; "but it is your first offence." Again the moustache curled itself. "It would be a pity that one with such good habits of prompt payment should have thus broken down the least in the world. Get all the accounts in readiness for noon to-morrow." Putting his hand to his girdle, the prince significantly lifted, from a fold in his robe, one end of a long purse, and shook it. It gave forth a sharp, thin, rattling sound: doubtless they were diamonds. "Schedule everything in clear order; you now have help," nodding toward me. "But pray, see that in this so prompt, so punctual-paying, so honest England, the charges are not more than a reasonable amount higher than they would be if we were not foreigners and princes." The prince sitting on the right hand here muttered something in a very low tone. "In the morning," resumed the elder, "we will do without your services till noon, that you may have time to see percentages are right."

The simultaneous handling of three long pipes told us that we were dismissed. Brims did not linger for a moment; I need not say that I followed him as closely as possible. The attendants raised the door-curtain for us like mechanical figures.

Tom Brims seized my arm as soon as we got into the other room. "They have all the time understood my re-

marks aside to you, my jokes, all the purposed blunders I made about them," he whispered. "It is very strange, but I know that young native princes in India are sometimes well taught in foreign tongues. Yet, who could have expected this?" He was overwhelmed and chapfallen. The discovery that he had been interpreting where no interpreter was needed, completely demoralized him. What he said he spoke in a whisper, as if afraid of being overheard. He could not rest under the roof; nor, after we went out-of-doors, did he seem to feel quite safe till we had got some distance away from the hotel. We walked up and down Castle street. In the end, we found our way to the great landing-stage by the river-side, thronged with crowds of passengers embarking and alighting from the ferry steamers, and by loungers promenading. There he found his voice.

"It does not surprise me," he said, with a hollow laugh. "They are snakes—all natives are. You never know where you are with these fellows. As soon as I have gone through the accounts with them to-morrow noon, I must think what I ought to do. Those three diamonds they gave me in London, I think I ought to return. But you must stop with them, old fellow;" meaning me. "You will do just as well with them as myself, now we know they understand English." Blushing scarlet, he said: "Confound them! Who would have thought it? But it isn't you they have made a fool of and insulted." He pulled out his pocket-book, containing the partially cut diamonds. He repeated that he should give them back; he would show them

that Englishmen were not to be treated in that way.

"If you have more diamonds than you like to keep, captain," broke in a man at his elbow, in a pilot jacket and a sou'wester cap, "you will find plenty who'll oblige you by taking a few off your hands. I would not mind one myself, by way of a favor." Grinning, he mockingly held out his hand.

Tom Brims had lost his senses. He was for getting into an argument with this strange man on the crowded pier, beginning to tell him about the princes. It was with difficulty I urged him away, and led him in and out of the bustling groups, up the resounding iron bridge. I told him he must make allowances for their highnesses. What he had said about prompt payments to them was perhaps too harsh. The more I tried to soothe him, the more furious he became.

It was late when we returned to the hotel, for Tom would prepare himself for revisiting it by first calling at two or three others. The rooms of their highnesses, who invariably kept good hours, were closed; but two of the native attendants were drowsily awaiting us. Tom, in his increased excitement, was very rude to them. Lifting his voice high enough to penetrate the other close curtained apartments, he bawled to the attendants, that if they thought an Englishman was to be made a fool of for a handful of paltry diamonds, they were mistaken. They placed their palms upon their foreheads, meekly bowing themselves unto the floor. Tom told them that if they did not get up, he would kick them into a more manly attitude. I was very glad to get him into his own bedroom.

On the following morning, he had a

little recovered his wits. He said he had thought things over. He should remain with the princes till they returned to London. He had brought them down into the provinces, and he would see them safe back; but once they were again in the capital, the Indian Office might take the responsibility of them. He had been insulted enough. The wealth of India should not bribe him to do what was derogatory to an Englishman. He was not going to weaken her Majesty's hold over the empire in that way. Now that Tom Brims had become a little more reasonable, their Highnesses seemed themselves to have taken to sulking. It was past their usual hour for stirring, still they remained invisible. A little group of their servants crouched, noiseless, motionless, before the inner door, patiently waiting for the signal to enter. After lounging about for some time, Tom seemed to construe the delay into a fresh insult. By way of showing that he had a proper spirit, he started out for a walk in the town, leaving me to assort a fresh batch of accounts, brought by that morning's post.

I think rather more than an hour elapsed, when I heard a hasty yet light footstep enter the room in which I was writing. Turning my head, I saw Brims with a newspaper in his hand. His face was of the most sickly hue, and the way in which he distorted his features into a ghastly grin only made his look more startling.

"Are their highnesses stirring?" he asked, in a thin, hollow chuckle, looking eagerly toward the inner door. "This is a London newspaper—just come in," flourishing it toward me.

"It is an excellent joke. The princes will all laugh at it."

I dropped my pen in the middle of a very large total, getting up and going toward him. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"The princes are made to be—ha, ha!—in two places at once. A *Times* telegram says they have landed at Marseilles. Isn't it good? There, where I met them. Was there ever anything so ridiculous? Ha, ha! I must show it them." He addressed himself, in their own language, to the servants crouching before the inner door. They could not tell him what he wanted; in reply, they shook their heads. His whiteness increased; drops of perspiration started on his large features. Bidding me come with him, he unceremoniously pushed them aside.

The atmosphere of the inner room was as hot as a furnace when we entered; the gas-lights were burning just as they were overnight. On each of the three carpets lay a turbaned white heap. Tom, holding his newspaper before him, advanced toward the central figure, bowing respectfully. He went nearer, nearer still; he stooped, and touched the prince.

"As I live, it is true!" he called out, holding up a white robe with no prince in it.

It was the same with the other carpets. A flowing robe and the coils of an endless turban lay upon each; but the garments were unoccupied. The princes had vanished!

The hotel was in an uproar instantly at the alarm Tom made. The premises were searched thoroughly; but, as it was clear, from subsequent information that their highnesses left the hotel one

by one, during the absence of Tom Brims and myself on the previous evening, it ceased to be wonderful that they were not to be found.

In a very short time after this, Tom Brims, I, and the five native servants forming the *suite*, were in the hands of the Liverpool police, in pursuance of instructions received from London, on the charge of aiding in the imposition. Tom Brims's princes were not the real ones; they were not princes at all! The true Indian princes, who, with much pomp, had just now reached Europe, had come down to Bombay three months before to make the previously announced journey, but, at the last moment of embarking, one of them was seized with a sudden illness, making an immediate return up country necessary. The daring impostors, who had been years resident in Upper India and had acquired the language, sailed for Marseilles, and there assumed their highnesses' names and titles, carrying out the rest of the programme, but giving it a commercial turn which the real princes had not dreamed of. They must have had accomplices who never appeared with them publicly. These had not only informed them of the movements of the great personages they were counterfeiting, but had travelled on their heels from place to place, and, armed with due authorizations to that effect, had possessed themselves of the unpaid stores of goods of all kinds, removing them, and turning them into money elsewhere, at any sacrifice. A very handsome sum had been realized; though doubtless it would have been still more if the genuine nabobs had deferred their arrival a little longer.

The impostors had managed, not unskillfully, to wind up their bold scheme at Liverpool, where foreigners of all complexions and styles were in plenty, and where there were such facilities for getting out of the country. No traces of them could be found; it was not likely. If Tom Brims and myself had met them in any other costume than robes and turbans, the chances are we could not have sworn to them.

I don't care to dwell upon the indignities Tom Brims and I had to go through. He surrendered his three diamonds to the authorities at once, which, upon being tested, were duly pronounced to be *paste*! Eight days elapsed before I sheepfacedly crept back into the office in Fenchurch street; it was nearly a month before Tom Brims was allowed to leave England and to join his maiden aunt in France. Nothing could be satisfactorily made out of the five natives.

Whether they were in the secret of the affair or not, was never known. After they had been detained here for some time, they were reshipped back to Bombay.

It cost us clerks in the Fenchurch street office one shilling and twopence-halfpenny apiece to have, unknown to the principals, a new mahogany table fitted to the desk Brims had once occupied. But even now there are reminders of the matter. The junior member of the firm, in sauntering through our room will sometimes say, "I thought there was an inscription somewhere here to an eminent Englishman who became interpreter to Indian princes!"

Instead of any explanation being given, silence reigns at all the desks, broken only by the more rapid scratching of the pens upon the paper. It is not a pleasant topic, Tom Brims's Indian Princes.

What are the nearest gifts to the power of organization that is so much wanted in the world? How can we divine whether a man will be a good organizer, or whether he will not? These are questions that can hardly be answered except by some observation of the particular man. Apprehensiveness has been declared to be necessary. This quality may soon be discerned in any person. Moreover, what method there is in any man's mode of working may readily be observed if only a little of the man's work is submitted for inspection. There are other qualifications, however, which are more diffi-

cult to be discerned. Two essential qualities in a good organizer are thorough and constant preception of the end in view, and a power in dealing with masses of details, never forgetting that they are details, and not becoming their slave. It requires much converse with a man before you can ascertain his qualifications in either of the foregoing respects, especially the former. It must take some time to ascertain of any man that he is clear and constant in his main purpose, and is not to be led away from it by the dexterous fulfilment (devised by himself or others) of smaller ends and aims.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

and is at hand. The iron rule has at forced the resistance which long ed it. Proscription, fines and penal- ve been multiplied. Complaint in an of the people has been the signal appression. The prelates have been ned, the priests exiled, church prop- ifscated. Yet the people submitted itted with the expectation of seeing ernment relent. Now the spell has roken—just indignation has found open violence—a shadow has fallen e empire portending ruin. It has the shape of a tumult—a mere mob ion suppressed by a few guardsmen t is a forecast of what may yet be. pire, we are told, rests on strong foun- ; its constitution is iron-bound; but strength of both will be needed to : the storm which the government is ing. Human forbearance will not stain abuse, and the opposition which ire's oppressive policy may meet with as stubborn as its toleration was

What is all this about? you ask. riot at Treves, so the newspapers it. The bishop of that diocese was l, and his effects declared confiscate. e townsmen rose against the state and compelled them to give over the f spoliation until the military arrived ad them.

a rising of some indignant burghers. as all. Yet insignificant as was the t is big with portent. What is felt es is felt all through the Rhineland. art of Catholic Germany is beating th indignation, her voice is raised disregarded protest. The will of ple is declared in the few unofficial that remain ungagged, in the ad- to prosecuted prelates, in the result ections, and in the baffled animosity government. Will these manifesta- popular inclination be overlooked? e clamors for tolerance and justice ard? We can say with some degree

of certainty that they will. The govern- ment has gone too far into the slough to re- trace its steps. It will not pause. It must proceed. And the way which it pursues can only lead to downfall. There is no merit in its cause, and no success can visit it. All that it has done in the past to crush the faith has been futile. Its heaviest blows have reacted upon itself. Its insults have brought honor to the Church, its efforts to disrupt but made her unity more manifest. It has persecuted her ministers, but that has only quickened their ardor. It has passed oppressive laws, but they have become impo- tent when conflicting with her canons. Every effort to subvert, degrade, or crush her, has only enlarged her influence and strength. And it is a glorious fact to contemplate that in this century of scepticism and growing forms of error—the bishop of a remote Po- lish town has been able to defeat the mightiest empire in the world and to turn its every measure into glory for the Church.

But that is not all. The German is strong in his attachment to his country, but he is stronger in devotion to his faith. The people cannot long content themselves with murmurs, they will make their weight felt in acts. Let the government pursue its present policy and the Catholics of Germany will be forced to break the galling yoke. They cannot bear it long.

Already vague hints are running through their papers; the men who spilled their blood for their king but a couple of years ago now feel strongly that monarch's deep ingrati- tude. Their national enemy, now that her feud with them is over, seems nearer them because she guards their faith. Witness what the Munich *Vaterland* says:

“What shall we do if Germany goes to war again? What shall we, the Catholics, do in such an emergency? We hasten to put this question, as it is very doubtful how long the Berlin government will permit the Bavarian government to allow this paper to appear. Who means to go to war? Liberal-

ism. Against whom? Against the Church, the intention being to knock down France, who is the champion of the Church. But why against France? Because the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Bismarck's organ, has declared that if France dare support the policy of the Vatican, or, what is the same, the Catholic Church, Prussia will go to war with her. We Catholics, belonging to an Empire which is merely another name for Prussia, shall be required to take part in this war against France—i. e., against the Church. Can we do this? Who is opposed to the Church? Prussia! And who else? The devil! But who is the enemy of the Devil? Christ and His Church. In fighting the Church, then, we shall be fighting against Christ. But there are sundry liars who tell us that France is our enemy. Why should France be our enemy? France, Catholic France, is the friend of that same Church, which we certainly have no wish to oppress. No, we shall never be the enemies of God."

The spirit of Catholic Germany speaks in that paragraph. The iron rule of Bismarck has weakened her allegiance and it may not be well to goad her further. She has striven by protest to avoid complications with her rulers. She has bent to their will with an affecting forbearance which enhances the merit of her suffering. But protest and submission have been equally in vain. As a last resource, she now sends her delegates to plead for her before the throne; and to insure their mission, elects them by large majorities. And is it not a reason for congratulation to know that the popular desire for tolerance has been so well confirmed by the result of the recent elections. Catholics can indeed, find in that a source of satisfaction. No wonder the captive Bishop of Treves mentions it as one of the consoling facts which makes his trials a joy to bear.

"When the days are evil, God wonderfully strengthens us," says he. "He suffers no one to be tried beyond his strength. And how consoling, is it not, to see the fruit of the sufferings one has to undergo! The eyes of many have been opened, and not a few have been cured of false views and opinions. How rejoiced we were to find, as one of the consequences of the late measures taken against us, that our good city of Treves, which had long taken such a sad line in the

elections, had at length declared itself, by a large majority, for the holy cause we defend. These are splendid fruits of the sufferings we have to bear. And if even the eyes of but one had been opened, if but one had been brought back to a better way, that would have been for us an abundant recompense for anything we might have had to suffer. Therefore it is that we are of good heart. The admirable faithfulness of both clergy and people in our diocese fills us with a confident hope that we shall not perish in the storm."

These things are didactic, but they are no less prophetic of what may come to pass. "A small spark a great fire kindleth," the proverb says. Who can tell if the murmur of the indignant townsmen of Treves may not swell into a clamor of insurrection to reverberate through all Germany.

In these times of ours the Church has indeed entered upon another age of persecution. From all quarters comes the news of penalties, imprisonment and death meted to her servants. The Empire of Brazil has not disdained to parade the second-hand policy of Germany and to trump up charges against the worthiest of her prelates. The Bishop of Olinda has been imprisoned in Rio Janeiro, as the Archbishop of Posen and the Bishop of Treves have been imprisoned in their respective provinces and for precisely the same reason. When summoned to the supreme court of Rio the prelate respectfully but firmly refused to recognize the authority of a civil tribunal in an ecclesiastical matter. "I cannot do so," said the bishop, "because my apostasy would fill with grief, bitterness, and consternation the heart of all the Catholic bishops, throughout the globe, especially those who have replied with so much zeal, firmness and edification by the famous and invincible *non possumus*, to the governments of Prussia, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, who required from them almost what the government of my country has asked from me."

These were brave words for the bishop to utter, but they were in good faith, as the government well knew; and to be up with the times, no doubt, and no pace behind the progressive German empire, it felt called upon to have the bishop arrested, carried to

Rio Janeiro and imprisoned there. To the honor of the Brazilian clergy, it must be said that warm protests against this act of usurpation and despotism have come from all quarters, with the signatures of priests and bishops attached, and that, with a spirit worthy of the early Christians, they invoke upon themselves the government's penalties, as sharing the offence in professing the same principles as their captive brother.

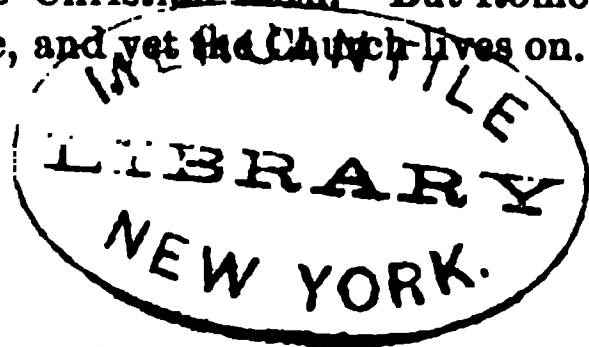
From poor Poland, which has already suffered so much for the faith, we hear an account of a cold-blooded massacre which would be well worthy the balmy days of Nero or Domitian.

The *Assemblée Nationale* has a paragraph compiled from local reports of the terrible deed.

"On New Year's day (January 13th, old style), in the parishes of Drelon, district of Radzyn, government of Siedl , the Polish peasants having refused to abjure their faith and attachment to the Roman Church, were cruelly shot down by the Russian troops. The authors of this outrage are Major Kotow, chief of the district of Radzyn, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rek, who commanded the men to fire. The renegade Popiel is the person most compromised in this horror.

The following persons were killed: 1, Chwedor Bocian; 2, Andr  Warytonieek; 3, Iwan Romaniuk; 4, Paul Korak; 5, Seman Paluk. Twenty-eight persons were wounded. One hundred and fifty men, women, and children were publicly scourged with the knout, and sixty taken prisoners. In the parish of Szostki, in the domain of Miedzyrrec, ten versts from the railroad, the Russian authorities insisted upon placing, by brute force, a Greek pope in the place of the cur . The peasants resisted, the soldiers fired, and eighteen persons were killed and many wounded. After this massacre, the remaining victims were stripped to their waists and whipped. The men received fifty strokes, the women twenty, and the little children ten! Fifteen persons were arrested."

The conflict between the Church and the world is of eighteen centuries' duration. It has been marked by many a deed of fiendish cruelty like to this. Her children have been slaughtered, wounded, and torn with scourges in every age of her history. Rome was fully as powerful as either Russia or Brazil is to-day, when she strove to crush out her subjects' Christian faith. But Rome has ceased to be, and yet the Church lives on.



SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

At a late meeting of the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, Mr. E. F. Loiseau read a paper on the subject of "Artificial Fuel," and pointed out the desirability of utilizing, for manufacturing and domestic purposes, the vast quantities of what is known as coal-dust, slack, waste, or culm, so extensively to be met with in the mining regions of this country. He gave a history of the kinds of artificial fuel, or of patent fuel or agglomerated coal, as it is called, which have been manufactured in Europe for very nearly three centuries, together with some account of the ingredients used and the machinery employed in the cementing processes. The paper was an interesting sketch of what may be made a very useful and cheap industry.

A chemist, named Londsberg, claims to have made a discovery of great importance to persons of weak sight. It is understood that the painful effect produced on the eyesight by many of the common forms of artificial light is due to the great proportion of non-luminous, and merely colorific rays which they contain. In sunlight there are fifty per cent. of such rays, but in gas-light there are nearly ninety per cent.; in the electric light eighty, and in kerosene ninety-four per cent. Londsberg asserts that by passing any kind of artificial light through a thin layer of alum or mica, these colorific rays are absorbed, while the illuminating power of the true light rays is undiminished.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

THE BOLLANDISTS.—The Bollandists were a succession of Fathers of the Society of Jesus who were the authors of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," intended to be a collection of the lives and biographical accounts of all the saints in the calendar. The first volume was printed in 1643, the fifty-third in 1794. There are seventy-seven volumes in all. Father Rosweide projected the work, but died before it was carried into effect. Father Bollandus then took it up, and those who succeeded him were called Bollandists. Antwerp was the scene of their labors. Leibnitz says: "If the Jesuits had published no other work, this alone would have entitled them to existence, and to be sought and esteemed by the whole world." It is an immense collection of sacred and profane literature. A new edition was issued in Paris, just before the late war, from the press of Victor Palmi, in fifty-four volumes folio.

Protestants talk much of the celibacy of the Catholic clergy and religious as one of the corruptions of the Church of Rome. We commend to them the following from the rationalistic *Westminster Review*, October number, p. 357. "Nothing is further from the truth than the common Protestant idea that the encouragement held out by the Roman Catholic Church to a celibate life is an example of Papal corruptions. It is a legitimate deduction from the spirit of Christianity, as set forth by its founder, and is, indeed, based on his own utterances. His immediate followers entertained no doubts on the subject."

The German-speaking residents of Chicago number nearly, or quite, one hundred thousand. Of these the Roman Catholics claim forty-five thousand, for the religious accommodation of which there are provided edifices and thirty priests. Fifty-five thousand are found in the several Protestant sects and societies, for over one half of which no church buildings are provided.

"Historicus," Providence, R. I., asks: Was not Rhode Island, under Roger Williams, the first of the colonies to grant real religious liberty to everybody? And are not, therefore, the Baptists entitled to the honor of being first of all the churches in this respect?

No. Lord Baltimore granted absolute religious liberty to all in the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland about two years before the Baptists of Rhode Island took a similar step. And Maryland was not only the first of the colonies to do this, but she was also the first country on earth in which freedom of conscience was made the universal rule.

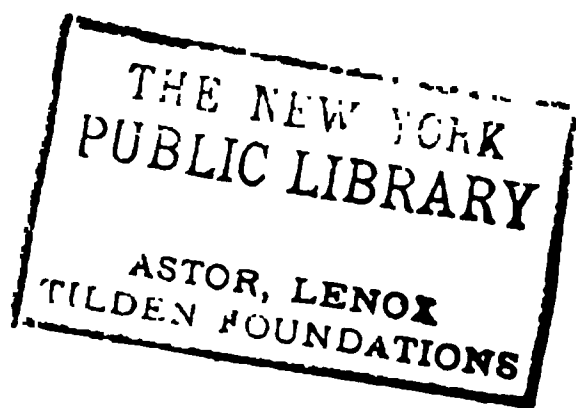
At the Catholic Church on Green street, Newburyport, Mass., December 10, a priest preached a sermon in Irish. The good old sound must have been like sweet music in many ears, awakening memories of childhood, home, and native land.

The New York Foundling Asylum has rescued 5,000 infants from an unnatural death, and has enabled 5,000 unfortunate women to rise from misery and degradation worse than death. Not bad work for a few years.

The first edition of the Bible in German was printed at Mayence, in 1462, by Faust (Werdet, *Histoire du Livre*, vol. i, p. 282). There are, at least, fourteen known editions of the Bible in German printed before the Reformation.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, is a member of the Senate of the Catholic University about to be instituted in Kensington. Mr. Proctor is a convert from Protestantism.

The Polish Princess Czartoryska has made over the whole of her immense fortune and vast landed possessions to a Catholic convent at Posen.





"She stood staring at it for an instant, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, spring after it into the water."—*Herre Grevel*.

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

VOL. X.—MAY, 1874.—No. 59.

"FATHER PROUT."

By J. C. McK.

While strolling down the Rue Cardinale in Paris during the spring of '65, I several times encountered a jovial-looking old man in sedate black, who came and went with a good-humored smile puckering up the lines about his mouth and twinkling in his pair of merry eyes. He had numerous acquaintances in that quarter, and his progress along the street was sometimes a series of bobbings and hand shakings.

I was very much surprised one day when a friend of mine told me that this sociable old person was a man of letters—one indeed whose name had become familiar to English readers the world over.

"That old man," said my voluble French acquaintance, becoming very enthusiastic as he always did about matters of which he knew little, "that old man is *un grand littérateur* of your country. He is Monsieur the Abbé Mahony. Your people call him Father Prout."

So here, in the heart of gay, frivolous Paris, was the author of the "Bells of Shandon," far away from his loved river Lee, and the sound of the chimes from the old abbey tower. He had not left his buoyant spirit and his

good-natured wit behind him. The racy Cork humor found even the formal Boulevards congenial to its play, and many a *feuilletoniste* of the world of Paris was convulsed by the sportive sallies of the old Irishman. When gavety circulated among the little knot of journalists and correspondents who infested the Rue Cardinale and who aired themselves at times upon the Boulevards, his was the royalest spirit among them all. He was a true votary of letters, and a lover of literary men. He died as he had lived, in their midst, good-humored and amusing to the last—a man who never hurt his neighbor by a harsh word, and whose only errors were faults against himself.

Francis Mahony was born in Cork in 1805, of parents in comfortable circumstances. From the time when he mastered the first declension of Latin nouns under a local master, all his kith and kin regarded Frank's taking orders as a foregone conclusion. He was sent to——. Being a boy of good parts he made very rapid progress, and was soon able to distinguish himself among his classmates as a classic scholar. He had a wonderful facility for turning the humor of the English tongue into stiff formal Latin, and even

the language of Homer was not so reverend as to make him play none of his vagaries in it. Time passed, and Francis Mahony took orders, left the musty halls of the college, and was installed in the curateship of a small Cork parish. There can be little doubt that he was a favorite with his flock. Good-humor is the best condiment a clergyman can season his sermons with to make them palatable to Celtic tastes, and certainly Father Mahony was as jovial as his hearers could desire. He jested with them, humored them, and what was more, he studied them, so that he could give spiritual advice and consolation through many a curious channel. But Father Mahony had too strong a devotion to letters ever to reconcile himself to the duties of his station. He was always scribbling some literary morsel for the magazines, and when he saw how favorably his first efforts were received, he longed all the more for the labors of the sanctum. He had a curious, pedantic old clergyman for a pastor—a man who doted on raking up queer notions out of a pretty well stored brain and favoring all callers with an exhibition of them. How many stray odds and ends of information Father Mahony picked up from the old man's conversation cannot easily be estimated, but it is certain that he felt himself benefited, and in time he proved himself mindful of old Father Prout, though his gratitude took a curious shape. After a few years he succeeded in relieving himself of his curate's functions, and then into the world of letters he hurried with as good a will as any votary the Muses ever gave a hearing to. The very greatest work to which he devoted himself was

the production of a literary *mélange* whose authorship he attributed to his old pastor; and so he gave to posterity's amused recollection the name in which he himself afterwards came to be known. No doubt, the patient, secluded incumbent of Watergrass Hill never reckoned upon being known to fame. But certes, his quondam curate lifted the veil of his privacy, and in "Father Prout's Reliques," showed him to us as a character whom none can forget, and of whom many of us cherish very pleasant remembrances.

The rest of Father Mahony's life is summed up in a few words. He became an author—a contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, a newspaper correspondent, a writer of all sorts of quaint things. While on the staff of *Frazer's* he formed intimacies with Dr. Maginn, Southey, Proctor, Croker, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Count d'Orsay, and in their frequent meetings the witty clergyman had ample opportunities to display his fund of humor where it would be well appreciated. Subsequently he went to France as a newspaper correspondent, and there he remained, respected and beloved by all of the *feuilletonistes*, till the day of his death. Notwithstanding his irregular mode of living, Mahony was by no means a man of elastic conscience. He revered the high functions to which he had primarily been called, and while pursuing his secular duties he always bore in mind his obligations to the Church. It is said that offers of advancement came to him from Rome, which he declined, on account of his habits of life and his literary tastes; but whether such reports be true or not it is fair to state that the versatile

writer's belief was as orthodox in age as his early teaching in youth had made it. and few—very few of his efforts were in vain. We think that nothing

“Father Prout,” although a pleasing writer, is by no means a familiar one. It is only by fits and starts that little gems of his, of general interest, come to the surface. He was a poet, a critic, a humorist. He essayed to write nearly every species of composition; speaks so eloquently of his genius as its own fruits, and we here beg leave to reprint some stray versified translations of his which most of our readers, we think, have seldom encountered. The first is a national lyric of Casimir Delavigne.

THE DOG OF THE THREE DAYS.

A BALLAD, *September, 1831.*

With gentle tread, with uncover'd head,
Pass by the Louvre gate,
Where buried lie the “men of July!”
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought,
In the fierce onslaught
Had rushed with his master on:
And both fought well;
But the master fell—
And behold the surviving one!

By his lifeless clay,
Shaggy and gray,
His fellow-warrior stood:
Nor moved beyond,
But mingled, fond,
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps
By those green heaps
That tell where heroes be;
No passer-by
Can attract his eye,
For he knows “it is not he!”

At the dawn, when dew
Wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet
The coming feet
Of him whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood cross
When the chaplets toss,
By the blasts of midnight shaken,
How it howleth! hark!
From that dwelling dark,
The slain he would fain awaken.

When the snow comes fast
 On the chilly blast,
 Blanching the bleak church-yard,
 With limbs outspread
 On the dismal bed
 Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
 With main and might,
 He strives to raise the stone:
 Short respite takes—
 "If master wakes,
 He'll call me"—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet-blades,
 Of barricades
 And guns, he dreameth most;
 Starts from his dream,
 And then would seem
 To eye a bleeding ghost.

He'll linger there
 In sad despair,
 And die on his master's grave.
 His name? 'Tis known
 To the dead alone—
 He's the dog of the nameless brave!

Give a tear to the dead,
 And give some bread
 To the dog of the Louvre gate!
 Where buried lie the men of July,
 And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
 And the dog howls desolate.

The easy flow of the words, the soft jingle of the rhymes, the short, graphic pictures painted by a single phrase—these are beauties of versification in which Mahony excelled. He had a rich abundance of words and a rare felicity of construction which marked every poem he wrote, were it ever so trifling. Like most versifiers who have the warm Celtic blood in their veins, he possessed the tact of throwing a great deal of *verve* and energy into his compositions, and the few translations he made of Italian war poems have more spirit in them than their superfluous details would readily admit of. Here is an old Italian ballad, "the kind of stuff sung by the Venetian sailors when that Queen of the Adriatic reigned over the waters." It has a sound, loyal ring about it, and a brave spirit of exultation, which of themselves recommend it to notice.

"The subject," said Father Mahony in speaking of it, "is the naval victory which, at the close of the sixteenth century, broke the colossal power of the Sublime Porte; for which occurrence, by the by, Europe was mainly indebted to the exertions of Pope Pius V and the prowess of one Miguel Cervantes, who had a limb shattered in the *mêlée*."

POPULAR BALLAD ON THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

Let us sing how the boast of the Saracen host
 In the gulf of Lepanto was scattered,
 When each knight of St. John's from his cannon of bronze
 With grape-shot their argosies battered.
 Oh! we taught the Turks then that of Europe the men
 Could defy every infidel menace—
 And that still o'er the main float the galleys of Spain
 And the red-lion standard of Venice!

Quick we made the foe skulk, as we blazed at each hulk,
 While they left us a splinter to fire at;
 And the rest of them fled o'er the waters, blood red
 With the gore of the Ottoman pirate;
 And our navy gave chase to the infidel race,
 Nor allowed them a moment to rally;
 And we forced them at length to acknowledge our strength
 In the trench, in the field, in the galley!

Then our men gave a shout, and the ocean throughout
 Heard of Christendom's triumph with rapture.
 Galiots eighty-nine of the enemy's line
 To our swift-sailing ships fell a capture:
 And I firmly maintain that the number of slain
 To at least sixty thousand amounted;—
 To be sure 'twas sad work—if the life of a Turk
 For a moment were worth being counted.

We may well feel elate; though I'm sorry to state
 That, albeit by the myriad we've slain 'em,
 Still, the sons of the Cross have to weep for the loss
 Of six thousand who fell by the Paynim.
 Full atonement was due for each man that they slew,
 And a hecatomb paid for each hero;
 But could all that we'd kill give a son to Castile,
 Or to Malta a brave cavalhéro?

St. Mark for the slain intercedes not in vain—
 There's a mass at each altar in Venice;
 And the saints we implore for the banner they bore
 Are *Our Lady, St. George, and St. Denis*.
 For the brave while we grieve, in our hearts they shall live—
 In our mouths shall their praise be incessant;
 And again and again we will boast of the men
 Who have humbled the pride of the Crescent.

Every one is familiar with that sweet poem, "The Bells of Shandon." It alone should suffice to keep green the memory of Father Prout. In boyhood the sweet music of those bells stole across the beautiful Lee to his ears, and perhaps their tones awakened the soul of poetry in the young student who heard them. That old abbey of Shandon, embosomed in green woods and throned upon the banks of the stream, is itself a place where poetic

fancy might disport at pleasure. It has a legend too, as beautiful as any ever told in verse. Long, long ago, a monk who had been born and bred within hearing of the bells, was driven with his brethren into exile. For years he roamed about upon the Continent, abiding long in no land and striving to forget, in the duties of the cloister, the haunting memory of his native place. But all in vain. He languished, sickened, and after many years of prostration resolved in spite of danger to visit once again the old abbey where he had passed his youth and early manhood. He journeyed homeward and came one evening to the Lee's banks to be ferried across. The sun was setting behind the well-remembered hills, the gray walls of the abbey rose above the trees, the solemn quiet of the waning day was on field and wood and river. The aged monk turned his streaming eyes upon the old towers and prayed. Suddenly a sweet sound came stealing across the waters of the Lee. It was the abbey bells ringing the vesper hour. The heart of the weary, exiled

man was filled with the music of the sweet notes, and in the moment's rapture he breathed his life away.

There is a later story of those Shandon bells, which I have now to tell. Eight years ago, while the bells of Notre Dame were ringing matins and Paris was stirring from the night's repose, a dying man who had been born upon that same river Lee, among the loveliest scenes of Cork, ordered those about him to open the windows that he might see the sunshine once again. From the blue French sky a flood of light shone into the room. Around were mighty structures of brick and stone, instead of the green fields and hills; and it was the chime of the great capital's cathedral which rang so sweetly, and not the abbey's bells. But perhaps the dying man was content with the memory which these brought him, for he too smiled as he passed away to death.

And so "Father Prout" died that morning in a busy quarter of the French city, while far away the bells of Shandon which he sang so well, were pealing out among his native hills.

Crime has its origin in the passions which live in every breast and in the weaknesses which mark every character. In its nature it concerns each of us as clearly as the common liability to fall prematurely before disease and death. No man can know human nature, or be a great teacher, who has not studied character in convict life. There he can best see the lights and shadows of our nature; see in strongest contrasts what is good and what is bad.

The prisons, to which all vice tends,

are the points from which the reform can best be urged which seek to find out where vice begins. Starting from the sad ends of crime, and running back along their tracks, it is seen that in a large degree they are engendered by public tastes, habits, and demoralizations. It is in our prisons that we can best learn the corrupting influence about us which lead the weak as well as the wicked astray; ay, and sometimes make the strong man fall in disgrace and misery.

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"Thou standest on the green bank of a stream,
Old ivied castle, mournful and alone."— *Cahermore Castle.*

LINES WRITTEN UPON CAHERMONE CASTLE.

By F. P'R.

Thou standest on the green bank of a stream,
Old ivied castle, mournful and alone;
The past is drawn around thee like a dream,
While strength subdued bides yet in ev'ry stone.
A phantom and a substance both thou art,
An ever-standing symbol of decay,
A high-erected lesson to the heart
That all in life lives but to pass away.

The crenellated outwork, sunk and cold
As its defenders' bones, evades the view;
The merlons scarce appear above the mould,
That surely rises to reclaim its due.
Clay, which entombs all things, is not a tomb—
It is a moving pow'r. Walls may be high
And hearts be brave, but they are under doom.
Earth lives, clay moves—man and his works must die.

Behold the portal of the donjon tower,
Through which the cattle freely come and go!
This was the very frown and front of power—
How have its uses come to be so low?
Pass through the awful hold of chiefs long dead,
And mount with caution up yon broken stair—
This was the banquet hall where now you tread:
Note what a spectacle awaits you there!

The roof, fall'n down for many an untold year
Upon the floor, lies grass-grown, hid from sight;
The broken bound above looks cold and clear
In the broad glare of heaven's unhindered light.
Through the embrasured window, just as free
As through the desert, rudely blows the air;
Up from the very hearth an aged tree
Mounts o'er the top and waves in triumph there.

ried out under his eyes. His intuitive ideas of right and wrong are clouded, his intelligence is perverted, his hopes and aspirations are incrustated with criminal wishes. No wonder then that he falls into the groove others have worn for him to tread in as they have themselves. No wonder that he forms no relish for an honest life, but prefers to hug his rags and live upon the fruits of crime. Yet he is no sluggard, this young evil-doer. It is not a lazy, placid existence he seeks, nor an unsweating brow. He is never off his feet, he is never unoccupied. And what is more—he puts every nerve and every thought into his work, be it for good or evil. He is cunning, he is bold, sometimes he is talented. Many a bright mind, that education would have made of value to the world, has grown dark in ignorance and gross in vice. Such are the waifs of our streets—such is the young pauper generation which is growing up in our midst. What is to be done with them? How are they to be saved? How fed, clothed, educated? These are questions which have puzzled more than one philanthropist, and which are still a fruitful subject for thought. If our streets are not to swarm with mendicants and thieves; if our security as citizens is to be something more than a polite fiction; if the wheels of national progress are not to be clogged by wide-spread pauperism, some potent remedies must be applied to cure the growing evil. We have some such remedies. The State has provided some, the city given others; private charity has supplied the rest. We have reformatory institutions where these waifs of the street are gathered in and retained during a term of pupil-

age, which, it is presumed, suffices to eradicate the evil from their natures, and prepare them for the duties of citizenship. Here they are fed and clothed and educated. The errors of their way are pointed out, and when they are returned to the community it is with the understanding that they have received a thorough cleansing in the eleemosynary flood.

Of course, reformation is sought by different ways in different institutions, and widely different results are arrived at. The system adopted by some is utterly ignored and rejected by others, and the rules of management which one establishment lays down as infallible specifics of crime are declared injudicious and impotent by the rest. Now it is impossible for all these systems to be right and all of them wrong, and it is just as difficult for all of them to achieve equally favorable results by pursuing entirely different methods. There is but one way to do a thing rightly. Crime is crime all the world over, and whatever kills it in New York will not give it a new lease of life in Boston.

From the reports of a number of institutions we are able to form an opinion of the comparative efficiency of their systems, and to be frank, we think that most of them have a large margin for improvement. The object of reformatory institutions is sufficiently specific. They are to reform delinquency, not punish it; to eradicate vicious habits; to afford moral and sanitary relief; to inculcate practices of virtue, industry, and thrift; in a word, to prepare their inmates for the proper discharge of their obligations to God, the State, and their fellow-men.

It is deeply to be deplored that in a large number of these establishments the end of their organization is lost in the pursuit of less worthy results. Venality too often clashes with philanthropy, and the gratification of a mean and selfish spirit of sectarianism sometimes carries the public servants into excesses which do no honor to themselves or those from whom they hold their trusts. In some cases, too, the reins of government are held so lax as to be void of control, and the results of careless management are sought to be repaired by the infliction of penalties which disgrace humanity and defeat reform. We hear of committee visits and curious facts elicited from the investigation of certain establishments' internal arrangements; and these things show us that too often State subsidies and private donations are squandered by untrustworthy and irresponsible men, while the real objects of charitable assistance suffer from neglect.

While such things be, the reformation of our criminal classes must remain a practical impossibility. Distort as we may the unpleasant realities that stare us in the face, we cannot delude ourselves into the hope that mere confinement within the four walls of a reform school will make a young delinquent one whit less vicious.

Moral improvement must have far more potent stimulants. Confinement and coercion, nay, more, the infliction of pains and penalties, are not the proper remedies to prescribe for diseased brains and wilful hearts. There is a far more powerful medicine wanted—one not to touch a selfish feeling as punishment does, but one to permeate the better nature of a man

and soothe the guilty heart instead of torturing it. Severity will not further reform any more than toleration will. A young delinquent may be made studiously orderly, industrious, and perhaps docile by the prospect of a hiding. His deportment may be most excellent, his disposition most promising while an overseer stands above him with a cat-o'-nine-tails in hand. But is that reform? Can a cringing, forced obedience to the will of superiors which will last just till their backs are turned be regarded as moral improvement? To us it looks very much like naked hypocrisy. And it seems, too, that on his dismissal, a child who has spent his term of pupilage in practices of cunning and deceit to elude his guardians' vigilance, and who has bent his neck unwillingly and only with compulsion to their rule, is not apt to be of much more avail to society than he was before his committal.

Human nature is a very delicate thing to manage; and human nature in a street boy is something that must be handled very nicely if you are to shape it as you ought. You cannot administer morality to him in a nauseating dose of stern discipline. You can hardly starve evil inclinations out of him by sending him to bed supperless, nor will a ducking at all alter the shade of his habits. The mind of the average delinquent cannot grasp the philosophy of such treatment. He is obstinately blind to the merit which lies in urging sinners like himself to repentance with threats and whippings, and he wilfully refuses to recognize the virtue of charity when it talks sternly and carries a cowhide. The truth is that reformation can never be

brought about by any such means as coercion.

Discipline must of course be maintained, and the stubborn or disorderly punished, but only as they would be in any educational institution. A reform school, be let it remembered, is not a jail or penitentiary where old and hardened criminals are punished. It is merely the preventive of crime; they are its later remedies. And to fulfil its purposes it must soften the hearts of its inmates that they may receive good impressions, not harden them by pains and penalties into a state of obduracy.

From this year's reports of reformatory institutions and from the records of official investigations, it is painfully apparent that in most establishments the reformation of children committed to them is seldom accomplished. A great many superintendents, while naturally aiming at making a creditable presentment of their labors, are forced to admit that their efforts are not attended with substantial results. It is evident that this lack of success is due solely to an injudicious system. Wherever discipline is severe and the plan of reformation is lost in correction, the delinquent becomes stubborn, inactive, and reluctant to perform his duties without compulsion. He has no motive to inspire him other than fear of punishment, no ambition but to plod through his daily routine without being reproached or threatened. This sentence in one of the reports before us is fearfully suggestive:

"There is danger that the boys will go to their books as they go to their tasks, and not with a zest and relish for learning."

That explains everything. A mistake in management is soon evinced in the results. Here is an institution where the inmates are driven through a dull, tiresome routine for years, and then are restored to the community *reformed*. A forced activity of the arms in the workshop, a forced energy of the brain at study, a forced observance of certain rules of conduct—do these things constitute reform? Not so. Reform is made of no such flimsy stuff. Reform is upright, open, sincere—no mean shirking of crime on account of its penalties, but an honest renunciation of it because it is wrong.

It is not enough to drill the young delinquent into a proper performance of his every-day duties. It is the heart that needs training. There a moral improvement must begin. Let it be attuned to practices of virtue, let the mind be fortified against vice—these are the primary steps to take in the work of reform, and without these all subsequent discipline is lost.

After the application of corrective methods the inmates of Reformatories are of course restored to society. And here a grave matter suggests itself. Are these children qualified to perform their duties in the community? Are they able to gain an honest livelihood? These are serious questions, and they imply the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon enterprises of reform. If the restored member of society is virtually an imbecile, if he has no trade or calling upon which to depend if he is supplied with no means of procuring employment—what then? Men must live, and if the common necessities of life are not attainable by honest means, what remains for the

but crime! This is no subject to be lightly entertained and as readily laid aside. It touches on the results to which all reform should tend, and sets in operation a train of causes which go from the door of the reform school down through all the paths of life.

If the protégés of our reform schools are only sent into the streets to be turned into prisons; if their period of restraint but makes them wilder, more wilful, and worse when they escape it; if they return to the world as ignorant, as shiftless, and as aimless as they left it, with all their years of pupilage squandered and all the hopes of boyhood lost, the sooner we have done with such institutions the better. It is not only necessary to teach boys what good lives are, they must be enabled to lead them. Of what avail to them are nice goody maxims which their condition makes it impossible for them to practise? The reformatory, in addition to training the heart, must give its inmates a trade, a calling, some special means of earning their bread. And here we come to a *desideratum* which most institutions lack. It is not enough to employ boys in farming and stone-breaking and barrow-trundling and house-cleaning. These things may be very well in their way, though they only make boys of general utility in branches of labor they will never have anything to do with in the world; but of what lasting good are they? City boys do not want to know merely how to till a garden and perform light work around an institution. A very small number of them can ever make a living by such means. They want to have a trade—to know how to supply the needs of mankind

with profit to themselves—to know how to make the bread they eat, or the clothes they wear, or the house that shelters them. They want to be taught different branches of industry, so that the channels of trade may not be dammed and the supply of labor outgrow the demand.

Now, how many institutions are there that so provide for their inmates? Few, very few. To our knowledge, only one. And all the rest, all the great establishments to which society's waifs are confided and to which society looks with hope—all the rest are, then, *failures*. It is a hard word to use, but how can we evade conviction? If these institutions, established with the proposed end of reforming children—not temporarily cowing them remember, but permanently reforming them—if they but keep their inmates out of harm's way for a time and then restore them to the world no abler, no wiser, no better than when they left it, have they not failed to discharge their trusts? Assuredly so. And then comes the painful reflection that the young pauper population under State support is not one whit more promising than that which fills the alleys, docks, and gutters.

One institution has made use of a remedy which is no doubt efficacious in diminishing the number of our city paupers, but which is repugnant to every better feeling of our nature. It makes no very great effort to *reform* its charge or make them of use to us. It is content to take them off the city's hands and throw them upon the protection of other States. This ready relief for bulky populations and languishing treasuries is found in alienation. From birthplace, home, parents, and associ-

ates, the child is taken, and far away in some frontier cabin or Western farm he is taught to forget his own identity, so to speak, and to enter upon a new and sometimes a not rosy-hued existence. This is what some people call a very expedient system. Expedient? So it is, but it is also brutal. Expedience and inhumanity have had a long association together. Expedience has been the plea for every cruel and dastardly act from the massacre of the innocents under Herod to the dispersion of the young under the Children's Aid Society. Expedience is a very flimsy pretext with which to clothe the exile of the children of the street. No law recognizes the severing of nature's ties, no law approves the dispersion of a family through the territories of the West.

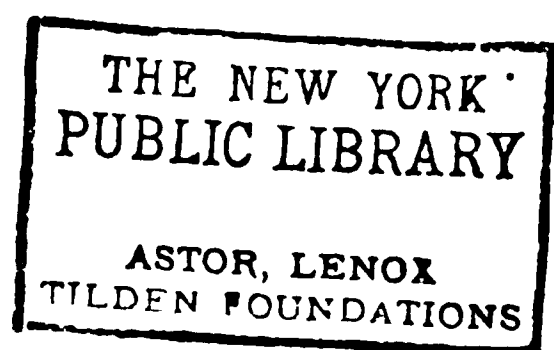
We remember how vivid were the pictures some ardent abolitionists drew of the evils entailed by slavery in separating parent and child. Yet these good people are persuaded that the transportation of New York's children beyond the reach or knowledge of family and friends is a very virtuous and highly meritorious act. People talk harshly of the importers of Italian children, and rate most soundly dealers in human flesh the world over, yet they shut their eyes to the inhumanities perpetrated in their midst, and white-wash them with the high-sounding name of philanthropy. But the enormities of this emigration system are not known to every one. There are practices developed by it which would disgust many of its stanchest champions. Some one, it seems, has discovered that "there was money in it," and acted accordingly. The following

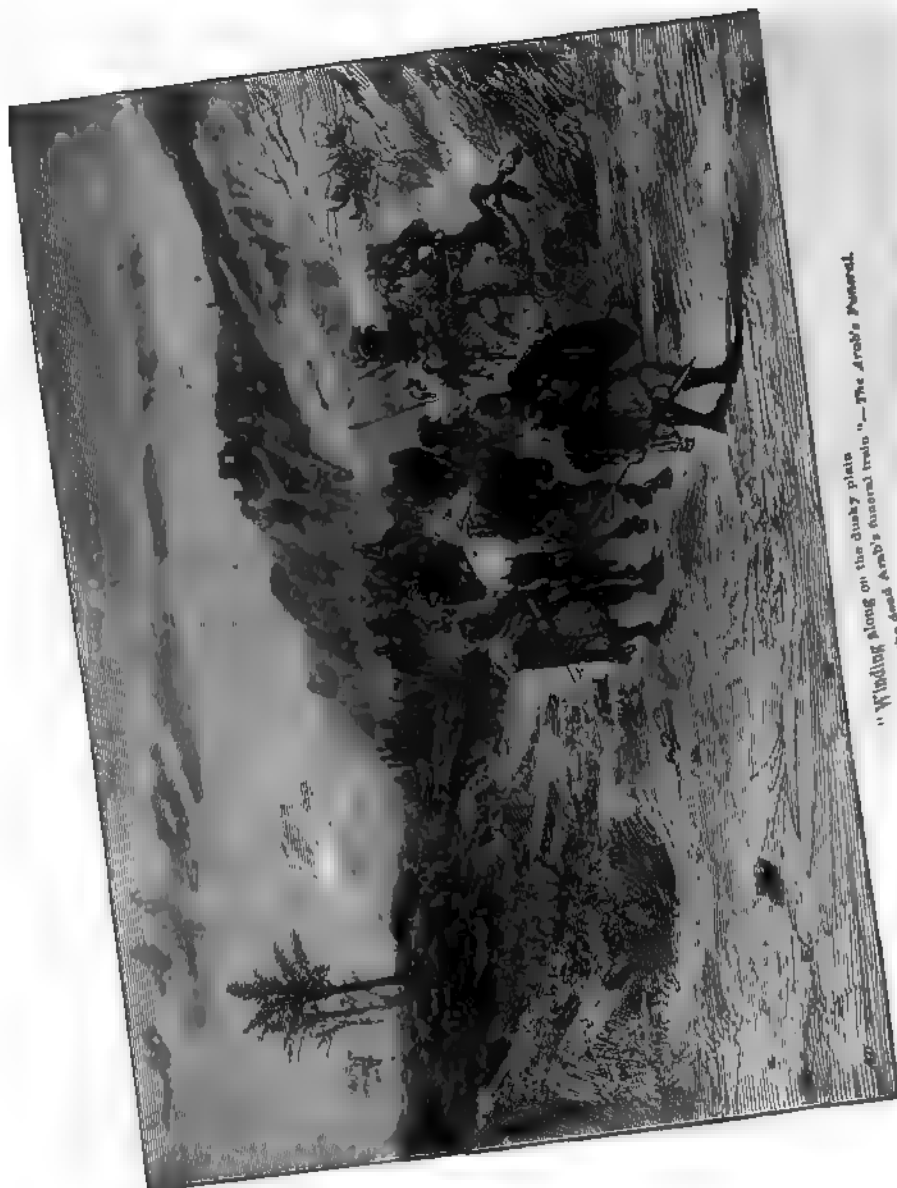
paragraph from a letter published in the *Catholic World* tells its own story.

"At that time," some four or five years ago, "I was on a trip to Tiffin. Delayed for a short time at Clyde, I asked some questions of the baggage-master. Three little girls were near him, and I asked him: 'Are these your daughters?' A. 'No, I bought them.' 'Bought them! how? from whom?' A. 'Oh! from the ministers. They bring car-loads of these little ones every few weeks, and sell them to any one who wants them. I gave \$10 for this one, \$12 for the next, and \$15 for the oldest. I had not the money, but I borrowed it from the tavern-keeper, and paid for the girls. Lately there was another load of them. There was a very fine girl. I wanted her. But the minister said, 'No; I have promised her to a rich man in Forrest, who will pay more than you.' After some further conversation of a similar character, the train came in sight, and I left. The next day I was speaking of the circumstance at table, Rev. Mr. — remarked that he knew the baggage-master well, and that what he said was true. He added, 'Within the last month there was a sale of some thirty of these children in our Court House. One of my parishioners, Mr. —, came along as the sale was about over. A little boy was standing before the Court House crying; the German asked him, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'That man wants to sell me, and no one will buy me.' The boy was bought by the German for \$10. I had heard such transactions described in one of his lectures by F. Haskins. But I scarcely realized how fearful such conduct is until I heard a description of these sales from persons who had seen them.'"

This narrative has its lesson. It discloses an awful secret—that under the garb of philanthropists some inhuman men prosper on a traffic in human flesh. It sounds like romance, this revelation, but an unquestioned statement attests it.

We do not wish to pursue the subject of this emigration system, which





"Winding along on the dinky plate
"The Arab's funeral train."
"Notice the dead Arab's funeral train."

it be reprehensible to all right-
king men. It bears its own con-
nation. An establishment which
comes to reform, and only alienates,
only foils expectation but outrages
pathy.

What we have deduced from the
reports of these reformatory institutions
is this: True reform is achieved by
very few, and those whose pretensions
are the largest have the shallowest
claims to merit.

THE ARAB'S FUNERAL.

By H. T. C.

The red moon shines through the early night
And flecks the palms with the crimson light,
And a beam from the hill's rim lights the gloom
Where sleeps on the desert the fell simoom.
But list! through the dumb night drops a sigh—
It hushes, then swells to a moaning cry,
And sad and slow on the desert's breath
Comes the Bedouin's wailing chant of death.
Winding along on the dusky plain
Moves the dead Arab's funeral train.
A phantom light from the darkened sky
Burns on the spear-points flitting by,
And the full-orbed moon lies blood-deep red
On the face of the prone, pale-sheeted dead.
Like a wind of the waste pass the desert breed,
And the dreary chant and the neighing steed
Fade out like a sight of the dreaming brain,
Which is gone in a flash, not to come again.
So do they bear to the earth's embrace
The corpse of a child of the nomad race,
And the earthly mould of the spirit freed
Goes down to *the grave* on the lifetime's steed.
There are other men than the wild Bedouin
Who in death wear the shape that their lives have been;
For every one, whether fool or knave,
Has a hobby he rides on to the grave.

HERVÉ GRÉVET.

By J. B. F.

I.

It is beautiful weather in Agnedoc. There is a sky of perfect blue resting upon the hazy horizon which is scoloped by circling ridges of the hills. Beneath it lies a valley fair as a garden and bright with hues of emerald, purple, and lilac. Quaint little houses, ensconced behind some clumps of leafy trees, dot the level fields, and in the centre are gathered together a cluster of sloping roofs and pointed gables, out of which a cross-tipped spire rises heavenwards. That is the village of Agnedoc, which lies buried in a valley near the French border, and out of sight and mind of the busier world which stretches off beyond the hill-chain.

Almost within the shadow of the hills a belt of timber skirts a naked lawn and follows a streamlet from its source among the rocks to its outlet in a gully. An old mill stands upon the swiftly running brook, and all day long churns the clear water into a foaming fall which splashes musically in the solemn silence of the place. There is a house beside the mill, but it is so covered with heavy leafage and coiling vines as to be almost invisible. A rustic bridge, resting its weight upon a line of moss-incrusted stones, crosses the stream before it leaves the valley. Further up than it, just below the mill in fact, is a bank covered with the white and purple clusters of anemones

and bordered by wide-open water-lilies and long, fresh-looking grasses. A tangle of coiled and knotted roots underneath a mighty forest-tree here affords a seat for two young people this spring afternoon. One is fair Jeannette, the miller's daughter, a lovely, dark-eyed girl, with a clear olive skin and cheeks of healthy tint. The other is a youth lighter than most people with Basque blood in their veins, and with large, merry eyes in his head which seem to twinkle and burn with every glance. This is Hervé Grévet, the girl's accepted lover. Hervé is a farmer of only a few reluctant acres on the slope at the other side of the valley. His father before him was only a shepherd, and the old bent crone he calls "mother" was milkmaid in the dairy of rich Maître Argoyen. Yet when poor Hervé asked fair Jeannette to be his bride one moonlight evening in the early autumn, she buried her flushed face in his bosom and wept for joy, though well she knew that Michel Argoyen, the rich man's son, came daily to the mill for no other purpose than to seek her for his wife. Hervé had labored manfully year after year to increase his little stock, and now that he hoped at no far-off day to have fair Jeannette as his helpmate, he strove all the more to make worthy of her the home of which she was to be mistress.

Old miller Antoine, Jeannette's

father, had grumbled at the match, and spoke of Michel Argoyen as a fitter husband for a daughter of his, but for all that he loved his child too well to thwart her wishes. So Michel Argoyen, rich as he was, had to be content with his lot, and give up his wooing till he would find a maiden readier to appreciate it than Jeannette.

"Monsieur Michel," said M. Goret to his wife Tonine, "Monsieur Michel has taken the mitten in good part, and bears himself right bravely. What a fool is that girl Jeannette."

"It was Monsieur Michel who was a fool, to think of such a creature," Madame Tonine answered. "Michel could marry a lady if he chose, but he must needs make love to this proud laughter of a miller, and be snubbed for his pains. I think, Alexis, that Monsieur Michel is lucky to escape such a marriage so easily. What a conceited girl that Jeannette must be! And then to accept poor Hervé Grévet, with his slip of land not bigger than the palm of my hand. *Ciel!* what an idiot!"

This was the way gossip ran in Agnedoc. Jeannette was declared a senseless girl; some called her proud, others mean, a few wicked. Monsieur Michel was voted a fool for his attachment, and a lucky man for his disappointment. As for Hervé Grévet, people were at a loss to define his condition. He certainly gained a prize, and he had nothing to lose. So he at least, escaped reproach from the gossips, and even received congratulations from the better-minded few. So the winter passed; the spring sun shone upon the glittering peaks in the gray distance, lit up the lands and

houses in the valley, and warmed into green life the frozen bosom of the hills and the naked tips of the boughs. The turf became bright, the trees bore leaves and tiny buds, flowers peeped above the ground, and sweet marjoram covered the dark hedges. In the fields the men began to toil, the hard crust of the earth was broken, seeds were sown and gardens planted; the woods were greener, and thrushes and linnets sang in them, to the warmer sun and the brightening sky. Then, with the softer and the longer days, came the time for Hervé and Jeannette's wedding. Down from the mill they strolled that afternoon in spring, and, seated underneath the aged beech tree, spoke loving words and uttered fond hopes of the new life which each day was bringing nearer to them both.

"Ah, my Jeannette," said Hervé, looking lovingly into the great brown eyes that sought his own. "How much you have sacrificed for me. But yesterday as I came from vespers I heard old Jean Dragnac and that croaking Monsieur Goret talking of us, and they said thou wert a fool to take poor Herve's love when Michel Argoyen offered his. Dost think thou art so, my Jeannette?"

"Nay, nay, Hervé," cried Jeannette, nestling closer to him; "do not speak these words. Thou knowest I care not what these village people say, so long as thou art beside me. And thou, Hervé, do not heed them."

"I shall not, my Jeannette. I do not heed the croakers. I have thee, and that is enough."

The minutes lengthened, and still the lovers sat occupied with their own fancies, nor knew that the day was

fading and the sun shone redder on the trees. But when they parted, Hervè pressed the warm hand which lay in his, and as he bade farewell, "Jeannette," said he, "our lives shall be as bright as this afternoon. I never saw a happier one."

He went away, and soon she saw him off beyond the woods, crossing the green fields and plucking at the honeysuckles by the hedges as he passed along. She stood there for a moment, pondering, pondering, while the monotonous whirl of the millwheel and the plash of the falling water lulled her into a dreamlike quiet. Suddenly she started. A low rumble sounded down deep on the horizon and rattled along the sky. Unseen by her a mass of heavy clouds had rolled up from the west, shutting out the sun and covering the day with sullen gloom. Dark and threatening they flew across the sky, in heavy, dun-colored clusters, tinged with purple when they passed the hidden sun. Large drops too began to patter on the ground and a fretful wind went bustling through the trees. Jeannette hurried to the house beside the mill, and as she entered it a livid flash crossed the sky, followed by a loud peal of thunder, and then the rain fell in torrents.

The girl moved the vines from before the window and looked in the direction her lover had gone, but all was dark and gray there. Then, with a sort of shudder, she thought of his words, "Our lives shall be as bright as this afternoon." She tried to laugh at her foolish fancy as she turned away, but somehow it followed her through the house and lay heavier on her as the rain fell and the storm roared outside.

The next day was unpleasant, and Hervè did not appear at the mill as he was accustomed. So Jeannette sat through the long hours thinking of him and of the happy day so soon to dawn upon her. But when another day passed without him, a vague fear took possession of her breast, and in the evening when the moon was bright she took her way across the valley to his home.

It was a small, thatched house upon a slope of the hills, and round about it was the tract of land he had tilled and labored on so bravely and steadfastly. As she passed between the upturned patches of ground with needle-like points of green fringing the brown ridges, she thought of all the love this man must bear her whose dull existence she had of late so much enlivened and who had toiled so hard that he might win her. She stopped a moment before the low door, and looked across the valley which lay before her lighted by the pale moonlight to where a large white house gleamed through the trees with flecks of red light streaming from the windows. That was the home of Michel Argoyen, her slighted suitor. How unlike it was the one she had chosen for herself! But she did not regret. No, no. She felt prouder and happier for having followed the promptings of her heart, and preferred the peasant's humble roof to the wealthy farmer's tall and handsome home.

Full of the thought she raised the latch and entered the room. All was dark within, save where the fire-light streamed upon the floor and cast its red reflection on the brown beams at the ceiling. Beside the hearth an old woman was seated, rocking herself to

and fro, and muttering unintelligible words.

"Ah, good mother Tonine," cried Jeannette, coming forward and kneeling down beside the aged woman, "what is wrong. You are ill at ease. Tell me, has anything happened?" Then, with a hurried, scared glance around the room, "Where is Hervé?"

"It is for me to ask where my son is," said Hervé's mother. "Where is my boy, Jeannette? Did he not tarry with thee? It is not often thus he forgets his old mother."

"Nay, mother," said Jeannette, now thoroughly frightened, "he left me two evenings since. Has he not been here?"

"What, Jeannette," cried the old woman, gathering herself up and fixing her deep, filmy eyes upon the startled girl; "what, Jeannette, thou sayest he has not been with thee, where is he then? Where is Hervé? Thou wilt not deceive me, child. Has anything gone wrong with my boy? Thou art silent, Jeannette. Speak, I bid thee. Tell his mother where is Hervé. Ah, *Sainte Vierge!*" And the poor old creature began to weep and moan as if her heart would break.

Jeannette stood in the red firelight with not a drop of blood in her face. What news was this? Hervé, who left her two days before, not at home and not heard from. He never delayed with the village youth. He was no toper or idler. Heaven! what had befallen him?

In her own fright she was barely able to whisper a few words of encouragement to poor Tonine, and then she hurried away to the village through the calm, sweet night which seemed so

ghastly to her. Into the old inn she went, surprising the stout *aubergiste* and half a dozen of the village young men, by her sudden appearance.

Where was Hervé Grévet?

They did not know. No one had seen him for a couple of days. Leaving the rustics in open-mouthed astonishment, the distracted girl went off as hurriedly as she had come, and at midnight roused her father's assistants, Jean and Thomas, to send them off to Kielle, the nearest town, in quest of Hervé. A troubled, anxious night passed, and in the morning she was up and waiting with a beating heart for news of her lover. But none came.

Jean and Thomas were delaying too long, the day was already beginning to brighten. In awful suspense she looked up the road for them and away across the fields. Oh, this waiting was intolerable. She could bear it no longer. Into the moist air she hurried and away down among the beech wood. A crisp breeze stirred the trees and fanned her warm face, a drop of moisture from the green leaves fell upon her forehead. Down in the east the mists were rolling away and a great flash of yellow shone through them. Along the green vista she followed the road with her eyes till it wound out of sight. Brown and wet and soggy it stretched off, with no being stirring upon it but herself—no glimpse of her returning messengers. Still she walked on with quick, impatient steps. A noise sounded behind her, and a little boy, the innkeeper's son, came in sight. With her heart in her mouth she retraced her steps to meet him. What news had he? None at all, only a letter for her. She turned away,

crumpling the piece of paper in her hand, and paced down the wet road. Would they never come?

The millwheel was turning, and the plash of the water sounding in her ears brought back the memory of their last parting. There was the spot, beneath that old gnarled beech tree. With a sad heart she left the road and passed down to the trysting-place where so often *he* had met her. Where was he now, where was her lover Hervé? As she placed her hand upon her breast to keep down her rising feeling, the letter she had received crisped between her fingers. She opened it. She had not looked at it before.

Heaven! what was this? It was *his* writing. She knew the rough, irregular letters. Hervé was a poor penman. His training by the village curé had been very brief.

She read it, and her pale cheek flushed scarlet for a moment and then took a ghastly, corpse-like color. This was what the letter contained:

JEANNETTE: I am tired of being a liar. I cannot bear the part I have played. I do not love you. I never did. I only strove to shame that proud upstart Michel Argoyen. He was my enemy since we were boys. I bided my time. I robbed him of his dearest hope. Now my work is done. I have not the face to meet you. Men will call me a coward. I care not. Good-by.—HERVE GREVET.

For a moment she stood motionless, her eyes dilated, her lips blanched, her whole expression one of abject, sickening horror. Then her face became crimson, a wild light burned in

her eyes, the white teeth gleamed between her lips.

"It is a lie," she shrieked. "He would not deceive me. It is a lie—lie—lie," and she flung the letter into the brook, where it eddied among the water-lilies for a moment and then moved away. She stood staring at it an instant, and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, sprang after it into the water, barely escaping the grasp of a man who had come down from the road and who sought to prevent her. Michel Argoyen, for it was he, plunged into the stream and bore out the pale beauty in his arms. She had fainted, but the bit of wet paper was in her hand, held tight to her breast.

Very soon the surprise excited in Agnedoc by Hervé's disappearance subsided. Jeannette tried to rally, but the color faded from her cheeks and she grew thinner day by day.

Old Mother Tonine, when she was made acquainted with the strange news, gathered her crippled limbs under her and stood up fairly erect.

"My child Jeannette," said the old woman to the girl, for it was she who brought the sad intelligence; "my child Jeannette, dost thou believe that Hervé wrote what thou hast read me? Poor, simple girl. There are villains fooling thee, child. Hervé loved thee as his life. My boy was never false. And dost thou think he would abandon me. Eh, Jeannette? Dost thou think so? Ah, *ma fille*, Hervé was either carried off by force, or else"—and here the old croaking voice faltered—"or else they have murdered my boy." Poor Tonine fell back in her chair and rocked herself to and fro in silence. Then she looked

up through her tears. "I do not think him dead," said she. "Ah, *Vierge*, I feel that my Hervé lives."

Time passed, but no trace of the missing youth came to Agnedoc. Jeannette cared for old Tonine as though she had been her mother, and all the village people gave her sympathy and hope. Michel Argoyen especially, notwithstanding his being discarded, proved a good friend to Jeannette, and even looked after Hervé's mother, though she never could be brought to like him. The old miller, too, became impressed with Michel's kindness, and he often asked him over to the mill and chatted with him through the long winter nights. So months and years went by, and people whispered that the wealthy Monsieur Argoyen was pressing his suit anew. And many believed it, and wondered at the man's perseverance.

But Jeannette still bore her sadness about her, and her fair face lost its smiles and blushes. For the memory of Hervé was yet green.

II.

One day, five years after this, the diligence set down a sailor at Kielle, with a little bundle in one hand and an armless sleeve hanging down upon the other side. He was a great, bearded fellow, with a face tanned red, and with thick yellow hair clustering about his head. He did not stop at the *Poisson d'Or*, as travellers were accustomed to do, but at once took himself off on the road to Agnedoc, much to the displeasure of Monsieur Borrel, the expectant host. The day was sultry, and as he walked along, big drops of

sweat stood out all over his face and streamed down from under his cap. It was an unfrequented road, this one from Kielle to Agnedoc, and the armless man met only an old woman driving a cow as he passed along. When he came to the valley in which prim little Agnedoc lay, he stood for a moment looking down upon it, and he once or twice brushed away a tear that started to his eye. Then a strange look came over his face, a look as of some fixed, unutterable purpose struggling for expression, and he strolled down the hill-side to the village.

Fat Victor Breullie was still the *aubergiste* of Agnedoc, and that evening he told the gossips who came to drink wine and chat with him that there was a strange sailor stopping at the inn who was the most inquisitive fellow in the world. The next day the curious stranger left the inn and soon after came to live alone in a little bit of a hut near a hill-top where no one ever came to scare away the ravens that made their abiding places around it.

Old mother Tonine was now dead, and the bluff, hearty miller had grown weak and ailing. Jeannette was still her father's darling, but she was not the Jeannette of years before. Her blooming loveliness had gone, leaving her a more spiritual but a sadder beauty. There was not a trace of color in her cheeks, and the full, rounded figure had thinned away until she had become but a shadow of herself.

The years of constant waiting for him who came not, the ever-recurring memory of her parting with him, and that letter which she would not believe nor yet could discredit—these weighed

heavily upon her, and saddened all the days of early womanhood.

Monsieur Michel, now the owner of his father's large estate, was still paying her his suit. He was ever kind and gentle to her, but only in looks and acts did he evince his love. No word of pleading passed his lips, he seemed to think that the girl's first affection had filled her heart and left no place for him. And so he lived, content to hear her voice and look upon her face.

His infatuation puzzled even the gossips of Agnedoc. They thought the man bewitched.

One day the old miller was prostrated by a sudden illness, and when Jeannette sat through the long hours of the night watching by his bedside, the sick man for the first time opened to her his pet desire.

"My Jeannette," said he, "thy father has not long to live, and there is one thing which troubles him sorely. What will become of thee, child, when I am gone? Thou shouldst marry, *ma fille*. All girls do. And there is poor Michel coming year after year and waiting for thee to get over thy foolish sorrow. For, Jeannette, it is foolish. Hervé was a good youth. I liked him well. But he is gone, where or how I do not care to know, and thou art left alone. Thou hast waited too long, *ma fille*. He will never return. Why dost thou not wed Michel? I grieve to see thee slight the poor youth."

Jeannette sat pale and silent for a moment. Then a look sad as death came into her face, and her eyes became fixed and glassy. Despair had at length fallen upon her, and she strove to think it resignation. She herself had often pitied Michel, know-

ing how dearly, but how in vain he loved her. And now she bowed her head upon her breast and thought within herself that she would consent to make him happy for a little while. She had nothing now to live for. And death would only bring relief.

"My father," said she, "I will do as thou sayest."

And then she went away to her room and wept bitter tears.

Monsieur Michel soon heard from the old miller what had occurred, and he set about with great alacrity to prepare his home for the bride he was going to lead to it. Great preparations were made for the wedding, and for weeks the village gossips revelled in an abundance of food for conversation.

But a few days before the wedding the one-armed, solitary *homme du mont*, or the hill-man, as the people called him, came to attend the little village church and knelt in an obscure corner, as was his custom. One by one the few worshippers left the church and he was alone, upon the floor of a little side chapel which held a statue of the village patron saint. A light footstep fell upon the stone floor, and a figure passed him and knelt before the Virgin's shrine beside the high altar. It was Jeannette, dressed in the ordinary peasant garb she always wore. Poor girl! Her eyes were red with weeping, her face was pallid as marble. Poor bride! the orange blossoms would ill befit that brow.

The lonely man clasped his one hand tight upon his heart and watched her. Some inward emotion seemed to shake his great, burly frame. For a moment the girl prayed in silence, and then, raising her streaming eyes

to ~~the~~ sweet face carved in purest marble,

"Mother," she prayed aloud, "O Mother, support me in this moment, give me strength, I pray thee. I go to be this man's spouse without loving him. I cannot do it, Mother, my poor heart is too full. O Hervé, Hervé!" For a moment she was speechless, kneeling with clasped hands and that forlorn, faded face fallen on her bosom. Then she went on. "O God, who knowest the struggles I have to bear, would that thou wouldst take me to thyself. I cannot, O my God, I cannot perjure myself. I cannot vow to thee that I will love this man. Great Father, what shall I do? O Holy Virgin!" And the girl bowed to the cold stone floor with a despairing moan. At that, a figure passed between the one-armed man and the prostrate girl and stopped to lift her up. It was Michel. Sorrow was pictured in his face, but it had also a fixed look of resignation.

"Jeannette," said he to the shrinking girl, "I listened to thy prayer. Thank God I heard it, for it has saved me from doing a great wrong. I thought that thou couldst love me. Now I see that I am wrong. Forgive me, Jeannette, for the sorrow I gave thee, and oh, may God forgive me for the great wrong I have done. Listen, Jeannette, listen; though thou shouldst curse me I must tell thee of my crime.

"Jeannette, Hervé was true to thee. It was I who wrote that letter. I who paid a scoundrelly smuggling captain to carry Hervé off. I loved thee deeply, passionately, and I could not bear to see thee another's bride. Hatred of my rival maddened me. I would have

murdered him, but fear restrained me. At last I found a safer way to remove him from my path. I bribed this villainous seaman to lay hands upon Hervé as he hurried homeward in a storm, and to carry him away to another world—to America. I think it was Brazil he sailed for. The captain bargained that Hervé should not return for years. I never saw him since. Then I exulted in my crime; but remorse keen and biting gnawed at my heart. I loved thee passionately as ever, but it drove me mad to see thee waste away and know that I had caused this sadness. I never spoke of love, but I waited, waited, until his memory should fade, and then I fancied, poor fool that I was, that thou wouldst be mine own. I heard that thou hadst consented to be my bride. I was filled with joy, I hoped to forget the past in possessing thee. To-day I have learned the truth. Fear not, Jeannette, Michel Argoen will never seek thee more. That is my story and my crime. Denounce me if thou wilt. The prison hath no tortures half so cruel as conscience."

Jeannette stood listening, open-mouthed and wan, to Michel's disclosure. When he stopped, she burst out impulsively,

"But Hervé. Where is he? Tell me," she cried.

"Jeannette, I do not know. *Ah, ciel*, if I did."

"Thou dost not know?"

"No, Jeannette, as God hears me, I do not know. I would give my life to restore him."

She turned away from him and looked vacantly at the altar. "Listen, Jeannette," said he, coming nearer

her. "There is yet hope. I am rich, I shall seek the smuggler whom I bribed to bear him off. He will tell me where Hervè is. With the Virgin's aid I shall give him back to thee."

"Shalt thou, Michel," said she, turning to him again; "shalt thou bring Herve back?"

Before Michel could answer, a figure emerged from the gloom of the little chapel behind them. It was the one-armed stranger who dwelt alone on the hill.

"Monsieur," said Michel, facing him, "thou hast listened to words which were not meant for thy ears—"

"I have," said the stranger, interrupting him, "I have listened, and I thank the Virgin for it."

What a thrill ran through Jeannette at the sound of his voice. She turned her eyes upon him with a quick, eager glance. Poor, silly child! This was a big, bearded man who was speaking.

"Yes," he continued, "Michel Argoyen, I thank the Virgin that I listened. I shall ever bless this day."

She turned again, with a wild, frightened look. It was enough. Through the great dark beard, the tanned skin, the changes wrought by years, the eye of true love pierced.

"Oh, Hervè, Hervè, Hervè," she cried, flying to his bosom. And the

one-armed stranger was Hervè Grâvet. He had been sold in Brazil at the diamond fields, but after years of trial he escaped, embarked on a man-of-war; lost his arm in a battle; and at length made his way back to Agnedoc, a crippled and poverty-stricken man. His mother Tonine was dead. Her substance, which had been his, was divided among strangers now. Jeannette, his loved Jeannette, was on the point of marrying Michel Argoyen, his cruel enemy. They told him of his affection for her, of his care of old Tonine, of his attention to the miller. "He is a cursed hypocrite," thought Hervè. "But should I come in between Jeannette and happiness? He is wealthy and can make her a lady; while I—what have I to offer her but a crippled body and a saddened heart? No, I will hold my peace for Jeannette's sake. I will live and die here, and my wrongs shall die with me." And so he had lived, lonely and unfriended, supported only by the love which made him sacrifice all for Jeannette's good.

There were two happy hearts in Agnedoc that day. Two? Perhaps three. For conscience spared Michel Argoyen now, and he strove, by present acts of kindness, to wash away the evils of the past. Hervè and Jeannette were married, and he became in time the miller of Agnedoc. But Michel Argoyen lived single all his days.

Almost every one takes pleasure in repaying trifling obligations; very many feel gratitude for those that are moderate; but there is scarcely any one who is not ungrateful for those that are weighty.

Epicurus says, "Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue, say I, that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.—*Seneca*.

TASSO'S TOMB.

There are some men whose days are strangers to everything that is cheering. Into the picture of their lives bright tints are introduced in quantities sufficient only to give full depth to the shadows that mass themselves darkly on all sides. To this class of men Torquato Tasso belongs by right of fifty-one years of painful vicissitudes and corroding sorrows, culminating in his grand final disappointment. It is a touching and instructive sight, to see death reverse, in such men's cases, the verdict of life, and to witness posthumous honors showered on reputations which it had long been the fashion to load with scorn. It is as if a painter were to take some unfinished picture long laid aside, place it once more on his easel, and set himself to fill in, and to round into beautiful forms the caricature-like outlines traced by his careless pencil years before. But in the case of Tasso's tardy glory there is a significance beyond the common. He was snatched away by death at the very hour when Pope Clement VIII and the Roman Senate had decreed that he should receive, in the Capitol, the laurel crown of which no head had been found worthy since the days of Petrarch. This favorable decree was almost the first joy that had been his, and the crown it promised him was worthy even of the brow under which the "Jerusalem Delivered"

was conceived. Yet, when on the eve of his recognition as a great poet, he found himself sick unto death, his were not the proud thoughts that prompt rebellion to God's will, but sentiments of humble and religious resignation.

What the poet's death hindered the sixteenth century from doing has been done by the nineteenth. And when the later age thus carries out the intention of its predecessor, its act is not to be looked on as a simple tribute of reverence to the genius of Tasso. It is a good deal more. It is payment made by an heir of a debt contracted by one of his remote ancestors; a payment not indeed by a discharge in full, for that is impossible, but by an instalment as generous as it is in the creditor's power to accept. To crown Tasso prince of song in the capitol, amidst the shouts of thousands, was not given to the nineteenth any more than to the sixteenth century; but the nineteenth century could at least take care that his ashes rested in a monument worthy of one who was worthy of being so crowned. This it did a few years ago, when the poet's remains were, with solemn pomp, transferred to a splendid sepulchre erected to his honor in the church of Saint Onofrio at Rome. Having been a witness of the ceremony, and a sharer in the veneration it expressed, I may be allowed to communicate some of

details to the reader; the more so, because light may be thereby thrown on some chronological questions connected with the poet's different resting-places after death.

When he felt himself stricken by his last illness, Tasso desired to be removed to the monastery of Saint Onofrio; partly out of esteem for its inmates, partly because of its healthy position. But in reality he came to die in peace within its cloisters. In the garden still stands an aged oak tree, now rifted and storm-torn, under which he used to sit in these, the closing days of his life, to gaze on the panorama before him. All Rome lay stretched beneath, enclosed between the blue Latin hills and the Tiber, where its waters bathe the green slopes of Monte Mario and of Monte Verde. Between the river, running swiftly to the sea, and his own life ebbing daily away, his quick fancy must have often drawn a parallel. Perhaps it was this picture, seen by him from his vantage-ground on the Janiculum, when the purple tints of the April evening were spread over the fresh-born leaves and shoots in the neighboring thickets and vineyards, that influenced him in his wish to be buried near the spot whence he looked. "Father," said he, on his death-bed, "write down that I give back my soul to God who gave it, and my body to the earth whence it is derived, in this church of Saint Onofrio."

And in the church of Saint Onofrio he lay from the 25th April, 1595, to 25th April, 1857, with hardly a monument to mark his resting-place. Not that hearts were wanting, loving enough to wish to render him

this service, and powerful enough to realize their wish. Far from it. It was the very jealousy of love that left the inheritor of Virgil's genius almost unhonored in a humble grave.

His beloved friend, Battista Manso, came to Rome some years after the poet's death, and went to Saint Onofrio to visit his ashes. Dissatisfied and pained at the poverty in which they were left, he resolved to erect a monument worthy at once of his friend and of his own love. But Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini, who had been Tasso's best protector in life, and who had closed his eyes in death, was unwilling to allow other hands than his own to perform that duty.

There are a few details regarding Tasso's monument about which some obscurity exists. The editor of Fairfax's Translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" (Knight & Co., 1844), in his life of the poet, says: "He was interred in the church of Saint Onofrio. A plain slab was placed over his remains, with a simple Latin inscription, expressing—

“ ‘Here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso.’ ”

Cardinal Bonifazio Bevilacqua some years after erected a tomb to his memory." Dr. Stebbing, in his "Lives of the Italian Poets," places the visit of Manzo ten years after the poet's death, and adds, that it was with some difficulty that he obtained permission from Cardinal Cinzio to inscribe the poet's name on the marble tablet, in order that it might be known by strangers, who visited the monastery, in which spot his bones were deposited—(page 330-3, 1860.) But, in

reality, the inscription referred to was placed by the Fathers of the convent, and runs thus :

TORQUATI TASSI

OSSA

HIC JACENT.

HOC NE NESCIUS ESSET HOSPES

PATRES HUIUS ECCLESIAE

P.P.

M.D.C.I.

Now, as the poet died in 1595, only six years must have elapsed before this scanty honor was paid to his tomb. If, therefore, Manso on his arrival found no inscription, he must have come, not after ten years, but before the six years were completed.

The generous promise made by Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini remained but a promise to the end. No change was made until Cardinal Bonifazio Bevilacqua of Ferrara erected a monument adorned with the poet's portrait, and bearing an honorable inscription. On this occasion the body was exhumed, and removed from its place before the High Altar to the lower extremity of the church, where it was deposited at the left hand side of the principal door, immediately under the monument itself. No date is assigned by the writer above-mentioned to this translation of the poet's remains. I am inclined to fix it at 1601, so that the inscription erected by Manso, or by the Fathers at his suggestion, preceded but by a little the gift of Cardinal Bevilacqua. For, on the lid of the coffin raised in 1857, the following inscription was found, and may now be read in the poet's room :

TORQUATI TASSI

OSSA HIC SITA SUNT

A.P.P. HUIUS CŒNOBII LECTA ET CONDITA
AD PIETATIS IN EUM ATQUE OBSERVANTIÆ

MONUMENTUM,

AN. M.D.C.I.

The expression "lecta et condita," "gathered and buried," appears to signify two distinct acts—one of exhumation, the other of a second burial.

Now, it is not recorded that the good Fathers exhumed the body, when, at Manso's earnest prayer, they placed on the tomb the inscription quoted above. Besides, this second inscription is on a leaden coffin, whereas it is distinctly stated that the poet was buried at first in one made of wood.

Tasso's tomb remained thus till the middle of the first half of the present century, when a new tomb was projected worthy of him who had filled the world with his fame. It was commenced in 1827, at the expense of some Italian gentlemen, who were proud of their second Virgil, but it was afterwards interrupted. It was finally completed at the public expense by order of Pius IX. Its principal feature is a noble statue, larger than life, sculptured in white marble, and representing the poet at the moment of his inspiration, whilst he is about to write down the second stanza of his "Jerusalem." I shall now endeavor to describe the ceremony which took place when his remains were transferred to this tomb.

The sun of the 25th April, as it rose over St. Onofrio for the two hundred and sixty-second time since the poet's burial, lighted up a scene such as it had not witnessed since the day of his

death. Not that it found everything changed in St. Onofrio, for there were some objects there in which a change was neither visible nor desirable. Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna still stood out in relief against its quasi-mosaic background in all the simple grace with which the great master's pencil had quickened it. But the old walls of the church were hidden beneath draperies of silk and velvet, the dark sweeping curves of which were made less dark by the gold and silver that shone amidst the folds. In the centre of the building stood a catafalque, a solid square, with the poet's virtues symbolized on its four sides. Piled upon this square, in graceful disorder, a pyramid of swords, bucklers, cuirasses, and bannerets rose to the very roof of the church, where, above the Crusaders' flag, hung suspended a laurel crown. At each corner of the square stood four vases filled with bay, and four candelabra with flaming lights. Around these were seated the deputies of every learned society in Rome, all of which had been invited to be present at the ceremony.

When the last notes of the requiem had died away, the Minister of Public Works ordered the slab that covered the grave to be raised, and in a few moments the leaden coffin containing the remains was exposed to view. But time and damp had so injured the joinings, that the whole coffin seemed likely to break up if moved. To prevent this disaster, the lid was taken off and placed underneath, so as to bear the entire weight. Thus the

ashes of Tasso were exposed once more to the light of the sun. Having been laid on a table, the bones, after the solemn service of the Catholic ritual, were one by one taken out of the coffin, and after being described and registered on parchment, were carefully transferred to a leaden urn prepared for the purpose.

Meantime silence had fallen on the throng who gazed on the poor mortal spoils that had once been Torquato Tasso. It was painful at such a moment to recall to memory the description given of his friend by Giovanni Battista Manso, and yet, though painful, it was brought forcibly before the mind. The fair skin, the finely arched brow, the large broad forehead, the blue eyes, in which the poet's soul was seen, the graceful limbs, all these had belonged to Tasso, but now. . .

When the transfer of the remains had been effected, the parchment, signed by all present, and enclosed in a glass tube, was placed with them in the leaden coffin. This was then carefully sealed, and deposited in one of marble, with the simple inscription, "Ossa Torquati Tassi," the bones of Torquato Tasso; and in a few minutes the poet's remains reposed in their new and splendid resting-place.

Thus was fulfilled the promise of a noble tomb made over his grave nearly three centuries before; thus was realized, after so long a time, the triumph of the Capitoline crown; and the glory which had been denied to him in life, gilded at last, with brightest rays, his tomb in death.

THE MAY DAY FLOWERS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

By H. J. C.

Unter-Brieslau lay at the foot of the Hundenberg, on a deep but narrow tributary of the Rhine. Round about rose lines and lines of tall, straight trees, growing stiffer and shorter as they ascended the slope of the mountain till they were stopped by the bare rocks near the top. A chalet or two gleamed through the lower terraces of trees, and from that a clean, naked lawn curved down into the hollow which held the village in its centre. Beyond the dusky cluster of pointed houses green fields stretched out alongside the stream, with yellow stacks of hay dotting them here and there, and a big thatched house supported on piles overlooked the green meadows. Unter-Brieslau belonged to the Grafs of the Hundenberg; and to the ancient and honored family of Hundelben the villagers paid a yearly tribute in corn and grapes and cattle, besides occasional moneys which the Grafs felt called upon to demand at times. The Hundelben scions were never very paternal in their government; and it must also be admitted that the affections of the Unter-Brieslauans for their rulers had never taken a very filial turn. Indeed, from the time when Conrad Hundelben became Graf von Hundenberg the people of the village had become somewhat lax in their allegiance, and had

given the Graf to understand that they were not to be trifled with.

He however was not a whit taken aback by his people's self-assertion.

"I have enough stout retainers and wine-bibbing *laneknechts*," thought the Graf, "to enforce obedience in that mean little village. They may grumble as they please, but I have no objection to that if they are ready with the ducats when I ask for them." And so time passed and the noble became more exacting and the people more discontented. At length there came a crisis. Some of the Graf's men-at-arms trounced a few villagers for sport, and some other villagers trounced the Graf's men in earnest, and the hated Conrad rode down next day from his castle into the market-place and had a full score of the villagers scourged for their spirit, and went away threatening the rest with vengeance. That was too much for human nature to bear, even in patient, plodding Unter-Brieslau; so the villagers sent word to a neighboring baron who was on bad terms with the Hundelbens that he might find it to his advantage to march upon Unter-Brieslau and surprise the Schloss of the Hundenberg. Baron von Drämmer had no objection to this arrangement. So he collected his vassals, armed them with bows and spears, and

reached the village of Unter-Breis-lau one dark, stormy night. The villagers gladly welcomed and joined him, and their combined forces ascended the mountain stealthily, and attacked the Schloss of the Hundenberg under cover of the darkness. Thanks to the devotion of a herdsman who was attached to the old family in spite of their faults, the Graf was saved a surprise, and met his assailants at the gate armed cap-a-pie.

But fortune was against the house of Hundelben, and Graf Conrad, after a brave resistance, was forced into his dungeon and fled by a secret way, while the attacking party were butchering his followers. The Unter-Brieslauans exulted over their tyrant's downfall, and to celebrate it worthily, set fire to the Schloss of the Hundenberg and burned every combustible bit of it. Then they returned to the village and began a new and untaxed career under the protection of the Baron von Drämmer.

About two years after this, young Karl von Drämmer came across the river one beautiful May morning to worship at the old church of Unter-Brieslau. Karl was the baron's eldest son, a tall, dark, laughing youth, with the merriest of eyes and the frankest of faces. On this May day the maidens of the village and of the country around came, laden with gifts of flowers and fruit as was the good old-time usage, to lay before the Virgin's shrine. Bright, smiling little damsels, with the prettiest bunches of flowers and the neatest bits of baskets, came trooping in across the fields all the morning, and old Hans Strauf, the ferry-man, was kept quite busy from daybreak, carrying over boat-loads of winsome faces.

There was quite a bustle in the little village as the young noble and his train came ambling along the riverside. Out upon the green slope, which seemed as a mighty leaf holding the village in its palm, were gleaming ever and anon some snow-white specks of dresses, and all along the pathway to the church were moving devotees. Just as Karl was entering the quaint old street the bell began ringing and the clear mellow notes were caught upon the spring gales and wafted far across the fields and meadows. There are hardly any people left in the village—they are all at the church which stands on a little hill just beyond it—and as Karl passes between the tall, gabled houses and clatters over the stones in the market-place there are only a couple old of men hobbling along, who salute him. Then out between the two small towers placed at the village entrance passed the train, across a wide bridge spanning a rift in the banks, with a brook running in it, and drew up at the church door. The young baron alighted, threw his esquire the reins, and passed into the gray structure. It was crowded with the villagers. Lights were burning on the altar, flowers bloomed upon it and twined in fragrant wreaths about the pillars, and on the air the sweet, fresh smell of the early spring blossoms mingled with the heavy odor of the incense. Upon the stone floor knelt the baron's son among some of the poorer worshippers, for Karl was a good youth and one who cherished for Our Lady the sincerest love.

At length the services were over, the worshippers dispersed, and the baron's son stood in the gray porch

watching the youths and maidens of Unter-Brieslau as they descended the hill with their elders and chatted merrily in the clear air and sunshine of the May day.

Suddenly his eyes singled out a solitary figure coming out of the church. It was Bertha, the sweetest maiden of the village, as pure of heart as she was lovely of face. Clad in pure white, with a bouquet of spring flowers in her hand, she seemed a very angel come from heaven to beautify the fête. Karl had never seen a lovelier vision, and as she moved along with modest grace he felt how little to him were rank and wealth when compared with such a prize. The young man almost involuntarily approached the maiden, and bowing to her respectfully he offered her his hand to help her down the rugged stone steps. As Bertha's eyes met the admiring glance of the young noble her face flushed red, but acknowledging his attention with a winning smile she let him lead her down upon the green lawn.

"Maiden," said the youth as he turned to rejoin his followers, "thy roses are the brightest I have seen. Where dost thou cull such flowers?"

"The gardens of the village have many such," she said.

"They were a prize one well might long for."

"If they are worth aught to thee, they are thine," said she, handing him the posies with a blush and little laugh that made the gift thrice precious.

"Coming from such fair hands they are worth more than jewels." And the young man, with a bow, gallantly fixed the flower in his hat and bade her farewell.

As Bertha hurried down the hill, her heart beat faster and the color mounted to her temples, setting all her pretty face aglow. What wonder was it? Love comes in a breath, and brings with it a sweetness all its own. And Karl! why was it he forbade his attendants to mount, but detained them all that May day at Brieslau? He himself knew best, though others made conjectures not far astray.

On the evening of the May day there were games held upon the lawn at Brieslau. The village youth competed in feats of agility and strength, and the good people, old and young, stood round to witness and applaud. Young Karl, while watching with the rest, observed a monk winding in and out among the throng and gradually drawing near himself. The good man's cowl was down, and nothing was to be seen of his face but the two black eyes which glittered through the holes. For a while there was quite an excitement over a foot-race, and as Karl stretched out to watch the result he felt himself plucked by the sleeve.

"Good youth," said a voice in his ear, "I have something to communicate. Meet me an hour hence beyond the village church, alone."

He turned and saw the cowed monk moving away, with his head bent forward upon his chest and his hands crossed behind him.

For a moment Karl thought of following him and inquiring the reason of his strange request; but there was a mystery in this interview he was called to which was not unpleasant to a fanciful youth like him, and he resolved to abide by the words of the stranger and do as he was bidden.

As the sun was hanging low above the trees, and the giant shadow of the Hundenberg fell over the lawn and village, Karl quietly withdrew from the crowd of sight-seers and made his way to the village church.

There was a pine copse behind the hill it stood on, and through this passed the narrow road that wound upward to the Hundenberg's summit. All was quiet along the mountain's side; the voices of the woods were hushed; the breeze had fallen and scarcely stirred a leaf; only the little brook running along its channel hummed a dreary monotone against the pebbles in its course.

When Karl reached the church he found it deserted. The trees stretched up their leafy boughs and swept the roof, the stones in the old church-yard stood rigid in their crust of moss and bed of fern leaves. All was quiet, peaceful solitude. The monk was not there, but as the youth scanned the mountain's side he saw a cowed figure standing in the path leading upward. As it did not approach him he advanced to it, and as he drew near it moved up the path beckoning him along. For a moment the young man was puzzled. What did this strange visitant want with him? What secret had he to unfold that he must seek a solitude more secure than this? Karl however was not the youth to stick at trifles. He would follow this adventure, let what would betide. Up the height went the monk, higher than the belt of pine—away up where the brown rocks rose out of the green turf and towered overhead in many a curious shape. At length as Karl looked above him he saw that the cowed

figure was awaiting him. It was a wild, solitary place where they were. A table of grass-covered loam stretched into a corner of the rocks, and round it was a rim of dense shrubbery clothing the sides of the bare gray stones for yards along their edges.

"What will you with me, Father?" asked Karl, drawing near.

"I have brought you here to right a grievous wrong," said the monk, in a strange, excited voice.

Karl scanned the coarse gray cowl curiously, and wondered what features it hid. Certes he had never seen such brilliant eyes as those which looked through it.

"What mean you, Father?" said the youth.

"I will not keep thee long in suspense," said the voice. "Dost know to whom these fair lands belonged years ago?"

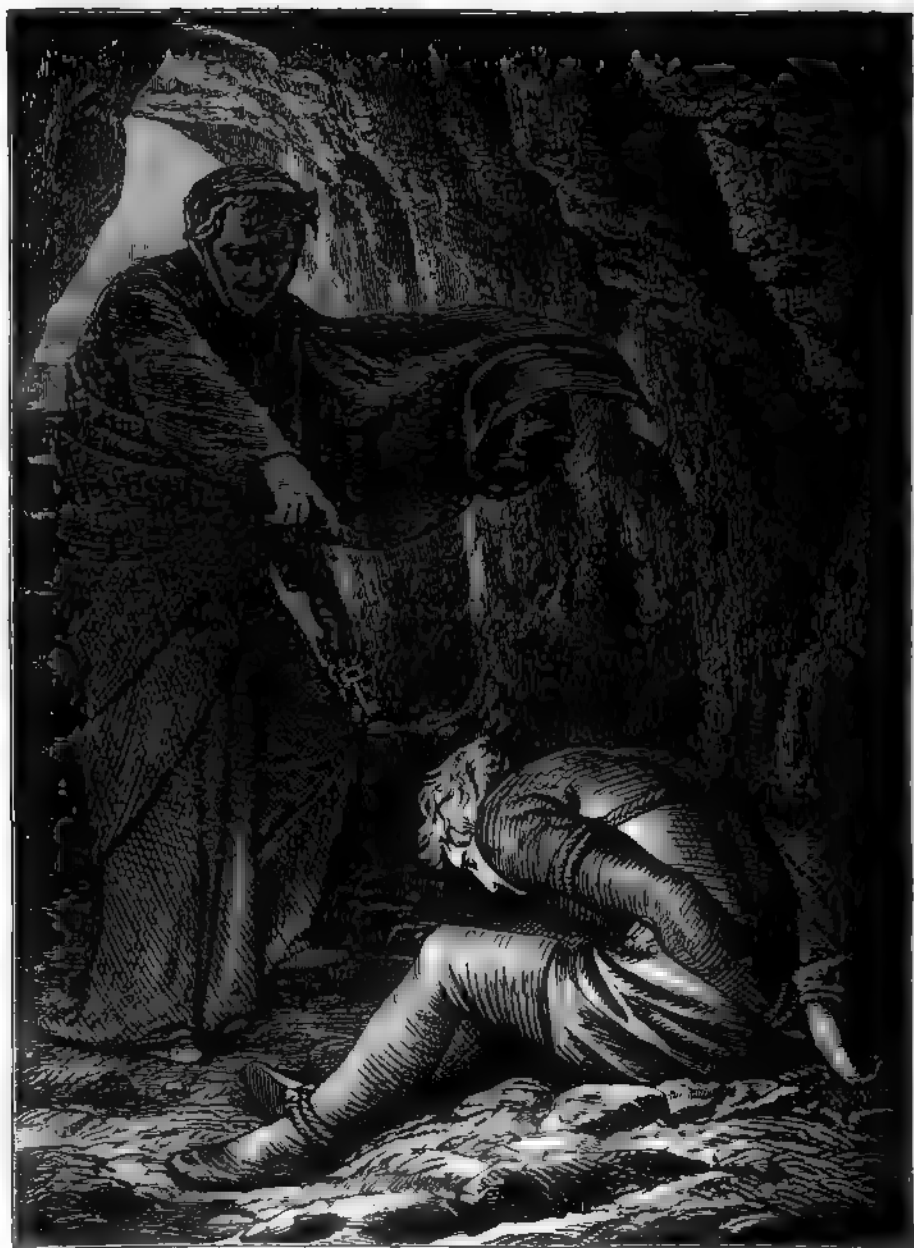
"Ay, that I do, to the wicked Gra von Hundenberg, whom the good villagers of Unter-Brieslau, with my father's aid, destroyed."

"Destroyed, saidst thou?" asked the monk, drawing near and laying one hand on Karl's sleeve, while the brilliant eyes fairly burned. "Destroyed, saidst thou? Nay, Karl von Drämmer, thou art wrong. Conra von Hundenberg was not destroyed—he lives—he is here." And before Karl could make a movement of defence he was stretched senseless on the sward by a powerful blow; and the gray monk, leaning down, dragged the body into a corner of the rock, turned aside a couple of bushes which concealed a yawning crevice, and disappeared in it.

The first thing young Karl ex—

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"As he spoke he hung a key upon the stone floor."—*The May Day Flowers.*

perienced on his return to consciousness was a feeling of chilliness and utter prostration. He opened his eyes and found himself in darkness upon a damp stone floor, with a heavy iron chain binding him to what seemed a ragged wall of native rock. It was a gloomy, noisome place. The stones beneath him were damp and mossy, and all around him water was trickling down and falling with a dismal splash into some hole or crevice that conveyed it away. With an effort he rose into a sitting posture and looked around him. At first he had thought himself alone, but now a barely discernible black mass in a corner detached itself from the wall and revealed the figure of the monk. It passed before the captive up a stone passage, and then the latter heard a creaking sound, and a faint foggy light streamed through an open door into his dungeon.

By this he saw the stranger monk. The cowl was thrown backwards now, and underneath it was the cruel face of Conrad von Hundenberg, the fugitive graf.

"Dost know me, Karl von Drämmer," asked the graf.

"Ay, that I do," Karl replied boldly. "I know thee for the tyrant and coward that thou art."

"Speak bravely, boy, speak bravely," the other said. "Thou canst crow to thy heart's content now. And I will give thee time enow; for here thou bidest till the judgment-day. How would thy father, the baron, feel, did he know his son was Graf Conrad's captive? And he will know it—ay, he will know it—when thy bones have rotted into dust and the cursed blood

of Von Drämmer has mingled with the waters of the Hundenberg. Farewell, Karl von Drämmer. Thou art low beneath the Schloss of the Hundenberg. Thy father tried hard to enter it. Now I will make thee its castellan, and intrust thee with its key. Here, bold youth, take what Baron von Drämmer sought so long; and enjoy thy prize." As he spoke he flung a key upon the stone floor and with the look of a vengeful fiend he turned away, and the door of iron closed behind him with a clang.

The fête at Unter-Brieslau ended, and the villagers were trooping off to their homes, before the retainers of Baron von Drämmer noticed the absence of their young lord. A couple of lancers hurried through the paths about the village and searched the church-yard, but naught of Karl could they see. They waited long after sunset, till the lights began to glimmer in the village and the moon came out above the Hundenberg and streamed along the mountain's side and upon all the quiet valley. Then impatience gave place to anxiety, the village was roused, and all night long the pine woods were crossed and recrossed by flickering torches, and all the mountain recesses rang with the name of the missing youth.

Morn came, and the searchers came back from their quest wearied and disappointed. Not a trace of Karl von Drämmer could be found. Messengers were despatched to the castle of the baron, and again the search was renewed. But all in vain. The baron's son had disappeared as completely as if spirited away by the powers of dark-

ness. Indeed some of the village cronies did hint at some diabolical agency. But the memory of Karl's piety and goodness disarmed such suspicions; for how could Satan have power over one so virtuous?

Another day dawned; and at their matin devotions many a villager in Unter-Brieslau prayed for the absent youth and recommended him to the Virgin's protection. Not the least sincere, nor at all the shortest prayer was uttered by maiden Bertha, as she knelt before Our Lady's shrine in the little village church where first she had seen young Karl and where first his winning words had made her pure heart beat and had filled her young mind with pleasant dreams.

"Save the good youth from evil, oh good mother!" prayed little Bertha. "Protect him from danger, and restore him to his father and his friends. Before thy shrine, where he knelt but lately in prayer to thee, I place this little offering of love. Accept it, Mother, from thy child, and give thy succor to the pious youth." And Bertha laid a wreath of spring flowers at the Virgin's feet. It was in pure charity she made the petition, and yet she blushed as she rose and wended her way down the hill. A tenderer feeling was stirring that gentle nature, and the poor village maiden repelled it, or thought she did; for was she not a simple peasant's girl and he a baron's son? But still the young heart was filled with his image, and though she strove to think that he was nothing to her, her inmost feelings belied the thought. That night, when all the village slumbered, Bertha started from her sleep and knelt before an image of

the Virgin, her eyes streaming and her heart beating fast.

"I thank thee, Mother," she cried; "thou hast shown me in this vision of the night the way poor Karl von Drämmer has gone. With thy aid he shall be found."

While Bertha slept she had dreamt that once again she knelt before the Virgin's shrine in the village church and laid the wreath before her, when suddenly the blossoms uncoiled and stretched a garland of flowers along the floor, and out unto the lawn, and thence far up the pathway to the Hundenberg. Awaking from her sleep she saw in this dream a sign sent, it seemed, to her, by the kind Mother whose assistance she had asked.

Next morning with the dawn Bertha was stirring. First she visited the old church, and thence she took her way to the mountain path. The day was brightening and the thin mists of the river floated off before the sun and showed the barges, freighted deep with yellow grain, turning into fretful ripples the clear, glassy surface of the stream. Below her still the village slept, and all the landscape was in peace; while above, the mountain towered into the mists, blank and drear and solemn.

Upward the maiden passed, among the tall pines and between the brown boulders rising from the soil, until at length she reached the shelf of land where Karl had met the exiled Graf. Suddenly as she looked around her a joyful cry burst from her lips. Upon the ground before her lay the bouquet of flowers she had given the missing youth. With a thankful look at the hidden sky above she took up the

faded blossoms. How had they come there? He had bound them in the cap he wore when he left her. What could have brought him to this solitude?

Even as she pondered, an object at the furthest extremity of the flat table-ground caught her eyes. She hurried to it. It was Karl's velvet cap. There it lay at the foot of a stunted bush alone. Where was its owner?

Again Bertha looked upon the moist earth, and now she saw that the ferns and grasses had been trodden down, and twigs were broken from the thick bushes clothing the mountain's side. With a cold terror in her heart she drew near and put aside the budding shrubs, half expecting to bring to light some appalling horror. But no, there was nothing there. She peered behind the clump of bushes with the creepers stretching over them to the lichen-covered rock, and lo! a black hole yawned before her in the mountain's side. Not an instant the brave girl hesitated. Commending herself to the Virgin she entered the cave. In perfect darkness she advanced, feeling her way along the damp and ragged wall of rock. And as she went further she discovered that instead of a cavern it was an arched passage she was in. On, on she went. The chill, moist air almost stifled her. The constant dripping of water sounded cheerless and dreary. The wet rocks were cold and clammy to the touch. Yet her heart failed not, her resolution did not abate.

Steadily she advanced, leaving light, freedom, and the world behind her—going to she knew not what scene of horror—perhaps of death. But what of that? He was before her. Perhaps

she could save him from some threatening danger or at least she might die for him. Death, ah! how deeply the thought hurt her. Perhaps *he* was dead. Perhaps—but of what avail were vain conjecture here? Onward still she goes—and now she sees before her a gradually brightening spot. It is still far off, shining like a star in the deep darkness. Yet it is only the light of a dungeon. She draws near—she listens. Surely there is something stirring near her. She can hear nothing for the throbbing of her heart as she enters a stone corridor, low underground, but lighted from above by a displaced mass of stone. In the dim light she can see a door—heavy, dented, and iron-studded. And now, as she stops, there is a movement within. It is a fearful sound in that place—the clank of an iron chain. A moment she hesitates, she clasps her hands and her lips move. Then she presses upon the mighty portal. It yields and swings backward. Below her is a dark, noisome dungeon; and in it, bound to the stone-wall, is a form—a man—oh joy, it is Karl.

There was but little life in him. His long confinement, hunger, thirst, despair, had wrought sad havoc on his form and features. And she! what could her delicate fingers do with iron fetters. She hurried away, leaving him in the cold and darkness of the dungeon. But she returned full soon, and half of Unter-Brieslau came behind her. The almost dying youth was borne away to his father's castle, and lay betwixt life and death for many a day. He could not tell his story. Only he rambled in his delirium about a gray monk and Conrad von Hundenberg. The ruined Schloss of the

Hundenberg and its dungeons were searched, but nothing was in them but silence and decay.

Day came and went, and one night while Karl was lying, yet senseless, in the Drämmer Schloss, the castellan noticed a gray monk prowling around the walls beyond the castle moat. The castellan had heard Karl's insane mutterings, and when he saw the figure in the cowl standing in the shadow of a grove and watching still the castle of Von Drämmer he ordered some retainers to seize and bring him in. They did so with difficulty, for the monk was stout and dealt some telling blows about him; but when at last they bound him he writhed upon the ground and begged them hard to free him.

They brought him to the castellan, and, he, raising the gray cowl from the hidden face, knew Conrad von Hundenberg. When his disguise was penetrated he became sullen, and they placed him under ward in a strong tower. But when the morning came they found that he had baffled his guard, and leaped, all fettered as he was, into the moat.

They found his corpse the same day. The wretched man in seeking liberty had met with death, and when Karl recovered and told the story of his sufferings, there were none to grieve that the wicked Graf had met so hard a fate.

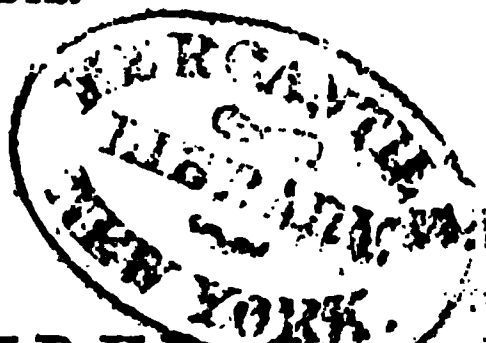
Years after that, Karl, then Baron von Drämmer, led a blooming bride to his ancestral halls. There was a great fête at Unter-Brieslau that day and for a good week afterwards. For the baroness herself had been a village girl—no other indeed than the maiden Bertha. Long as they lived the happy pair remembered the singular intervention of the Virgin; and the Baroness Von Drämmer never let a May Day pass without her floral offering in the church of Unter-Brieslau.

He who told this story, told me, too, that to this day the dungeon of the Hundenberg Schloss exists, and that there is, in the vault of the new church at Brieslau, an old marble tomb with a Knight and Lady carved on it side by side, to whom tradition points as Karl and Bertha.

Practical wisdom acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world: combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of our system. It is forever reminding us where we are, and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainty duties, pleasant to the imagination, but insists upon our doing those which are before us. It is always inclined to make much of what it possesses; and is not

given to ponder over those schemes which might have been carried on, if what is irrevocable had been other than it is. It does not suffer us to waste our energies in regret. In journeying with it we go toward the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behind us.

Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so. Their gratitude is the reward of their own benefits.

*A MAY IDYL.*

A tale of May Day coronation I,
Of tangled golden threads and griefs, will weave.
Far from the city's din, low in the vale,
There stands a farm-house aged fifty years.
The trellised vines in many a loving fold
Environ still its crumbling, moss-grown walls,
And tell that once a loving hand had trained
The tendril vine to climb and blossom there.
Anear the house there flows a lazy stream,
And crossing that you climb a wooded hill
That overlooks a quiet village, where,
In years ago, dwelt many a happy heart.
Within the farm house, twenty summers gone,
Dwelt Farmer Wrayford and his orphan ward.
Unwedded he, because the maid he loved
Forsook him in his youthhood, and became
The wife of one he hated in his heart.
But when that rival died, the fount of love
Sent forth its healing waters as of old ;
But, save in kindest offices, he kept
The secret of his love within his heart.
But when consumption's roses on her cheeks
Foretold the doom his heart would fain avert,
He gave free utterance to his secret love
And strove to stay the swiftly-speeding life.
But she, for her nigh-wasted life, besought
Her old new lover not to waste his own.
"For are there not," she said, "more fair than I
Upon the marriage portal, who will bless
And beautify your life when I am gone."
"That may not be," he murmured, "for your life
Unchangeably is blended with my own."
She spoke not, but her falling tears reveal'd
The close-kept secret of her woman's heart.
But afterward, and ere the final change
Pass'd o'er the winsome beauty of her face,
She call'd her old new lover near, and said :
"I would be wife to you, and bless your home,

If that our God would but renew my life.
But see you not how quickly from my feet
The sands of life are slipping, and what use
To marry one whose bridal robe would be
The snowy shroud and winding-sheet of death ?
Be manful then ; forget me—I deserve
No place within your generous, loving heart.”
He only said, “I cannot love again ;
I will remain unwedded till I die.”
Then came a tearful pause, and then he said :
“Let me entreat you, Annie, ere you die,
To give me little Mary as my ward.
And I’ll be father to her when you’re gone.”
“O gladly !” cried the mother, “you but speak
The wish that I held nearest to my heart.”
Not many weeks thereafter Annie died ;
And in her new-made grave they laid her down,
And o’er her raised a tablet that reveal’d
Her name, her length of days, and early death.
And Wrayford took his ward unto his home ;
And she became as sunshine in the house.
Fair was her face, and as the rose her cheek ;
And, from her eyes of blue, a stainless soul
Look’d out, as if inquiringly, and ask’d,
“If the bright world were not always glad.”
In the near village dwelt an orphan lad,
A bright ey’d-boy who, all the summer long
To pasture drove the farmer’s hundred kine ;
The pasture ground stretch’d to the river’s edge,
And underneath a willow that o’er-hung
And glass’d itself within the cooling wave,
He, through the livelong day, dream’d boyish dreams ;
And nature’s soul spoke sweetly to his own.
Uncar’d for he, save by a wither’d dame,
On whom the snows of three-score years and ten
Full softly fell, and touch’d her furrow’d brow
And chang’d to reverend white her locks of brown.
She, with a tender hand his mother’s eyes
Closed pityingly, and as sole mourner walk’d
To where they laid her on the green hill-side,
A near a prattling brook, that all day long
Disturb’d the sacred stillness of her grave.
The good Dame Allen rear’d the orphan lad,
And he to her became as one who feels

The tender touch of love from alien hands,
That no less kindly than a mother's seems;
And when the years of youthhood came, his heart
Leap'd up within him, and he said to her,
"My second mother, while our loving God
Gives to you length of days, for you I'll toil,
And be to you a kind and goodly son."
And old Dame Allen kiss'd him thrice and said,
"Be good, my little son, and pray to God
And ask the Mother of our Lord each day
To pray the loving Saviour for his grace.
Your mother—rest her soul!—was wont to say
The Virgin Mother always heard her prayer."
And then the boy—Dame Allen call'd him Phil—
Day after day with never idle-hand
Kept house for good Dame Allen and himself.
There chanced one day, 'twas in the April month—
Alternate sunshine and alternate rain—
A tiny peep-show through the village pass'd,
Wherein the "Seven Wonders" were reveal'd.
And all the village came to see the show.
The doctor came, the lawyer came, and he
Who minister'd unto the souls of men,
The meek and goodly priest; and one and all
Proclaimed the show the greatest ever seen.
And good Dame Allen, leaning on her son,
And Farmer Wrayford and his pretty ward,
The "Seven Wonders" saw and praised; but Phil,
The star of morning shining in his eyes,
Said softly, "I can make a better show."
Thereat the lawyer raged, the doctor fumed,
And angrily the good priest eyed the boy
And bade the sexton exercise his lash,
And lead the boy from error into grace.
And all but Mary Wrayford and the dame
Look'd at the boy and mutter'd, "Little wretch."
The nine days' wonder pass'd, and May Day came,
And with it wondrous guessings. "Who will be
The crowned Queen, and who the King to crown?"
And every maiden said within her heart,
"Would I were queen, the crowned queen of May."
And all the village lads had each his queen;
And strife ran high, until the wise old heads,
To stop the strife chose Mary Wrayford queen;

And vested her with sovereign power to choose,
From all the village lads, her favorite king.
Then hope and fear away'd many a boyish heart;
But Phil, unmindful, drove the farmer's kine
To the rich pasture and, the livelong day,
Beneath his drooping willow, dream'd his dreams.
One day came Mary Wrayford, tripping light
Along the clover fields with merry song,
And gain'd her favorite haunt anear the edge
Of the bright river lazily flowing on.
Some water-lilies near the margin grew,
Which Phil, each day that Mary Wrayford came,
Reach'd with a branch, and pluck'd them for her sake.
To-day he feign'd he saw her not, and she,
Half-anger'd at the alight, threw out the branch,
And drew the lilies toward her, and reach'd out
To grasp their filmy folds, but from her feet,
The crumbling river's edge slipp'd swiftly down;
And with a scream she fell, and o'er her closed,
The lazy river lazily flowing on.
Phil saw and heard, and swiftly ran and plunged,
And o'er him closed him the crystal wave, and still
The water-lilies waved their snow-white heads
As though no deed heroic had been done.
A moment, and, emerging from the wave,—
A snow-white lily in her dainty hand,
Her tresses dripping and her lovely face
Snow-white from fear, the herd-boy upbore,
And swam and gain'd the pebb'd beach, and laid
His lovely burden on the clover bank,
And strove to rouse the brief-suspended life.
Came Farmer Wrayford at that moment down;
And saw the saver bend above the saved;
And saw the lily and the paly face.
And then a cry burst from him, and she woke
And bless'd, with her blue eyes, the herd-boy.
Kind tendance brought the roses to her cheeks,
And ere the May Day came, she chose her king.
And all the village lads with ragged Phil
Were wroth, and wish'd him evil in their hearts.
He heeded not their envious shafts, but wrought
And pray'd and thanked his loving God for all.
But when the May Day came, and few were found
To near the Virgin's altar with their queen,

Or chant the hymn of praise, Phil's boyish heart
Misgave him, and he thought, "The fault is mine."
But Phil was King and Mary Wrayford Queen;
And on the Virgin's altar, hand in hand,
They laid their wreaths and sung their May Day hymn

"Queen of Angels! at thy throne
Kneel we on this festal day;
We would make our hearts thine own,
We would live with thee alway;
We would lift our hands and pray,
'Queen of Angels! Queen of May!
Live within our hearts alway.'

"Queen of Angels! fresh and green
Are the garlands that we bear;
Thee to crown, most beauteous Queen!
Thee, than morning star more fair.
We thy children humbly pray,
'Queen of Angels! Queen of May!
Live within our hearts alway.'

"Queen of Angels! hearts defiled
Bring we to thy daisied throne;
Cleanse them, and our souls, exiled,
Shall forever be thine own;
For we lift our hands and pray,
'Queen of Angels! Queen of May!
Live within our hearts alway.'

"Queen of Angels! Mystic rose!
Snow-white lily, chaste and pure!
Stainless as the Alpine snows,
From temptations that allure,
Keep our souls; and we will pray,
'Queen of Angels! Queen of May!
Live within our hearts alway.'

"Queen of Angels! Spouse of God!
Rose of Sharon! House of Gold!
From the Father's chast'ning rod,
Guard us still in Virtue's fold;
Ever hear us, when we pray,
'Queen of Angels! Queen of May!
Live within our hearts alway.'"

The May Day celebrants, their labors done,
By homeward paths returning two by two,
Left King and Queen to wend their way alone.
And Mary, wearied, on a clover bank
With Phil beside her, rested by the way;
And there they talk'd of many thousand things,
Of flowers, and trees, and buds, and laughing brooks,
And all the happy talk that youthhood knows.
And Philip spoke of hopes and days to be;
How he would strive for fame, and crush the foes
That now revil'd and jeer'd him as he pass'd.
And then he told her, that for many years,
He should be absent from her, but in time
He would return and claim her as his own.
"You go to-night," she said, "from home and friends,
To face a world you know not. Do not go!
For I shall be so lonely when you're gone."
She spoke, nor dream'd she half-reveal'd her love.
But he, aglow with love's most sacred fire,
Look'd in her tear-dimm'd eyes, and passionately
He answer'd: "Nay, my Mary, bid me go
Here am I scorn'd, and no one cares for me.
Save good Dame Allen and, my Mary, you."
She lean'd upon his neck, and sobb'd aloud,
And tearfully she utter'd, "Phil, farewell!"
May God be always with you; and my prayers
Will morn and even to our blessed Queen
Ascend, and beg her to watch o'er your path,
And lead you back from wandering, unto me."
"Keep trust in God, and all will yet be well,"
Said Philip, as he led her toward the gate,
There kiss'd her paly cheek and cross'd the stream,
And climb'd the wooded hill and gain'd the town.
The good Dame Allen in her cabin sat,
Awaiting Philip, who, with thoughtful step
Approach'd the half-shut door and enter'd in.
"You're late, my son, and hungry. Sit you down,
And don't go weak and supperless to bed."
Then Philip sat him down, but could not eat.
And the dame said, "You're wearied!—go to bed."
Then Philip said, "My mother, for you've been
The kindest of kind mothers unto me,
Could you, for half a year or so, live on
Without the daily presence of your son?"

"Now, now," she cried, "what silly freak is this?"
"No silly freak, my mother, I have thought
And thought, upon my course; and deem it wise
That I should leave the village for a time;
But not without your blessing would I go."
Then she, her old eyes swimming with her tears,
Made answer, "My good son, do what you will;
You have my blessing." Philip knelt, and she,
With clasped hands invoked the God of all,
To guide and safely guard her son from ill.
Then Philip sought his bed, and laid him down:
But sleep came not, and out upon the stars
That gemm'd the darksome vault until it shone
As some vast diamond field whereon the sun
Dispensed his golden beams, the brave boy gazed;
And when the solemn midnight came, and all
The peaceful village slept, he softly rose
And knelt and pray'd the guidance of his God;
Then stöle to where the Dame on humble bed
Slept calmly, and the little purse, wherein
Were kept the trifling savings of his toil,
He softly round the wither'd neck of her
He called his mother placed, then he kiss'd
Her forehead for the second time; and she,
In dreams, as he bent o'er her, softly said,
"God bless my boy and save him from all ill!"
He heard no more, but silently he raised
The clicking latch and gain'd the village street
Then on and on, beneath the shining stars
That look'd so sweetly down, the brave boy walk'd,
And, ere the second morning climb'd the hill,
The crowded city drowned him in its depths.
But when the little village woke from sleep
And, half-incredulous, heard that Phil had gone,
Some this, some that, the hidden cause assign'd,
But most agreed that Mary Wrayford knew,
And only knew, the wherefore of his flight.
But soon the placid stream of village life,
Disturbed by the pebble Philip dropp'd,
Flow'd calmly on as though he had not liv'd,
And save in Mary's and Dame Allen's heart
The memory of Philip ceased to be.
Slow roll'd the years, and with them time and change,
For both, though no man note them, always move—

And many happy May Days came and went,
And twice or thrice was Mary chosen queen.
But never more was Mary Queen of May.
For what with Philip gone, and slow disease
Fast eating the heart of him who came
And took her with him when her mother died,
Poor Mary had no heart to celebrate,
As in the by-gone years, the May Day rites.
Roll'd slowly round five years of weariness,
And in the fifth year Farmer Wrayford died;
But ere he died, he to his bedside call'd
The good Dame Allen, and her wither'd hand
In Mary's palm he placed, and bade them be
As child and mother, mother and her child.
And so the two, when Farmer Wrayford died,
Became as child and mother, and abode
In good Dame Allen's cabin, and the farm
The thrifty Mary sold, and all the kine;
And waited, with a heart that never chang'd,
For Philip's coming, whether soon or late.
And two long years roll'd round, and April month—
Alternate sunshine and alternate rain—
Prepared the glad earth for the coming May.
One day, 'twas late in April, when 'twas borne,
As on a trumpet's blast: "A show's in town!"
And all the village flock'd to see the show.
The doctor came, the lawyer came, and he
The kind and goodly priest who brings the peace
Of angels to the warring hearts of men.
And all with potent voice the show condemn'd.
The lawyer said the law was clear, the man
Had taken money yielding no return;
The doctor said the man was half insane;
The village butcher swore the man had mind
To "hum" at least, his own, his native town.
The good Dame Allen on her Mary lean'd
And took a peep; and, as she peep'd, the man
Stooped low and whispered something in her ear.
"I see," she cried, "a stairway all of gold,
That winds, and winds, in many a shining curve,
And at the top a glittering mansion stands,
And at the mansion's gate, a face so sweet
That none but Mary, Mother of our Lord,
E'er look'd so beautiful. And as I gaze

She beckons, and my heart cries out,
I come, I come, I gladly come to thee."
Thereat the people gazed and wondered much.
Then Mary peeped; and low the show-man stoop'd
And whispered in her ear, and all her face
With conscious joy suffus'd, and then she spoke.
"I see," she cried, "a hill-side clothed with green,
And at its foot a lovely cottage stands;
And near it flows a babbling brook wherein
The water-lilies white as snow-flakes grow;
And at the door there stands—my God! 'tis he!
'Tis he, my Philip, and he waves his hand,
And all his face is shining as the sun."
This, when the people heard, they fiercely cried,
"The man's a wizard, slay him with your hands."
And when they broke his show and harm'd himself,
He only said, "I'll make a better show."
That night Dame Allen died, and as she passed
She cried, "My feet are on the golden stair.
And lo! the Virgin Mother, all in white,
Her beauteous face resplendent as the sun,
Comes down the stair to meet me; and I go."
She spoke no more, but, as a wearied child
Whose eyes close sweet in slumber, pass'd away.
The third day after this, the green hill-side
Received her in its bosom, and the brook
That near her new-made grave in crystal ran
Went laughing, as of old, upon its way.
But o'er that new-made, and another's grave,
Were placed memorial tablets, that to-day
Reveal two names that Philip dearly lov'd.
And when the May Day came, and fresh young hearts
Arose with stainless souls, to deck the shrine
Of Mary Mother of our Blessed Lord,
There rose at early dawn a happy pair
That, arm in arm, adown the dewy fields
And up the verdur'd hills, with gladsome hearts
Walk'd toward the Orient: and the red, red rose
Glowed on one's cheek, and in one's eyes there shone
The fadeless glory of the morning star:
And when the peaceful village rose and saw
Nor stir nor bustle in Dame Allen's house,
They cried, "The wizard came to steal away
Our village pride, for Mary Wayford's gone."

But the glad shepherds, when at night they drove
 Their hundred browsing sheep within the fold,
 Told how they saw, two, arm in arm, at dawn
 Walk o'er the verdur'd hills, and bend their steps
 Toward the Orient; and as they pass'd there came
 Upon the fragrant breezes to their ears
 This stanza of the Virgin's May Day hymn:

"Queen of Angels! Spouse of God!
 Rose of Sharon! House of Gold!
 From the Father's chast'ning rod
 Guard us still in virtue's fold.
 Ever hear us, when we pray,
 'Queen of Angels, Queen of May!
 Live within our hearts alway!'"

J. D.

In any work that a man has done some of his aptitude for organization may be observed. A quibbling, crotchety person lacks, of course, the nature fitted to organize. A sanguine person lacks the nature to commence organization, although he may be able to maintain it when it is placed in his hands. Pliancy and firmness are both needed. A judicious abidance by rules, and holding to the results of experience, are good; but not less so are a judicious setting aside of rules, and a declining to be bound by incomplete experience. War furnishes the best illustrations of what is wanted in this respect. Drill is a good thing; but drill is not to master us. To keep within reach of our supplies is a needful thing; but splendid movements have been executed in contravention to this rule. To have a base for our operations is no doubt a good military rule; but, occasionally, baseless operations have effected great results in war. And other instances might be multiplied

without end. We cannot do better than turn again to Nature. In her organization there are the "vital force" which makes the plant grow, and the substances, organic or inorganic, which supply its sustenance. These latter correspond to our preparations of material, our rules, regulations, and ordinances, without a supply of which the organizing faculty will die, but which often smother it, or at least obstruct its growth. On the other hand, without these rules, forms, regulations, and preparations, the organizing faculty ends in mere ideas, and shrewd prophetic insight, leading, however, to no good result.

As gratitude is a necessary, and a glorious, so also it is an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue; so obvious that wherever there is life there is place for it, so cheap that the covetous man may be gratified without expense, and so easy that the sluggard may be so likewise without labor.—Seneca.

KYLE GRIFFITHS.

A TALE OF THE WELSH COAST.

BY THEO. GIFT.

A sea like a duck-pond, calm as glass and red as fire; a long strip of snow-white sand, backed by precipitous rocks, gray by day, red too now from the incarnadine arch of sunset sky above; to the westward a strip of land running out into the harbor, and showing black as ink against the lower line of living gold, where, far beyond, the sun has just dipped his flaming orb to rest behind the waves. Over the point the top-sail rigging of a three-masted vessel. Nearer, in the foreground, a girl seated on a heap of dried sea-weed, her pretty brown dimpled arms clasped about her knees, her head uncovered, save by a mass of black silky curls, thrown back and resting against an old boat, moss-grown and broken, and long disused, which had found its last haven in this quiet nook. It was all very quiet at first, but by and by a step came trampling over the hard, smooth sands. The young girl's cheek glowed with a deeper red, and her breast began to heave and her hands to tremble, as though she were a bird on the eve of flying to its mate. Not being a bird, but a woman, however, she coquetted—sat still, staring at the sunset she did not see, and started and almost screamed when a big man, brown and bearded and muscular, came suddenly round the stern of the ruined boat, and with a short exclamation, half choked as in great gladness, took her straight into his arms, and hugged her till she screamed in right earnest,

“Kyle, put me down! put me down! How dare you be so rude, sir? Let me go, please do.”

“Not till you’ve given me a kiss, Faithie,” said the other, keeping his hold good-humoredly, yet with something of reproach in his grave blue eyes. “What! not one after three months’ waiting? Why, lassie, I thought you cared for me a bit better nor that. An’ I hungering for this minute every day and hour since I left you.”

The tone of the reminder—perhaps even the slackening of his arms—touched her. Faith Morgan had a warm little heart, albeit five years younger and smaller than the one against which it was beating now. Inconsistent as a true woman, the moment he let go she began to cling, and put up her lips.

“I do care for you, Kyle,” she said, “only—only you startled me so,” and forthwith she began to sob like a baby. He made no answer at first, only kissing her with close, tender kisses on lips and eyes, till the tears were driven back, and the lips pouted.

"Now, Kyle, do let me go. You're so rough, and—and some one might be passing."

"And what if some one was?" asked the sailor, loosening his hold, however, and letting her resume her former seat, while he took up a position on the boat's keel beside her. "Who has a better right to kiss you than I? I can tell you, Sam Jones's lassie didn't wait for him to begin, for we walked up from the pier together, and she had the house door open, and her arms round his neck, while he was still peering up at the window on the chance of her looking out."

"Nancy Evans is a bold girl," quoth Faith tartly. "If those are the manners you like, Kyle, I wonder you didn't try to cut Jones out when you first came here."

"I come between another man and his lass!" cried the sailor, staring; "but there, you're joking, sweetheart; and besides, you know there's never a girl in Wales, or England either, that could meet my fancy save your little self alone."

"You don't mention America," said Faith saucily.

"America!" repeated her lover; "why, in the name of all that's comely, you would not have me compare you to a Yankee girl, would you?"

The honest indignation in his tone, however ludicrous in itself, had a softening effect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half-shame-faced whisper.

"Only I told you I wouldn't wonder if you took to a foreign girl, Kyle. Some say they're prettier than we are."

"You would ha' wondered, though,"

retorted Kyle promptly. "Prettier than you! I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me your hand, and turn your face this way. Do you think I'll be content with the back of your head to-night?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and she let him keep it; but her face was still turned away, and there was a faint quiver about the ruddy lips. Perhaps her next words explained it.

"Father says you're going away again almost at once, Kyle."

"Aye; when he came aboard to meet us he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a little rest aside of you afore I went away again. But after all 'twill shorten the time o' waiting one way, lassie."

"How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for you till I was a captain? I'm going as captain this time, and only for a six weeks' trip; leastways, that's what they calculate it at. Some business with the New York agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard about it?"

"That the Olinda was to be fitted out for sale, and that you were to take her over, an' charter another vessel to bring you back? Yes; but won't it take you longer?"

"I doubt not. They're to have the boat and cargo ready. Mr. Denbigh's arranged all that. Did you know his son—the new junior partner—is to ship with us?"

"Yes," she said. Good Heaven! how rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson sky was fading into blues and violets. He was looking at her, and the brows suddenly darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, fierce

expression. His voice, however, was quieter than before.

"I can't say I care about sailing with the owner's son. I'd liefer take any other passenger. They're apt to fancy that because they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard, an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't hold with no Co.'s in salt water. Hows'ever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked the man."

"And don't you?" asked Faith timidly, her color still high.

"Do *you*?" said he, stooping forward to look her full in the face. "He's been a deal at Amlwch since I left, people tell me, an' you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do you think of him?"

"I, Kyle?"—her eyes drooping beneath the sharp scrutiny—"I—I don't know. He's pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice enough."

"And I think him a cross between fool and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths shortly; "son of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder—"

Faith snatched her hand away angrily. "He has more manners than you," cried she, panting and ruffling like an enraged sparrow: "*he* is a gentleman at any rate, an' would never dream of using such language of people he don't even know more than to speak to. Oh!"—and here feelings were too much for words, and an indignant little sigh and shiver filled the gap.

Even the violet was dying out of the sky now, and cool gray shadows crept up from the east, and threw a sombre tint over the man's face. A small, cold wind rose out of the sea, ruffling its breast with long, fretful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing child. It

chilled the dimples in Faith's cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off Kyle's stern brow; and far overhead a gull flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle spoke:

"He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, then, I am not. Had I been one I might have been betrothed to some fine lady, i'stead o' the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these five minutes have you found fault with my manners. I don't say they're finer nor a rough sailor's have need to be, but you never laid blame on them before. Has this *gentleman* been teaching you to do so in my absence this time?"

Women are constitutionally cowards. Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all reply at first she, metaphorically, turned tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready shield of femineity, a burst of tears. It was 'not until they had lasted long enough to make Kyle apostrophize himself as a brute that she sobbed out,

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now that I love you as you are better than—and yet—oh!" Another burst, and the pretty head drooping very near Kyle's knee. Involuntarily he laid his hand caressingly upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a softened, soothing tone.

"Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, then, don't cry. Mayhaps I was over-sharp, but I was met on landing by ill talk about young Denbigh an' you. They said he had been taking my place, an' though I wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to the foul-tongued gossips, it sort o' cut me when you spoke up for him. Faith, lassie, I love you

more than many a husband. If you were to play me false with any one, I think I'd feel like killing him an' you too."

He looked like it at the moment, and she believed him, and trembled at the mingling of passionate tenderness and wrath in his tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped his strong hand in both hers, her face turned up coaxingly.

"Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love; you know I never could. What's Mr. Denbigh to me, but father's partner?"

He was holding the soft hands, and looking down into the sweet eyes. The moon, just rising, glittered on something which, unnoticed by her, had escaped from the folds of her neckerchief—a golden circle, with the portrait of a man within.

"Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone which strove for steadiness, "you're wearin' a grand new trinket since I saw you last. Who gave you that?"

He spoke too suddenly. With a quick, frightened gesture she snatched away her hand, as if to hide the bawble. With a face deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly consciousness, she stammered out,

"I—I—it's nothing — father's — I mean I bought it."

Without a word Kyle loosed her wrist and rose up. Without a word he turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps he came back, and said, very hoarse and low,

"Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, an' you know it. I can't say if it was for the first time, but I can say it shall be the last. I wondered"—and his voice sank deeper still—"that you should shrink when I took you in my

arms a while ago. I wonder now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's face lying between my heart an' yours. Go to him now, an you will; I want no wife on whom I can't depend in word an' deed."

He was gone the next moment; and Faith, sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went home to find Philip Denbigh at the garden gate waiting for her.

He *had* been courting her for the last two months; and she—had coquetted with him. Flirting is not an amusement confined to the upper ten. I have heard of a young Patagonian squaw who was as finished an adept at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, an only child and the prettiest girl in Amlwch, had been wonderfully fond of trying her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the arrival of a new first mate for her father's favorite vessel, the vessel he had commanded himself until he was admitted to a partnership in the firm of Denbigh & Co., his employers. Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true as the light of day, and masterful, as he said himself, had "cut out" all the rest in no time, and won Faith for his own undivided property. She never even cared to look at any one else when he was by; and, I believe, loved him as entirely as was in her nature, with most worshipful affection; but when Kyle was away at sea, and young Mr. Denbigh came to Amlwch—Mr. Denbigh, who was what she called a gentleman: some one who wore fine clothes, and had white hands, and a curly moustache—and when this hero testified an immediate and violent admiration for herself, how could she help being

pleased? how could she help going back to the old habits?

She did not help either. Mr. Denbigh made love; and she smiled and flirted, all unconscious in her flattered vanity of what the neighbors were saying, until, just three days before Kyle's return, the suitor brought matters to a crisis by a declaration. They had had a tiff about a photo. of Faith, which Denbigh had stolen and put in his locket; and he had brought her a fine gold locket with one of himself in it, and begged her to accept it and take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a wakening for silly little Faith, and the confession, "But I am engaged!"

Followed anger (from the gentleman) and tears (from the lady).

Followed fresh solicitations, more ardent from the rebuff, and fresh "noes," more feeble from remorse and shame.

Followed tremendous scenes of masculine woe and anguish, and feminine contrition and soothing.

Finally Denbigh left the house, determined to try again on his return from America; and Faith remained with the locket, which she had at last consented to keep and wear, as some small salve to the giver's wounded affections. She loved Kyle far, far better than his rival; but Philip Denbigh was so handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as hanging the trinket round her neck for a day or two; and no one need ever know.

Nevertheless some one did know—now; and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savage snubbing on this aforementioned evening.

"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come back. He'll never leave me so. He must ask my pardon first," thought the weeping beauty that night.

He did not ask pardon, however, nor come back. The Olinda sailed three days later, and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle had a beautiful black retriever, which he had been used to leave behind to "take care of his lassie love while he was gone." He took it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconciliation before he went. Patience! it would be only six weeks, or at the most eight, and then he would be back, and she would be good—so good and meek. He must forgive her then.

Eight weeks had passed—eight weeks all but two days—when the sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blowing great guns all day, and for many days and nights before; and the waves had wrestled terribly with a crazy bark which, with creaking timbers and leaking pores, with strained and naked masts bending beneath the gale, till at every lurch they seemed like to bury themselves in the foam-crested waves tumbling mountain-high around them, had striven like a living thing to weather the cruel storm.

Where was she now? The huge breakers, crested still with foam, turbid and purple-stained, dashed themselves, moaning and roaring, against the gray and iron-bound cliffs of the Welsh coast, flinging up great fragments of timber, torn and twisted

scraps of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, too awful in their piteous mutilation for any human name, against the pitiless rocks, only to suck them back again into the black and boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent clouds, black too, but fringed with fire, were gathering thickly over the threatening vault; and low on the horizon the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed from between them to something black and broken, over which the sea was breaking in unresisted fury—the stem of a vessel with the broken bowsprit and foremast just visible amongst the foam and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened, that sail looking red now before the angry sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutter cared to show even now to its tender mercies. It had been a work of danger to get near the wreck at all, hanging as she did in a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when the order was given to tack and 'bout ship again.

Suddenly the captain caught up his spy-glass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, roared to the men to "hold all hard."

"There's summat living arter all," he said, pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks, where some object was plainly discernible even by the naked eye. "There! just above the line o' high water. Can't none o' ye see?"

"A man down on all fours!" cried one of the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un surely to ha' kep' life in him so long."

"Lower the boat," said the captain sharply. "Now, my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an old pilot), "give us a coil

o' that line. We mayn't be able to get over-near him; an' I say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o' rum inter the stern-sheets—quick!"

They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh pilots; I have owed my life to them, and know; but I am afraid they thought their courage and kindness wasted when they found the object of it was—only a *dog*! They hauled him into the boat none the less, almost too much spent, poor fellow, to second their efforts; and then, while he was trying very feebly to lick the hands that had saved him, his beautiful eyes full of all a dog's gratitude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his collar.

The captain opened it. "To Miss Faith Morgan, Amlwch," he said, reading something within; and then, not being a person of refined delicacy, he took the paper out, and opened and read that. This was what it said:

"Boat just left with the crew and Philip Denbigh. No room for me; but no wish for it. *Remember* that I give mine on board, with willing heart, to him you gave it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. Forgive my rude words as I forgive your falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful than we are, an' to Him I pray to care for you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' tried to, had He been willed to let me."

They gave that paper, with the dog—a beautiful black retriever—to Faith Morgan. It was all that ever came to port of the ill-fated *Pride of the West*, the ram-shackle old barque, which had been hastily patched up, and thought good enough to last one voyage more. Boat and crew were never heard of again. They must have perished with

their fine young owner in the vain attempt to reach land, that stormy night; and there was no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman strove, by every vulgar boast and innuendo, to torture the man whom he considered his successful rival—the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly feelings that would have made him bear anything rather than, by word or retort, drag the name of the woman he loved into an unseemly dispute—the man whose unswerving discipline and tireless energy had alone preserved them even so long—the man who, when the ship had struck, and the cowardly scoundrel who owned it was clinging in frantic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for the captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable wretch first with his own strong arms; and then, seeing there was no room for more, cut the rope that held the boat

to the sinking ship, and stayed alone—to die!

And Faith? Faith is living still. I met her yesterday coming up the high street at Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-eyed thing between them. A bright, bonny old woman she is too, with as comely a face as if the eyes had never been washed in salt tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of care.

"I must be goin' home to my old man," she said, stopping at the corner. "Kiss grannie, sweetums," and then turned just at the church-yard-wall where stands a rough stone cross, "To the memory of the captain and crew of the *Pride of the West*."

Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps better by his death than if he had lived to carry it out. As Faith says—

"He was a rare good man, but hard, over-hard and stern for ord'nary folk."

PITIALE.—There are two classes of persons in every community who are entitled to the commiseration of all good-hearted people—those who belong to the undercurrent, or are regarded with contempt, and those who belong to the over-current, and regard everybody and everything around them with contempt. Each class ought to be colonized in a more congenial clime. Those who would remain could then enjoy the pleasures that good-sense and sociability give. But of the two colonies, we cannot decide which would be the more intolerable to inhabit.

"You make out humanity worse than it is. I have seen many countries, studied many men, mingled in many public transactions, and the result of my observations is not what you suppose. Men in general are neither very good nor very bad; they are simply mediocre. I have never closely examined even the best without discovering faults and frailties invisible at first. I have always in the end found among the worst, certain elements and holding points of honesty. There are two men in every man; it is childish to see only one; it is sad and unjust to look only at the other."

ST. BRIDGET.

BY FRANCIS B. WAUGH.

When the world was a world of sun,
Ere that its morn was barely done,
When the name of the Man who died
In the blaze of its full noontide
Lingered yet, like a broken tune,
O'er a world in its cloudless June,
A rumor came across the seas
To one who sought out God's decrees
Low on his knees.

For neighbor to his neighbor told
How the quick flame of burning gold,
Not quenchable as flame of earth,
Which round a maiden at her birth
Had shone and fled, had reappeared.
This all men wonderingly heard,
And most of all the fervent knight,
Striving to keep in Heaven's pure sight
Clear as the light.

Then said he of himself: "Oh God!
Thou knowest I aforetime trod
In paths which never lead to Thee.
But Thou, of Thy great charity,
Turned my hot heart, and day by day
I pray Thee, blot my guilt away;
Grant, Lord, that for my piety
I this pure maiden may descry
Ere that I die."

So then he got himself to ship,
And saw the red sun rise and dip
Full many times ere that a cheer
From yearning throats betold land near.
Then one him thrust from out the crowd
And whispered more than spake aloud,

"No voice must break this brittle air,
For at this hour the maiden fair
Doth bend in prayer!"

Through the dim, silent streets he went,
Filled with a great astonishment
That God had made the thoughts of men
So gentle to His handmaiden,
Till that he came unto the place
The wherein prayed the maid of grace—
That lingered more than once again,
Watching the incense leave the fans
In a long train.

Slowly he entered in with awe
And cast himself upon the floor,
Nor dared to lift his eyes abroad
Before that he had blest his Lord:
Then he arose and looked around,
Yet saw no form and heard no sound,
But in the darkness rather felt
The space was filled wherein God dwelt
With men who knelt.

But when his gaze had caught at length
The fulness of its daylight strength,
He saw each one, with down-bent head,
Immovable as figures dead,
And the great place wherein they were
Thick crowded with a host in prayer;
Till suddenly in distance far
A little flame, all circular,
Shone like a star.

From the far distance down the aisle
Came the small star, and all the while
A trembling seized upon him sore,
So he his body barely bore,
But his deep gaze was so intense,
He could not draw it backward thence;
And then the quiet, slow light came
Circling a picture in its frame
Of living flame.

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And so she left the place ; but he
Shook in himself exceedingly,
And dwelt within his scant chamber
To end he might not think of her.
(Tho' for her beauty he would fain
Look on the framed face again,)
Yet, though he barred himself within,
The devil found his own way in
With dreams of sin.

So that the third day after this
He was entered Hell's abyss,
And wended out into the street
Till he the perfect maid should meet.
And soon the virgin of pure soul
Came forth, framed in her aureole ;
Then did he make a sudden stand,
Looking into her sweet eyes, and
Took her soft hand.

Thereat she smiled in purity,
Thinking no wrong, so even he
Left her in haste and cast about
How he should thrust this devil out,
And spared himself his daily food,
Nor slept upon his bed of wood—
Yet strictly sought he out a place
Where he might feast upon the grace
Of her sweet face.

But some days after, when she turned
To see him by her, her face burned
As if the flame had risen higher,
And fallen and set it all afire :
Then did the devil him upstir
To lay his impious hand on her ;
But straightway did she bend her round,
Nor stayed her knees until they found
Rest on the ground.

All that day long she prayed and wept,
Nor in the next day eat or slept,
But begged before God's altar she
In her fair face might changed be

So that no man might pleasance take
On seeing her, save for Christ's sake :
And the fourth day beside her bed
They found the maid lying as dead,
Her beauty fled.

Then did this God's own handmaiden
Go forth to meet the knight again ;
But tho' beside him did she pass,
He recked not who or what she was,
Nor strave to speak with her ; but sore
Longed to see the maiden more—
For the quick flame at Heaven's behest
Quitting her head, now had its rest
Deep in her breast.

But soon the tidings reached the house
Where the knight kept a poor carouse
On his own thoughts. Then did he say :
" This is God's deed ! " and found a way
To see the maid and pardon ask :
And while he hasted on his task
And with hot tears his sorrows told,
Her face did change to that of old,
Sweet to behold.

Then God alone came them between :
His deathful Passion grew as green
As leaves which, after winter drear,
Tell to the listener spring is here.
And so they loved on, side by side,
Their country's blessing, hope, and pride,
Till painlessly, without a groan,
Death came and bore them as his own
To God's own throne.

Such is the legend that I took
From an old, worm-eaten book—
Printed in letters black and quaint—
By Jocelinus, of the saint
St. Bridget named, who reared Kildare,
Leaving a name as pure as air.
These twain that mighty fabric planned
Whose stones still as a wonder stand
To every land.

O B I T U A R Y.

STEPHEN PHILBIN.

The Catholic community of New York has lately been called upon to lament the loss of Mr. Stephen J. Philbin, one of its worthiest members. On the 24th day of March he expired at his residence, in the fulness of his manhood and in the happy anticipation of the life to come.

Mr. Philbin was one of these men to whom the Catholic Church in America is so much indebted for her progress. Imbued with deeply religious feelings and generously inclined to encourage all deserving objects, for a score of years he has been identified with every charitable enterprise which the needs of the Church and people of this diocese demanded. As a successful man of business he did not forget, in the engrossing cares of trade, the higher obligations due to his faith. He loved his religion sincerely. He took pride in seeing her influence extending, and exerted himself in furthering her temporal interests; while he never forgot to avail himself of her spiritual advantages. The success of the Church in America was to him a source of joy and gratification. He recognized in the purity of her doctrines and the holiness of her observances a specific needed to regenerate the society of the day; and he rejoiced to see them going into a wide and pious prac-

tice. A man of action rather than of thought, he formed speedy but just conclusions about the necessities of the times; and he rightly judged that the faith of Rome was the only antidote for the shams of the day, for which he entertained the most profound contempt. With that conviction he concerned himself with the interests of Catholicity in New York, and devoted himself with a zeal, which is rare indeed among men of his large responsibilities, to its spread and development.

Mr. Philbin was a man of much practical good-sense. In the management of the extensive business which he had created and enlarged by his own unaided efforts he displayed a sound judgment and an honorable rectitude, and in dying he left a high reputation in business circles for just and upright dealing. Utterly incapable of artifice and deceit himself, he looked upon all men with a charitable eye, and expected to meet in other natures the rare honesty and conscientiousness of *his own*.

Mr. Philbin was essentially a charitable man. His purse was always open at the call of want; he was ever ready to relieve real distress. From the time when first he attained position in the business community to the day of his

death, he was constantly engaged in undertakings of a benevolent character. Besides endowing charitable institutions very munificently, he contributed largely to relief funds and to all enterprises growing out of the wants of the Catholic body. To the Roman Catholic Protectory in an especial manner Mr. Philbin was a generous friend. He was among its incorporators, and down to his decease he belonged to the Board of Managers. In its welfare his liveliest interest was enlisted, and from its very inception he gave both his money and time to perfecting the purposes of its establishment.

In his private relations he was faultless. Pleasing and affable in his manners, genial in disposition, and kind of heart, he had a rare tact for attaching to him those whom he met in the daily intercourse of life. There was something in his frank, open countenance, and the modest but generous nature behind it, which inspired confidence and commanded respect. He was a loyal friend, a social and pleasing companion, and in his death every one who had enjoyed his acquaintance through life, experienced a profound sense of personal bereavement which was feelingly manifested at his obsequies.

Such a life as he led is exemplary. It was at once pious, practical, and full of merit.

Stephen Philbin left Ireland when he was yet a boy of nine years, and came to America. For a time he worked at his trade; as soon as an intelligent industry enabled him, he began business in his own name, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it enlarged beyond his highest expectations. For thirty years he has been known as a success-

ful man, and during all that time he has done nothing which could detract from the high opinion everywhere entertained of him.

An attack of neuralgia prostrated Mr. Philbin in the beginning of the winter, and after four months of suffering he died on the 24th of March. It was a touching sight on the day of his funeral to see the little band of Protectory children who came from the home he had helped to provide for them to honor the memory of their deceased patron. No prouder tribute could be given to the good man's worth than that which the presence of these reclaimed waifs afforded.

The earthly life of Stephen Philbin is ended. He has finished a career of usefulness and gone from the world with the blessings and consolations of his faith attending him. Let us trust that the acts of charity and goodness he performed here below have prepared him for another and a happier existence above.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Catholic Protectory, held at 29 Reade street, on the 25th day of March, 1874, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life our esteemed associate, Stephen Philbin; therefore

Resolved, That the Managers of the New York Catholic Protectory desire on this painful occasion to give expression to their feelings of sincere sorrow and unfeigned regret.

Resolved, That by the demise of our lamented associate this institution is called upon to mourn the loss of one of its most zealous founders, who, in addition to his devotion to its general interests, aided materially by his constant attention and skilled experience in the successful erection

and completion of all the permanent buildings of the Protectory.

Resolved, That by his liberal and long-continued contributions to the charitable funds of the Protectory our departed friend has acquired a prominent position in the roll of its benefactors.

Resolved, That the Managers of the Protectory deeply sympathize with the afflicted

family of the deceased, and hereby sincerely condole with them in this their affliction.

Resolved, That the members of this Board will attend the funeral of their late associate, and that the Secretary is hereby directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

HENRY L. HOGUET, President.

Advice is sure of a hearing when it coincides with our previous conclusions, and therefore comes in the shape of praise or of encouragement. It is not unwelcome when we derive it for ourselves, by applying the moral of some other person's life to our own, though the points of resemblance which bring it home may be far from flattering, and the advice itself far from palatable. We can even endure its being addressed to us by another, when it is interwoven with regret at some error, not of ours, but of his; and when we see that he throws in a little advice to us, by way of introducing, with more grace, a full recital of his own misfortunes.

But in general it is with advice as with taxation: we can endure very little of either, if they come to us in the direct way. They must not thrust themselves upon us. We do not understand their knocking at our doors; besides, they always choose such inconvenient times, and are forever talking of arrears.

There is a wide difference between the advice which is thrust upon you, and that which you have to seek for; the general carelessness of the one, and the caution of the other, are to be taken into account. In sifting the latter, you must take care to separate the decorous part of it. I mean all

that which the adviser puts in, because he thinks the world would expect it from a person of his character and station—all that which was to sound well to a third party, of whom, perhaps, the adviser stands somewhat in awe. You cannot expect him to neglect his own safety. The oracles will Philipize as long as Philip is the master; but still they have an inner meaning for Athenian ears.

It is a disingenuous thing to ask for *advice*, when you mean *assistance*; and it will be a just punishment if you get that which you pretended to want. There is a still greater insincerity in affecting to care about another's advice, when you lay the circumstances before him only for the chance of his sanctioning a course which you had previously resolved on. This practice is noticed by Rochefoucauld, who has also laid bare the falseness of those givers of advice who have hardly heard to the end of your story, before they have begun to think how they can advise upon it to their own interest, or their own renown.

It is a maxim of prudence that when you advise a man to do something which is for your own interest as well as for his, you should put your own motive for advising him full in view, with all the weight that belongs to it.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The Bible Society's apostles are evidently making little progress among the wild tribes of the west, although government patronage has been so liberally extended to them. The red man has been able to penetrate the sanctimonious coating in which the disinterested and lucre-despising sower of the Word has been masquerading. He has discovered that if you peel off the layers of hypocrisy in which the Bible men too often roll themselves up like cocoons you will find only sham and pretence within. The Great Father at Washington, it seems, or more likely some of his paternal commissioners, have refused the Indians' application for their old Catholic missionaries, and the red men, who are evidently "up to the times," have not allowed themselves to be hoodwinked, and have brought their grievances to the fountain-head. The following is from a petition prepared by themselves which a tribe of Osages have sent to Washington. Coming from such a source this is an eloquent commentary on the labors of Catholic missionaries in the west. It is as noble a panegyric as has been pronounced on the Cardinal of the Propaganda, who passed from his labors so lately in the odor of sanctity and in the perfection of his usefulness.

"Catholic missionaries have been among our people for several generations. Our people are familiar with their religion. The great majority of them are of the Catholic faith, and believe it is right. Our children have grown up in this faith. Many of our people have been educated by the Catholic missionaries, and our people are indebted to them for all the blessings of Christianity and civilization that they now enjoy, and have for them a grateful remembrance. Since these missionaries have been taken away from us we have done but little good, and have made poor advancement in civilization and education. Our whole nation has grieved ever since these missionaries have been taken away from us, and we have prayed continu-

ously that the Great Spirit might move upon the heart of our great father, the President, and cause him to return these missionaries to us. We trust that he will do so, because in 1865, when we signed the treaty of that date, the commissioners who made it promised us that if we signed it we should again have our old missionaries, and we have sought every opportunity to remind our great father of his promise, and we hope that he will have it carried out in good faith. Your Government is our protector; it asked us to become civilized, and we are endeavoring to take your advice. We are adopting your customs and habits as fast as we can. Your Government asked our people to embrace your religion, and we have done so, and in so doing we have chosen the Catholic religion. In doing this we have only followed your example and exercised those great privileges that a good God has given, and that no earthly power has any right to take away.

"Religion among the whites is a matter of *conscience and voluntary choice*. It is so among our neighboring tribes and nations of the Indian Territory; it is so throughout all Christendom, and why should it not be so among the Osages? Give us, we beseech you, our own choice in this matter. The same God that made the white man also made the red one, and we pray you to remember that he has made us all alike, with the same natural aspirations and desires for happiness in this world as well as in the world to come."

England has been playing the fool for some time past with high mightinesses of unpronounceable title, and foreign humbugs of high but sometimes not very authentic pretensions. Some of her children have followed the maternal example and have gone around idol-seeking lately. Ninety-five of them, we are told, by a correspondent of the *Noue Presse*, have succeeded in discovering a divinity, not at all unwilling to

be glorified and exalted even by a parcel of hare-brained snobs. This divinity resides at Caprera, and enjoys a doubtful reputation among men under the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi. It was to this red-shirted recluse that the ninety-five cockney pilgrims betook themselves, and it is to be hoped that they profited by their visit, and listened with great edification to the discourse of the Italian "patriot." This occurrence, trivial as it is, illustrates a curious *penchant*, which English Protestants indulge and which Americans of all shades of belief share with them. The wildest enthusiasts, the most bubble-brained visionaries, are deified in this century of ours, by a class of people whose reverence for the object of their infatuation increases just in proportion to its unworthiness. Let a man shout "liberty," or some other popular catchword, raise a hubbub and be thrashed for it, and he can live upon his laurels for the rest of his days, with the pleasing conviction that a couple of thousand idiots, on both sides of the Atlantic, hold him an ill-used, but yet an illustrious "hero."

Take any brazen scamp, and set him flinging squibs and hard names at Church or State, and see if a sympathetic public does not exalt him to the skies for his temerity. No wonder wise men tell us that the image of God is being torn from the temple of the human heart and a vulgar idol of clay is being substituted for it.

The liberal-minded people amongst us, who, in the charity of their hearts, used to feel so aggrieved at Italy's unhappy, priest-ridden condition, have little reason to exult over a better state of things, now that Emmanuel has established his fatherly rule there. Notwithstanding the revenue acquired in the plunder of cloisters and cathedrals, Emmanuel's government is still clamoring for money to prop and sustain it. The people, already burdened with taxes, are momentarily threatened with others; industry begins to flag, and the national prosperity promised by the Balaams of United Italy seems more and more remote. Witness how the lower classes are faring now that the ecclesiastical incubus has been removed from their shoulders. The story is told by many of the Italian papers which head one of their columns

with the following doleful title—"Hunger in Italy." Here is a sample of the contents of one of them for March 18th:

"Serious disorders have broken out at Carrara, on account of the high price of provisions. At Massa, three individuals of about forty years of age, recently entered a farmhouse near that city, and said to the peasants 'we are hungry, we have travelled from Bologna and want food. We have abandoned our homes because we cannot pay our taxes, and we hope to go to America.' The peasant gave them something to eat and they devoured the food ravenously. One of them said he had not tasted anything for thirty hours. At Piacenza, the custom-house officers refuse to serve any longer, declaring that if they do so, the people will rise and do them injury, as they are furious at the high prices levied on every article that enters the city. At Palermo murders are exceedingly frequent. The municipality does not know which way to turn for means to supply the needy. People are literally starving to death in this city, which used to be so superabundantly supplied. At Naples, a man died of starvation, Monday last. At Milan, a woman fainted, for want of food in the streets. She had not tasted bread for thirty-four hours."

There are a good many sympathizers with Communism in this city of ours, and a good many people who sympathize with pretty much everything that has the charm of novelty and audacity. People of these classes will have a rare opportunity for holding a high jubilee soon. Rochefort—Henri Rochefort the communard, later the convict—has broken jail, and is bound for the United States, where he hopes to meet sympathy and welcome, as he no doubt will. The fact of his being a social disrupter of rare capacity, and a man who has been quarrelling all his lifetime with princes, priests, and peoples, will insure him a warm reception here, and it guarantees his success upon the platform as soon as he chooses to appear on it. His lectures—of course he will give some—will, we doubt not, afford intelligent and humane New Yorkers a vast amount of instructive entertainment much to their taste.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

ABBOT NESTEROS.—There are in the world many arts and sciences, most of which are useless, save for the conveniency of this present life; yet all have a method by which they may be acquired. If these arts and sciences, therefore, have a fixed and established system by which they are to be learnt, how much more should our Religious life have its appointed rules and principles—that life which leads to the contemplation of mysterious and invisible things, and which seeks for no recompense from this contemptible earth, but aspires to the rewards of eternity?

We can view the divine science of this Religious life in a twofold light, as practical and speculative, or as active and contemplative. The first consists in the care we take in reforming our manners, and in purifying our hearts from vice; the second in the contemplation of Divine things, and in the knowledge of what is sacred, but hidden and mysterious.

The mission to the colored people begun by Dr. Vaughan in 1871, seems to be flourishing. Two of the priests of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, Fathers Noonan and Gore, conduct St. Francis Xavier's church in Baltimore, which is exclusively for the negroes, and two others are in Louisville, Kentucky, engaged in the same labor.

Father Stephen (Père Etienne) Superior-General of the Lazarists and Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who died in Paris in his seventy-third year, was a man gifted with unusual administrative talents. Through his efforts the Sisters of Charity were introduced into Turkey, Persia, China, Brazil, Peru, Chili, and Ecuador.

The very important office of Prefect of the Propaganda, held by the late Cardinal Barnabo, has been appointed to His Eminence Cardinal Alessandro Franchi.

A very curious discovery has been made at Nancy, in the Convent of the Visitation. It appears that the great Bossuet left a pile of manuscript there when he visited it, and that it has never been touched since. The present Superioress happened to come across these treasures whilst searching for some other papers concerning the house over which she rules. Convinced that the documents were genuine she placed them in the hands of Col. Ferval, who is at present editing them. They consist of many sermons, and of a series of letters addressed to Madame de Vallière, on the occasion of that celebrated lady's conversion. The sermons are not only of great beauty, but of the highest historical value. When published, this important work will extend over three volumes.

The *Catholic Telegraph* says: "On the testimony of actually prepared statistics and our own observation as a priest in a large city for more than a decade of years, we may say, without the slightest fear of mistake, that nowhere in the whole world does Catholic faith show so much enduring and wide-spread vitality as in the United States."

Bishop De Goesbriand, of the diocese of Burlington, Vermont, on his recent return from Europe, presented to the cathedral an exquisite gold chalice that had been consecrated by the Pope.

A new Catholic paper has appeared in France, named *La France nouvelle*. It is edited by M. Henry Delpech and is sold at the low rate of one cent a number, or five French centimes.

Active preparations are being made for the departure of the American Pilgrims. They leave New York on the 16th of May.

There is some word of a Catholic colony for Arizona being formed in St. Louis.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

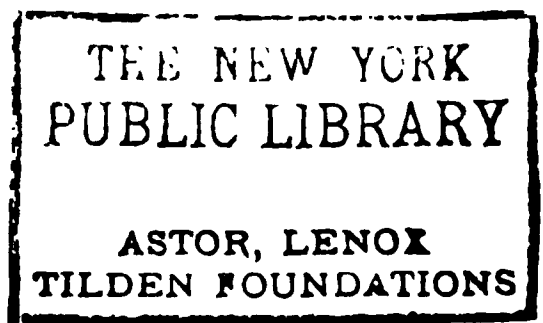
ARTIFICIAL COAL.—There is an artificial coal establishment in France which produces the large amount of 200,000 tons annually. The machine used for this purpose is capable of producing ten tons per hour, the whole machine weighing about 65 tons, with all its accessories and gearing, including the steam engine. These coal bricks are slightly heavier than natural coal, and their caloric effect is found fully equal, and, in some cases, even superior to the latter. The process of washing removes about five per cent. of the weight of the coal-dust representing incombustible impurities, and the compressed fuel leaves only six to seven per cent. of ashes. The fuel thus produced from mere coal dust is sold to the different railway companies and the navy, besides a great quantity for household use, for which purpose it is admirably adapted on account of its regularity of form, great cohesion, entire cleanliness, and high heating effect.

A writer in the *Engineer*, in discussing the question as to whether it will be possible to run a locomotive engine and train at the speed of one hundred miles an hour, presents the following interesting facts regarding the average rates of express trains, past and present: In England, the average speed on the best mail coach-lines, in 1829 and 1830, was a little over ten miles an hour. At present the highest railway speed in the world is attained on the Great Western Railway, England, which may be taken roundly at fifty miles an hour. Although it is said that Brunel once travelled from Swindon to London at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the writer expresses his belief that "we have never been able to obtain the shadow of a proof that this speed has been reached under any circumstances or at any time whatever on any railway." In one instance, a train on the Great Northern Railway, consisting of sixteen cars, drawn by one of Sterling's great outside-cyl-

inder express engines, running on a level slightly-falling gradient, attained the unprecedented speed of seventy miles an hour. And the Yarmouth express, on the Great Eastern road, sometimes has reached a speed of sixty-four miles an hour down the Brentwood bank. In the United States the Boston and Albany road, the fifty miles between Springfield and Worcester were run by an engine with sixteen-cylinder, twenty-two-inch stroke, and six one-half-inch drive-wheels in fifty-four minutes. Much of this run was done at a rate of nearly seventy miles an hour. In view of these facts, it is believed that on a class line a speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour may be available with safety, though a much higher velocity could not be attained without incurring enormous risk of derailment.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water-closet, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steam-boats, about hotels, and in public places, there is nothing so nice as to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved in anything under the bed, will remove an hospital, or other places for the sick, from unpleasant smells. In fish-market, slaughter-houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smells will all pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse die about the house, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will purify the atmosphere. *Then, keep all clean.*

OF 700 male convicts once in State Prison at Auburn, 600 were there for crimes committed under the influence of liquor; 500 of whom testified that using tobacco was the beginning of their intemperate habits.





"The flickering stars came one by one,
To look on the child so pale and wan." — *The Singer*

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

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CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Nearly every school-boy who has taken a declamation book in hand is familiar with the name of Charles Phillips. But there are comparatively few who know anything about the man beyond the few bare facts of his life which a short and not very brilliant public career brought to notice.

For one who has lived in this century at a time singularly fertile in stirring events, and who has left behind him mementos which at one time or another catch the eye of most book-readers, Charles Phillips has been forgotten sooner than most men with equal claims on posterity's remembrance. The student of English literature and oratory almost intuitively sets him down as a contemporary of Grattan, O'Connell, and Brougham, a man of rare eloquence and fine culture, a man who must have spoken to parliaments on national issues, and at high tribunals defended justice or prosecuted guilt.

A great many are satisfied with this vague notion of the man, and care not to inquire who or what he was.

Phillips was not a parliamentary orator, he was only a lawyer, frequently a briefless one too—and instead of debating national interests, he stood at the bar in behalf of individual claims. He was an accom-

plished scholar, a rare wit and an effective speaker; but if his light was not hidden under a bushel, it was somewhat dimmed by the overpowering glare of brighter ones that always burned around it.

We are glad to see that a friend of Charles Phillips has lately done something toward rescuing his memory from oblivion. A sketch of his life and character by a writer evidently familiar with both, has recently appeared, which we think will throw a little light upon a career not void of interest, and recall a name worth being remembered.

We append it as containing more personal information about the man than we have been able to derive from any equally accessible source.

Born under more favorable auspices, Charles Phillips might have risen to eminence; but he was condemned by adverse fortune to an obscure career, and was glad, after a long life of labor, to find repose on the soft cushion of a chair in the Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors. Nature had made Phillips fit to occupy a conspicuous position in almost any intellectual career. Fate condemned him to be an Old-Bailey barrister; but

the fine qualities of the man were never wholly obliterated by the vulgar associations of a life of drudgery. He remained to the last genial, good-natured, and brimful of humor; in spite of many eccentricities, one of the pleasantest companions it has ever been my fortune to meet.

If the reader will be kind enough to imagine a stout gentleman, elderly, gray-whiskered, and inclined to corpulence, whose look and bearing were manly, dressed in a dark-blue paletot of the fashion so popular fifteen years ago, black trousers, boots of the kind called highlows, a carefully-brushed hat with a curly brim settled well back on his head, a black-silk handkerchief bound loosely round his neck, surmounted by high shirt-collars, he will have as good an idea as I can give him of the late Commissioner of her Majesty's Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. In his early life he must have been eminently handsome. When I knew him in his decline, his features, though finely chiselled, had become coarse. Their heaviness was, however, redeemed by a pair of eyes deep set, full of intelligence, dark, and more lustrous than I have ever seen in any head, the late Duke of Wellington alone excepted.

I think I can see my old friend now, rolling along the King's road at Brighton, much in the same fashion as I suppose the great Samuel Johnson used to do, flourishing his walking-stick. It was an Irish blackthorn, bought annually at Mr. Thatcher's, his habit, when this important purchase had been completed, being to present its predecessor to Mr. Alfred Hurley, who united in himself the triple functions of valet,

body-clerk, and usher of the court in Portugal street. This personage also inherited the cast-off paletot, the hat with the curly brim, and I have no doubt many other properties of his distinguished master. Phillips was curiously methodical and exact in all his habits. He never wore gloves, and except once in his own house I do not remember ever seeing him in any other dress than that which I have described.

It was at Brighton I saw most of him. He used to spend his long vacations there, occupying for many successive seasons the same house in Cavendish Place, nearly opposite to that in which the accomplished daughters of the late Horace Smith, author of the "Rejected Addresses," exercised for many years a genial and graceful hospitality. The daily companion of my morning walks, he found in me a ready listener to the anecdotes of which he had accumulated a fund which was apparently inexhaustible; and he acted these stories as well as he told them, stopping short, striking his blackthorn suddenly on the ground, and elevating his chin in a direction parallel to the plane of the horizon by way of emphasis, when he had made what he considered a good point.

Although educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated, Phillips seemed to me to owe less to culture than to the genuine native humor and shrewdness of his character. He was profoundly ignorant of all modern languages except his own. He knew little of what was going on in other countries. He never was on the Continent. His sympathies were apparently liberal, but I do not think he had any political opinions except

those which it suited his friend and patron, Lord Brougham, for the time being to profess. Our readers are familiar with the Irishmen of Sir Jonah Barrington and Charles Lever: Phillips seemed to unite all these varied types of national character in himself. But he had one quality which is not national. He was prudent, and very careful of his money. I have seen him regard with mournful solicitude a five pound banknote he was about to change, holding it up to the light and looking as if the chances were he would never see another. I have seen him also fondle the half-crown he was about to bestow in charity with a lingering affection, as if it went to his heart to part with the coin. He told me once, with tears in his eyes, how a friend of his in early life had succeeded in extracting from him the loan of a ten pound note, under the pretext of wanting it to go and bury his father. "I believed him," said Phillips; "but I learned afterwards that he spent it in a house of doubtful reputation, where he was drunk for a week." And then, as if the recollection of such atrocity was too painful for endurance, down went his stick, and up went his chin with his favorite gesture, while fiery indignation flashed from his eyes.

I saw him once shaking this black-thorn over the head of the late Mr. Albany Fonblanque, the editor of the *Examiner*, whom we encountered suddenly at Brighton. At another time I, the present writer, was in danger. I had indiscreetly endeavored to reproduce Chisholm Anstey's imitation of the peroration of one of his celebrated speeches: "I do not require

vindictive damages at your hands, gentlemen of the jury; all I ask from you is to give me the value of this poor man's *choild*." This Anstey did with infinite humor. I probably failed in catching his spirit, for the Commissioner was highly incensed, and swore he would be the death of Anstey as well as myself.

Phillips was high-spirited. He used to describe with grim humor what his sensations were in a duel he once fought, when he felt his antagonist's bullet graze his whisker; and I believe at any time of his life, he would have been quite pleased to engage in single combat with any foeman worthy of his steel. But he was fonder of a war of words, and was a neat hand at repartee.

There was a certain Jew stock-broker in those days at Brighton, who was reputed to be a man of great wealth. He used to carry a large gold snuff-box in his hand, with the contents of which he was pleased to regale his friends. Phillips was fond of chaffing this man of the money-bags, who knocked the letter H about, and was obtrusively vulgar.

We met once opposite the Bedford Hotel. The weather was warm, and the stock-broker, taking off his hat, mopped his face with a handkerchief. Then, looking attentively at Phillips, he said, "Well, Mr. Commissioner, we are much of the same age, I think, but it does strike me as curious that your head is quite white. Now look at mine: I have not a single gray hair, while my whiskers, you may observe, are as gray as yours. I have often wondered what the reason could be. I can account for it in no other way than having eaten some peaches in the

month of October. The change occurred soon afterwards."

"No, sir," says Phillips, "that is not the cause. But if you would like to know why your hair retains its original color while your whiskers are white, I will tell you. Your jaws have been going for the last five-and-forty years, while your brains have been idle all that time." Then, taking a huge pinch of snuff out of the gold box, he marched off, leaving the stock-broker pondering whether he had received a medical opinion or an insult.

It would be idle to deny that Phillips owed much of his success in life to the assiduity with which he cultivated the good graces of two of the most eminent men of his own time. But to infer, as his enemies did, that he was a tuft-hunter, would be to attribute to him a weakness quite inconsistent with the manly independence of his nature and the energetic industry which distinguished his career. It was to the kindness of John Philpot Curran, the great orator, and the then Master of the Rolls in Ireland—of whom he has written a biography, pronounced by Brougham to be equal to Boswell's "Life of Johnson"—that he owed his first start in life; and it was through the influence of Lord Brougham himself that he obtained the valuable appointment which enabled him to pass his declining years in ease and comfort. To have attracted the notice and won the regard of two such men is in itself enough to prove that Phillips possessed no ordinary qualities. But a servile worshipper of rank he certainly was not; nor, although rigid even to parsimony in his personal expenditure, was he a lover of money for the sake of its

sordid acquisition. It was, I think, part of his nature to be a hero-worshipper; and I believe the idea that he was thereby to derive any solid advantages was one which never crossed his mind. Yet it somehow came to pass that he proved an exception to the rule which forbids us to place our trust in princes. The great men to whom he paid homage were more or less grateful. That this homage was not insincere, but came direct from his heart, I would infer, from the fact that he was the faithful and devoted adherent, *cum grano salis*, as I shall presently relate, in all their vicissitudes of fortune, of the Bonaparte family, who could not be supposed likely to advance the fortunes of an English barrister. He was on terms of intimacy with General Gourgeaux, and aided by him, with Barry O'Meara, took an active part in alleviating the sufferings of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The public life of Phillips had ceased many years before his death, when a violent attack upon him, made by Mr. Fonblanque in the *Examiner*, brought him once more prominently before the world; and it was about that period a new edition of his "Life and Times of Curran" made its appearance. No man was better qualified than he, from long habits of familiar intercourse, to do justice to the memory of the great Irishman; and he has certainly performed the task with a wonderful fidelity and truth to nature. The book abounds in the drollest anecdotes, and contains many interesting particulars of the great orator's contemporaries. But as I write, I can recall one as humorous as any in the book itself. I relate it on the authority of the late

Mr. Carew O'Dyer, sometime M. P. for Drogheda. Phillips, it seemed, was in the habit of going to the Priory whenever he pleased, and staying as long as suited his convenience. During one of these visitations the distinguished host, who prided himself on having one of the finest cellars of wine in the country, became weary, I suppose, of his guest, and the following dialogue took place between them :

Curran, Master of the Rolls, loquitur. Charles Phillips, I am getting tired of your society. I begin to perceive you repeat the same stories. I wish you would go away out of my house into your own, that is to say, if you have got one.

Phillips, briefless barrister, loquitur. I will go out of your house, Mr. Curran. I am only sorry I ever came into it. Your bad wine has destroyed the coats of my stomach, and your damp sheets have given me the rheumatism.

If our readers will remember the respective positions of the two men—the one a great equity judge and the foremost orator of his day, the other a sucking barrister, without a brief or a guinea in his pocket—they will be able to appreciate the exquisite humor of this little passage of arms.

But the pair were soon friends again, and nothing occurred to disturb their intimacy until the death of Curran. The last note he ever penned was to Phillips. It was an invitation to dinner, and remarkable for not having in it a single superfluous word. It was, I believe, at the suggestion of his friend, that the remains of the Master of the Rolls were removed from Paddington to their present rest-

ing-place at the Cemetery of Glasnevin in Ireland.

Why Charles Phillips ever left the Irish bar, where he had achieved some sort of reputation as an advocate, I could never clearly understand. He was under the impression, which I believe to have been a complete delusion, that O'Connell was jealous of him, and used his influence to prevent his obtaining professional employment. But at one time they were great friends. Phillips accompanied him on the memorable occasion when he shot poor Mr. Desterre. He described the scene graphically. The field, he said, was white with snow; the surrounding hills crowded by spectators, who, had Desterre been successful, had determined he should never leave the ground alive. O'Connell took him aside and whispered,

“Charles, they don't know it, but I am a dead shot; and if this man don't kill me, I shall kill him. I can't miss him as he stands out against the white ground.”

But for many years later on, O'Connell and he were not upon speaking terms; and he was fond of describing how the great agitator, meeting him one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, came up to him with both his hands open, and said in his silkiest manner, “Charles, I forgive you from the very bottom of my heart. I am tired of quarrelling with you; let us be friends.” “Did you ever hear of such confounded impudence?” said Phillips, telling the story. “It was I who had to forgive; he tried to take the very bread out of my mouth.”

Sligo had the honor of being my friend's birthplace, and he once tried

to represent the county. Of his early career I know little more than was communicated to me by himself; but he had a wonderful memory, and spoke without much reserve of himself as well as of his associates. He shared the same lodgings in Dublin, he told me, with Richard Sheil, who was afterwards Master of the Mint and ambassador at Florence, and for this early friend he seemed to have a sincere affection. He used to describe most comically his first love.

Sheil, it appeared, was unable for some time to make up his mind whether he was sufficiently attached to a certain lady to justify him in asking her to become his wife, and in this state of indecision he would wander about muttering to himself, "Am I in love with Miss B——, or am I not? I really don't know. For instance now, would I be sorry if Miss B—— were to die? Well, I do really think I would. Then I will ask her." He did ask her, and he was accepted.

Sheil, when he was in Parliament, went often to Brighton, where he occupied apartments in the house of one Mr. Pigg, a grocer, in the corner of Regency Square, who became so much alarmed by his lodger's habit of solitary declamation that, believing him to be mad, he had him watched by the police, and at last gave him notice to quit. I had an opportunity of ascertaining the accuracy of this statement from the worthy tradesman himself, whom I found in a blue apron, selling tea behind his counter, and who remembered perfectly well, he said, the "little Irish lunatic," as he was pleased to call our ambassador at Florence.

Another early friend of the Commissioner's was the Rev. George Croly, author of "Salathiel" and many other works. They lived together in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river. Croly had some reputation as a preacher, and was then the incumbent of a small but fashionably attended chapel in Spring Gardens. Finding his friend one Saturday morning unoccupied in their common sitting-room, he asked him to write a sermon for the following day, leaving the subject-matter to his own discretion. Phillips selected the seventh commandment for his text, and composed a discourse which Croly, trusting to the genius of the author, was rash enough to preach without a previous perusal. The effect was remarkable. Many of the congregation went into hysterics on the spot, and a round-robin, with very influential signatures, was afterwards forwarded to the Bishop of London, calling upon him to revoke the Rev. Dr. Croly's license.

Another noteworthy instance of the effect of Phillips's oratory occurred when he was in practice at the Irish bar—his speech for the plaintiff in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, when he obtained a verdict for £7,000, the largest amount ever awarded by a Dublin jury in a case of seduction. The result was disastrous to the unfortunate defendant, who, being unable to pay, and precluded by law from availing himself of the provisions of the insolvent act, spent his entire life in prison, where he was supported by the bounty of his old friend Mr. Ball, afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. This speech,

with some others which Phillips had delivered, were published in separate pamphlets by Mr. William Hone, and had an enormous circulation. Their sale amounted to 60,000 annually. I have looked through them; and while I admit they are distinguished by great elegance of diction, and contain some passages of real eloquence, they are disfigured by turgid declamation, and I doubt if they would go down with a jury of the present day. But when I recall Phillips's fine presence, the impressiveness of his manner, and the sonorous tones of his voice, I am not at a loss to account for their effect. Such as these speeches are, however, they attracted the hostile notice of the *Edinburgh Review*, which, then in its infancy, was running amuck at all the rising reputations of the day. A slashing article appeared on the subject of Irish oratory, in which they were very severely handled. Phillips used to ascribe the authorship of this critique to Brougham, and was much given to speculate how, when a collection of his lordship's contributions should be published, the ex-chancellor would ever be able to look him in the face.

I ventured to suggest that this was a contingency which might never occur, or, that if it did, Brougham might leave that particular article out of the collection.

"But suppose now that Jeffrey publishes his contributions," said Phillips angrily, striking his blackthorn on the round, "and Horner and Mackintosh and the rest, then the inference is inevitable that it was Brougham."

"Why not Horner or Jeffrey?"

"They had not the capacity."

"Well, I should look upon it as a feather in my cap to be put in the same boat with Lord Byron, etc."

Phillips, testily, "Hang the feather in my cap; we shall see."

As I have not been able to find this critique in any of the collections published by the contributors, I am inclined therefore to believe that Phillips's inference is correct.

But the eloquence which had stirred the gall of Scotch reviewers, and produced so marvellous an effect upon Irish juries, did not on the other side of St. George's Channel tend to the orator's professional advancement. When he transferred himself and his gifts to the English bar, Phillips selected the northern circuit, and a more inauspicious choice he could not have made. There he was doomed to encounter a worse enemy than O'Connell. He was silenced forever by the lion-roar of Brougham. The story is that, having delivered a glowing and most pathetic speech in one of those cases where he was accustomed to shine, Brougham, who had the reply, fell upon the orator, gave him a terrible mauling, and covered the speech with such ridicule that he never held another brief, and soon afterwards abandoned the circuit in despair. It was about this time that his prospects were of the gloomiest character. He continued to struggle on, but he was unable to establish himself in regular professional practice. He was profoundly ignorant of the requisite technical knowledge; he could never, as he often said, understand a legal proposition in his life. So he sank at last into a practitioner at the Old Bailey, where he secured an income adequate to his wants. So precarious at one time had

become his position, that he thought of emigrating. He had married, and lived in humble lodgings in Chancery Lane.

"I was sitting," he once told me, "with my wife, occupied by mournful reflections. I had changed my last sovereign to buy, to all appearance, what was likely to be my last dinner, when a knock came to the door, and lo! there stood an attorney's clerk with a brief and a two-guinea fee. Such was my humble beginning, and at the time I was thankful for it."

Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says there are four ways of getting into business at the bar: by hugging attorneys, by writing a law-book, by a miracle, and by the rope-walk.

It was the latter, which, being interpreted, means practice at the Old Bailey, Phillips selected; he had not sufficient knowledge to write upon any professional subject, he was too poor to hug attorneys; but he hugged the great Lord High Chancellor, which answered his purpose better; he did more, he adored him, and was at no pains to conceal his adoration. Brougham accepted the incense and stood by the idolater. Now it was through Lord Brougham, as he believed, that his literary reputation had received a serious injury; it was the same hand which laid in the dust his hopes of professional advancement; and how Phillips could ever have brought himself to be upon friendly terms with, still less to owe his advancement to, this arch-destroyer of his prospects, I am at a loss to conceive. I can account for it in no other way than that proneness in his nature to hero-worship to which I have already

adverted. Lord Brougham, then in the zenith of his fame, was probably the greatest man he had ever known, and he adored him accordingly. It is probable also that Brougham found him useful, for Phillips had many liaisons in the press, and the Chancellor was often in scrapes which required the ready aid of a friendly pen. The faithful adherent was rewarded by the light of the great man's countenance. At Brougham's "splendid table"—this is the epithet by which he describes it—Phillips made many acquaintances who were useful to him: and he received in due time a substantial reward in the shape of a Commissionership in Bankruptcy at Liverpool, a place worth £1,500 a year, which he afterwards exchanged for one of lesser value in the Insolvent Debtors' Court in London. This piece of preferment came just in time. He was getting old and past his work, and he spent the rest of his life, not occupied by the business of his court, in fervent adoration of his benefactor. Every day in the season, when the Lords were sitting, it was his invariable habit to pay this idol of his a visit; if he did not find him at home in Grafton street, then he would wend his way down to the House and interview Brougham at the bar. I have frequently been present on these occasions. When my lord saw Phillips's fine bald head, he would come over and shake him by the hand, whisper a word or two in his ear, and return to his place. It so happened that my lodgings lay directly in Phillips's route from Portugal street; and as he was fond of a walking-stick in the shape of some accommodating arm on which he could lean, he would often call for

me for the pleasure, as he said, of my company. When we arrived at Grafton street, if Lord Brougham was at home, he would take his leave of me without the smallest scruple. This happened so often that I made up my mind to play him a little trick on the first opportunity. When the door opened, I slid in past the servant and gained the hall, whence no entreaties could dislodge me until I had been presented to the great man, who graciously gave me two of his august fingers to shake, and then turned his back upon me. I need scarcely add that I was never more taken out in the capacity of walking-stick any more.

While referring to Phillips's propensity to hero-worship, I mentioned his devotion to the Bonaparte family, of which I remember a curious illustration, combined, however, with a prudential regard to his own interest which was amusingly characteristic of the man. Very early in our acquaintance he asked me if I would like to see Prince Napoleon's house. Replying in the affirmative, the Commissioner tucked me under his arm, and led the way to King street, St. James's. While I was wondering how he had the entrée, he informed me he was the owner of the house in question.

"Well," I said, "I hope your tenant pays his rent; they do say he is sometimes hard up."

"He pays me £300 a year, and is the very best tenant I ever had; rent comes punctual to the day. But then," sinking his voice to a whisper, "I would not let him into the house until I had a guarantee from Lafitte, the Paris banker, for the rent."

The door was opened by a maid-

servant, with a dirty face and arms to match.

"Is the Prince at home?"

"No, sir; he left by the mail-train last night for Paris."

The Commissioner's countenance fell as we proceeded to view the interior of the mansion thus abandoned. We found it much in the same state as it had been left by the august tenant. The bed had not been made, nor had the marble bath which the future Emperor used on the morning of his departure, been emptied of its contents. In the room which he used as a study, a book lay open on the desk, with its margin copiously annotated; it was a treatise in French on the use of artillery; a note-book and a pencil lay beside it. The rooms were in confusion, and I observed several large deal packing-cases scattered about on the floor addressed "à M. le Président de la République Française." This was several days before the election took place which gave Louis Napoleon his grip on France, and is an apt illustration of that reputed faith in his destiny with which the Emperor has been credited.

Many years had passed over, and the doubtful tenant of the house in King street had become the Emperor of France. Phillips and I were seated in Folthorp's library at Brighton, looking over the morning papers, when he pulled out a packet.

"Look at this," he said. The object submitted to my inspection was a handsome gold snuffbox, with the letter N. in brilliants on the lid. "And this," he added, handing me an autograph letter from the Emperor, begging his acceptance of the box as a proof of his

gratitude for a pamphlet written by the Commissioner.

This production was published by Mr. Bentley, and is worth looking at on account of the extravagance of the eulogy it contains. It is entitled "Napoleon the Third, by a Man of the World."

"I hope," I said slyly, "Phillips, the Emperor had forgotten all about that unlucky guarantee."

"What do you mean, sir—what guarantee?"

"Why of course the guarantee you required from Lafitte before you accepted Louis Napoleon as a tenant."

"Who told you that, may I ask?"

"Yourself, to be sure; who else?"

"I never did anything of the sort; it's an invention—a malicious invention." Then reflecting, after a moment's pause, "I'll tell you what it is, B——; you have a confounded inconvenient memory." And he was silent for many minutes afterwards.

I am unable to say what was the original ground of quarrel between Phillips and the late Mr. Albany Fonblanque, who had then the management of the *Examiner*; but in the columns of that able journal appeared a series of attacks upon the professional character of Phillips, which evinced great animosity on the part of the writer. These attacks were the more indefensible as they appeared nearly twenty years after the transaction to which they referred had taken place, when the world had forgotten all about it. Phillips had defended Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell; and during the course of the trial the prisoner, taking his counsel aside, confessed to him his guilt. Phillips was

horror-struck, and on the point of throwing up his brief; but he consulted Baron Parke, who sat on the bench beside the judge who was trying the case, and by him he was advised to proceed with the defence as if nothing had happened.

The gravamen of the charge made by the *Examiner* was, that the counsel, having this confession in his pocket, made a solemn appeal to heaven to witness his belief in the prisoner's innocence, and that he endeavored to throw the blame of the murder upon the innocent female servants. Having carefully examined the facts, I am bound to state that there is no ground whatever for any such charge. I have seen a pamphlet which contains letters from many of the counsel who were then present, positively stating that nothing of the kind occurred; and I give an extract from one written by Mr. Samuel Warren, in which he thus disposes of the subject: "I was dining," writes Mr. Warren, "some time ago with Lord Denman, when I mentioned to him the serious charge against you which had recently been revived by the *Examiner*. His lordship immediately stated that he had inquired into the matter, and found the charge to be utterly unfounded; that he had spoken on the subject to Mr. Baron Parke—who sat on the bench besides Chief-Justice Tyndal, who tried the case—and that Baron Parke told him he had, for reasons of his own, carefully watched every word you uttered; and assured Lord Denman that your address was perfectly unexceptionable, and that you made no such statement as that which was subsequently attributed to you. The charge of

having endeavored to cast suspicion upon the female servants is as easily disposed of. Phillips's cross-examination of these servants took place on Wednesday, and it was not until the evening of the following day Courvoisier admitted to him his guilt."

Phillips's friends—and I never knew a man who had more—were greatly pleased at this triumphant vindication. An opportunity soon afterwards occurred which proved to me the extent of his popularity. I had been amused by observing in the newspapers a judgment he had delivered in the case of an insolvent baker, who had returned in his schedule, among other assets, a "a fast-trotting pony." "Sir," said the Commissioner, with much solemnity, "I am not surprised at the position in which you find yourself. Set a beggar on horseback, and you know in what direction he rides; but put a baker behind a fast-trotting pony, and that animal will inevitably conduct him to this court before he knows where he is." Not long afterwards while crossing Fleet street, Phillips was run over and nearly killed. I heard of the accident, and called at his house to inquire after his condition. On that occasion I ventured to suggest that it might have been the same fast-trotting pony, driven by the vindictive baker, which had caused the disaster. He laughed heartily, and pointing to his table, which was covered with cards and notes of inquiry, said that, having recovered from the effects of the accident, he was not sorry it had occurred, for it showed him he had more friends left who took an interest in him than he imagined. Of these

the late Mr. Justice Maule was one who occupied a high place in his regard. He was fond of relating the quaint sayings of this eminent personage.

"I defended," he said, "a man before him who was tried for murder, and convicted. The judge asked the prisoner, in the usual form, whether he had anything to say in arrest of judgment. The ruffian flung up both his arms to heaven, and exclaimed, 'May God Almighty strike me down dead on the spot if I had hand, act, or part in this matter!' Maule took out his watch, and looking attentively at the prisoner, paused for at least a minute; then he said, 'Prisoner at the bar, I have waited patiently for some time to see whether that Almighty Being whom you have so impiously invoked would interfere on this occasion, and relieve me from the necessity of pronouncing judgment upon you; but as he has not done so, then it is my duty to pass the usual sentence of the law—that you be taken from hence to the place of execution, and hanged, etc.'"

Phillips was a kind-hearted, and a generous man, but at the same time, I fear, a little selfish. In his early life he had probably experienced the pinchings of a narrow fortune, and I do not think he was much given to hospitality. But he was kind to the poor, and at Brighton, I remember, he always carried a half-crown in his hand for a character indigenous to the place, called Tom—an old sailor who had lost his legs, and spent much of his time in a chair drawn by a goat. He had a biscuit, too, for Mr. Prior's old white bull-terrier. Both

these recipients of his bounty proved unworthy of it. Tom disappeared—goat, carriage, and all—deeply in debt to his tradespeople; and the white bull-terrier tried to bite his benefactor in the calf of the leg. It is probable that these little incidents were but a repetition of others which, happening in his early life, had hardened his heart; for he had a nervous aversion, amounting almost to horror, of impecuniosity in all its shapes, and he avoided, as he would a pestilence, the society of any one whom he thought could, by the most remote chance, have any design upon his pocket.

Phillips was a brilliant and polished writer. He had a fine command of good Saxon words, and might have won a place in literature, had the harassing occupations of a busy life afforded him time for his cultivation. He has left behind him, besides his "Life of Curran," some volumes of poetry, one of which, the "Emerald Isle," is dedicated to the Prince Regent, whom he calls "Ireland's hope and England's ornament." He was fond of writing pamphlets, too, on such topics as interested the public of the day. The last of these which I remember was in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. But his end was now drawing near; each successive season I met him at Brighton he seemed to grow feebler. He had outlived the ordinary span allotted to human life, and he died in harness. He was seized with an apoplectic fit while presiding in his Court at Portugal street, and never recovered. Much to the surprise of those who knew him, he left behind him a large fortune—upwards of £40,000; and

the house in King street, formerly occupied by the imperial tenant of whom he was so proud, is now the property of one of his daughters.

It is said of Phillips's friend Curran that, when an enterprising *littérateur* asked to be supplied with materials for the purpose of writing his life, the Master of the Rolls replied, "Take it, rather." I fear my old friend, could he have anticipated my present design, would have inquired with stern solemnity how he had ever injured me, that I should add one more to the terrors of death; but I have long desired to vindicate his memory from an unjust aspersion. I have seldom heard his name mentioned without hearing it also coupled with an accusation which I have shown to be unfounded; *au reste*, although he was but an Old-Bailey barrister, he was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. Phillips had not one spark of patriotism in his composition; he preferred the flesh-pots of the country of his adoption to the potatoes of his native land. This exile never wept by the waters of the Thames as he thought of Zion; indeed, he hoped he would never set his foot in that green country any more; and he never did. His loyalty was undoubted, but the king who owned his allegiance was Brougham; and if I could lift the veil which hides the portals of that undiscovered country, I have no doubt that where the shadow of that Anax Andron stalks through the Elysian Fields, the humble shade of his faithful friend will be somewhere near. Heaven would be no paradise to Charles Phillips without the presence of Henry, Lord Brougham.

SAINT MARTIN.

By C. C.

From Thessalonica the Emperor came.
The day was dying in the dim, gray sky,
With ice-cold breath the chasing wind went by;
Thick on the air lay drifting gusts of sleet,
The ground was frosted 'neath the horses' feet.
From Thessalonica the Emperor came.

Beside the highway, crouching from the blast,
A beggar shivered as the train went past
And sent his lamentation sad and drear
With pleading tingling to the Emperor's ear.
"List, gracious master, to thy subject's grief,
And in thy sovereign goodness grant relief."
But Theodosius spurred his willing steed
And left the beggar grovelling in his need.
The jeering soldiers pressed behind their lord
With tramp of charger and with clang of sword,
And the poor wretch, abandoned to his fate,
Shrunk backward to the ground, disconsolate.
The soldier Martin heard the beggar's cry,
And reined up as his comrades clattered by.
No gold had he nor silver to bestow,
Nor any alms to soothe the beggar's woe;
But, rending with his sword his cloak in twain,
He gave him half and hurried on again.

The night hung dark, with tempest overhead,
When Martin, starting from his soldier's bed
In awe and wonder, saw a dazzling light
Which burst in sudden glory on his sight.
And in the lustre stood a thorn-crowned one,
With face as glorious as the risen sun.
And lo! upon his shoulders wrapped around,
The cloak which Martin flung upon the ground.
"Rise, son," the vision said, and as he spoke

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A heavenly kindness o'er his features broke ;
 "What thou hast given my poor so willingly,
 The same, my Martin, hast thou given to me.
 In other folds than mine thy lot was cast,
 Thine act has brought thee to thy God at last.
 In time that was, thy care was Cæsar's trust,
 In time to be thou'lt serve me with the just."
 The vision faded in a burst of sound,
 A thrill of silver harp-chords sweeping round,
 And Martin, prostrate on the hardened sod,
 Avowed his later lifetime unto God.

For years dwelt Martin in a cloistral cell,
 Where all the saintly brethren loved him well;
 And when his soul departed to the blest
 They bore him in the mantle to his rest.

FAULTY EDUCATION.—The whole tendency of our modern education, some one has said, is to produce only mathematical fools. The idea meant to be conveyed is, we suppose, that undue prominence is given to mathematical and kindred studies, while other points equally important, if not more so, are neglected.

There is, we are sure, truth in this as concerns one point in a good education. We refer to the ability to express one's self with exactness on paper—in other words, to write a letter. A young man passes through the ordinary course of study, and enters upon a business career. He knows something about book-keeping; has arithmetic at his finger ends; but unless he is the exceptional one out of twenty (we are very sure this is within the average) he will not be able to write the simplest and shortest note in his native language, as it should be written. The expression will be clumsy, the

spelling very likely defective, and the punctuation *nil*.

We are not inclined to think this a matter of trivial importance. It is, at any rate, of enough importance to demand more care than is usually given to this department in our schools and colleges. Facility in writing is to be acquired, in the main, by practice, under competent instruction. But this training in English composition is to be considered as certainly entitled to its place as are mathematical or geographical studies. Adequate time should be devoted to it. Parents should interest themselves to see that their children not only acquire knowledge, but learn how to express it when necessary.

Alas, for the woes of editors over manuscripts containing good thoughts; but with no paragraphs or points, and with long, involved sentences, clumsy expressions, distorted phrases, and general *wrongness*!

CHOLMONDELEY'S CURE.

BY F.

His Irish estate never cost Hon. George Barrisford Cholmondeley a second thought while he was at Oxford. His drafts on Needham and Pierce of Dublin were always honored; and so long as the honorable George was able to bet *ad libitum* and support a half-dozen spruce sycophants in jockeys' caps, what did it matter to him where the money came from. True, he remembered that his grandmother, the dowager Lady Cholmondeley, *née* McTeigue, now superannuated and half-doting, had been accustomed to tell him of Brantam Castle and the troops of gentlefolk who used to assemble there on occasion to hunt the fox and sweep across the great braes and over the hedges on the fleetest of thorough-breds. And he had faint recollections of odd stories the old lady used to tell about the tenantry, and bits of injunctions she liked to give him out how he should behave when led to the management of the Cholmondeley domain. But that was

He had been born in Brighton, brought up in Grosvenor Square, educated at Eton, and plucked at first. His father, who had been third or fourth Honorable George Cholmondeley, died while he was yet a child, and so the young absentee had never a day of his twenty-two

years in England without ever concerning himself about Brantam Castle or Ballygavin as they called the Cholmondeley domain. Now, however, that he had attained his majority and bidden the musty university halls a willing if not very cordial farewell, he was advised by his friends and well-wishers, of whom he had quite a host, to look after his affairs in Ireland for a month or two and be back in London in time for "the season."

So George took to himself as a travelling companion Ensign Vallance of the Guards, who happened to be off duty, crossed the Channel one gusty day in a high condition of unpleasantness, reached Dublin two days later, and hied hence by train to Ballygavin. The coming of the Hon. George Barrisford Cholmondeley had been announced at Brantam Castle, and the old family carriage, which had enjoyed a dozen years of idleness, was furbished up and sent down to receive the estated gentleman under the conduct of some half-score self-constituted coachmen and postilions. George and his companion stared in amazement at the odd group which collected around them, bowing and scraping with an energy that tickled the young land-owner's vanity.

"Come here, you fellow," said he to one of the group; "do you know the way to Brantam Castle?"

"Is it know the way t' the castle yer honor 'ud be axin. Throth, Mickey Doyle 'ud be a quare crathur if he didn't know the road t' the blessed spot he was born and bred in. Shure we've come t' fetch your honor there. The coach is beyant." Then, raising his voice and violently gesticulating, "Dhrive up, Tim Murphy," he cried, "dhrive up! His honor's waitin' for ye, Tim."

Thus adjured Tim Murphy came grandly through the crowd, mounted on the box of the old state coach, with the reins of four steeds evidently of vulgar pedigree clutched in his hand, and with a great coat which a half-dozen glaring brass buttons was supposed to convert into a livery.

"I say, Cholmondeley," said Ensign Vallance, "I say, does n't this equipage strike you as partaking largely of the antique?"

"'Pon my soul, Vallance, I don't know what to make out of the place. What do the savages mean by staring so?" Then, aloud, "My good fellows, I want to go to Brantam Castle. You understand. And be expeditious. *Vewy!*"

And the Honorable George entered the vehicle, the coachmen and footmen, and the rest of the crowd, fell into their self-assumed positions, and the old state coach rolled off on a very uneven and unpleasant road.

The visitors had so much to do to preserve their equanimity amid the joltings and shakings they were exposed to, that conversation for the time was out of the question, and only when they reached the castle and alighted in front of a big, gaping doorway, with a group of ogling domestics

bobbing up and down in it, did they have an opportunity of exchanging their impressions.

"Vallance," said the Honorable George, "how do you find the country?"

"Beastly, Cholmondeley; beastly, by Jove!" And the ensign, taking Honorable George's arm, paced with him up the stone steps into the hall, and thence to an old and very frowsy parlor, where the steward and resident manager of the estate received them.

Mr. Duffield was a short, sallow man, with a shrewd look in his gray eyes, and some hard lines about the mouth. He had for years superintended affairs at Ballygavin, under the advice and direction of Messrs. Needham and Pierce, and was reputed to be a sharp business man among his city friends. The tenantry called him by another and perhaps a more appropriate name; "Grinding Duffield" was this appellation.

Mr. Duffield had for the time being, however, laid aside whatever semblance of a grinding disposition he could bear about his person, and he seemed to all intents and purposes a quiet, good-humored, gentlemanly body, full of kind attentions for the honorable George and flattering courtesies for his military friend.

"And pray, Mr. Duffield," said the young proprietor as they sat over their wine, "pray, Mr. Duffield, how do you find my tenantry? Are they happy and satisfied with their condition? I would not wish to see the poor fellows hard pressed, I really would not."

He said this with some warmth, for the kind-hearted reception he had met with touched him.

"My dear sir," Mr. Duffield answered him, in a sycophantic tone of voice, not unmixed however with a certain air of authority; "my dear sir, I have done my best to attend to your interests, and be worthy of the kind consideration you have shown me. And in pursuance of this purpose I have always endeavored to give your tenants every privilege consistent with the welfare of the estate. They are, I can assure you, well content with their lot, and in far better condition than most of their neighbors."

"A very uncouth set of people, aren't they?" Ensign Vallance here inquired, though in a tone which made it evident that he entertained no doubts whatever on that point.

"Yes, somewhat. But not more than ordinarily so."

"You have no—an—no agrarian outrages—assassinations and such, you know?" the military gentleman asked with a degree of interest.

"No;" and the steward smiled as he answered him. "The days for murders and assassinations are past. We have the strong arm of the law in condition now, and the peasantry do not think—no, sir, do not dare to think—of openly opposing authority. We are no burglars here, gentlemen. We have the people under our thumb."

Mr. Duffield spoke a little warmly. There was a hard, steely ring about his words, and the lines about his mouth puckered up into an expression of conscious power—it might be of cruelty.

"I should like to see the place to-morrow," said the proprietor as he rose to retire.

"I shall attend to your orders, sir," said Mr. Duffield, and he obsequiously

conducted the two young men to their rooms.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous day, George Cholmondeley awoke early to find the first sunlight of the morning streaming into his room through the heavy curtains. All was quiet in the castle, but outside, a thousand tiny voices were piping their matin hymns among the branches.

He arose and looked out over the park and down along the avenue of lordly trees that guarded the approaches to the grand old pile. Beyond these he saw green hills and yellow fields of corn and barley dim and indistinct in the blue mists of the morning. All about him seemed prosperous and pleasant. For a moment the thought came into the young man's mind that all these blooming acres were his own, this lordly mansion, this spacious park, and the hills and fields, with the little white houses he saw on them—all his own. Surely it was worth one's while attending to them. Surely he should know more about those big, warm-hearted creatures who flocked to meet him yesterday. A dim sense of his responsibility flitted through his brain. But in a moment it was succeeded and obliterated by a gay, giddy memory of London life which then occurred to him. Care sat lightly on the young man's thoughts, he scarcely knew what it meant. He was turning from the window when suddenly sounds of an altercation arose below.

"Begone, sir," cried a voice which he at once recognized as the steward's; "begone, I say, and if you haven't every shilling for me day after to-morrow—every shilling, mind you—out you'll go."

"But, Misther Duffield," the other voice expostulated, "you know I was down wid the faver, and sorra hand's turn was I able t' do all this blessed time. The wife has wrought herself t' death, and not a bite has herself or the childre' had since you sent Dannie Logan t' sarve the notice on us. Misther Duffield, give me a little time. God knows I don't mane t' desave you nor wrong any man out of a fardin'. I'll pay you, sir, the first fi' pun note I live to make. As God's above me, I will."

"Curse your long tongue," said the steward's hard, sharp voice again; "curse your prating. Will you be off, or will you wait till I set the dogs on you? Do not come to me with your lies. Tell them to Daniel Logan if you choose. But all I tell you is to have every farthing for me to-morrow or you'll not have a roof above you long."

"But Misther Duffield, sir, how can I?"

But the steward was gone. The listener at the window could hear his steps sounding in the corridor below, and the bang he gave the door behind him. George peeped out. Upon the ground below his window was a man dressed in rags and worn by disease and want to the last degree of emaciation. His eyes were large, and looked out above the dark, hollow cheeks with a wild, despairing light in them. He was in the same posture of entreaty he had assumed when the steward left him. Poor man! whatever cares the world had for him would be of short duration anyhow. Death had too surely marked him for his own.

For a moment he stood glaring at

the door which had been closed in his face, and then, with a heart-breaking sob, he sat down on the moist ground, and folding the long, thin arms above his chest began to ponder and mutter to himself. The anguish of his mind was painted on his face. George Cholmondeley had never seen anything half so terrible.

Just then a step sounded on the gravel walk, and along came a buxom, red-faced girl, with a milk-pail in either hand. Stopping before the drooping figure, she laid down her burden and gazed at him, with a look of warm sympathy on her honest face.

"Is it you, Larry Duggan, that's here this fine morning?" said she. "What ails you at all, man? God be with us, you look as pale as a ghost."

The poor man raised his eyes to the big, kind face, and a couple of tears came rolling down his cheeks as he said,

"Oh Matty, Matty, what's t' be done? Grinding Duffield's goin' t' take the roof from over our heads and lave us widout a penny in our pockets or a stitch to our backs. And me not strong at all."

"Ah, the hard-hearted ould villain," cried the sympathetic Matty. "Who wud a' thought he'd be at his mane thricks again, and the young mather hisself at the Castle. Satan 'll niver have his own till grinding Duffield's in his clutches. Though he is my own mather I'll say it, for sorra little kindness did he iver show me, or any other livin' crayture."

"What breaks my heart is the thought o' the poor childre'. What'll we do or where'll we go widout a roof t' cover us."

"Don't be wake-hearted, poor man. Maybe he'll not be as good as his word. Maybe it's t' fricken you he's yin," the milkmaid consolingly suggested. "Shure he knows," said she, "that you wouldn't wrong the child born of a fardin'."

At this the man struggled to his feet, and dashing back the clustering masses of black hair from his brows, "Matty," said he, "Matty, you know t' grinding Duffield manes what he is. But as God's above me he'll never live t' tell that he sint Larry Ggan and his family to die be the way."

And without another word the gaunt, emaciated man hurried off. There was a fixed look in his dark face that meant mischief. So thought Matty the milkmaid as she trudged off with her pails. So thought George Cholmondeley as he paced the floor of his room and muttered, "Can this be? Has Duffield deceived me? He said my tenantry were happy and contented. They should be, anyhow. I am sure I never oppressed them. But I will visit the place and then we shall see—we shall see." And the young proprietor walked down stairs, muttering, "We shall see," where he met Ensign Vallance, full of the subject of snipe-shooting. At breakfast the conversation turned on gunning, and it was agreed to devote the day to a shooting excursion on Lough Dhevin. In their way they passed a couple of cottages which Duffield caused them to visit. Everything was neat and clean and prosperous within. They did not stop long. A look at the place sufficed, and the young proprietor forgot the day's sport the wondrous look of the

sick man, and the terrible words he had heard that morning from his lips.

The next day George Barrisford Cholmondeley and his friend Ensign Vallance were enjoying their cigars under a wide-spreading beech tree on the extreme limits of the park when their attention was attracted by a tall, graceful figure coming up the road in the shade of the long avenue of trees.

"By Jove," cried Ensign Vallance, starting in his enthusiastic way to his feet. "By Jove, Cholmondeley, we're in luck. Here is some wood nymph who locates, no doubt, on your domain, and is coming, I suppose, with the local hamadryads' compliments to the lord of the manor."

The other responded with an eloquent whistle. "Vallance," said he, "did you ever see such a figure? I little thought, old fellow, that the hills of Ballygavin produced such fruit as that." Vallance, after cutting his caper, subsided into recumbent admiration on the grass.

"Such grace," said he.

"Such a face," said the other.

"You're catching inspiration, Cholmondeley," muttered Vallance. "Your words are being twisted into rhyming with mine by the strain your brain is standing. But I say, she is as pretty as a picture."

"Or as an angel," added Cholmondeley.

The object of these flattering utterances came along the road, quite ignorant of the eloquent interest she was exciting.

The sun, shining through breaks in the heavy leafage, fell upon her face and the few bright coils of hair that struggled from beneath her hat. She had

regular features, a clear complexion softly colored, and a form of matchless symmetry and grace. No wonder the young men looked on in profound admiration, for even the gay saloons of London could furnish few such beauties. She came on, swinging her parasol upon her shoulder and plucking as she passed some of the fresh wild roses that grew in the shade of the beech trees. A soft, sweet murmur came thrilling over the clover to the ears of the two young men. It was low, but clear and mellow as the pipings of the nightingale. She had passed before they recognized the familiar little song she was humming—so much fascination was there in the sound of the voice that the air and the words were hardly noticed.

Ensign Vallance gave a sigh when she had passed out of sight, as if his strength had been taxed to support the interest he had felt.

“What do you think of her?” he asked.

“Think of her, Vallance? By Jove, that is a surprise. But I say, my boy, where can this wood-nymph dwell, I wonder. What do you say to taking a stroll up this way, so that one can keep the blooming immortal in sight?”

Vallance was on his feet in an instant, and without further parley the two young patricians hurried up the dusty road to regain a glimpse of the rustic beauty. Their way was a pleasant one. Stately trees bordered it on one side, and on the other wide fields of oats and barley stretched away to brown hedges with shadows crossing them and trembling on their fitful, waving gold. A few flecks of spotless gossamer trembled upon the open sky of blue.

A streamlet by the way-side reflected them in its clear surface, except where it fumed and fretted around the stones in its channel, and murmured in harmony with the voices of birds, the soft breezes and the distant tinklings of the flock. They came in sight of the strange beauty just where the woods ceased, and a broad bare common stretched out to the sky. There was a hill in front, with sparse, stunted bushes growing on it, and beyond that the land fell into a circular hollow, which held a poor and mean-looking cottage in its centre. The yellow thatching of the roof almost touched the ground behind, and in front it projected over the low door and shaded a bench whereon a man sat binding fagots. A sink of stagnant water was near the house with a few spare ducks waddling about it, and a flock of geese was performing evolutions on the hill-top with their wings in the wind.

The watchers hesitated, and finally came to a stand-still. The lady, however, passed over the hill, and after skirting a pool she went on to the cottage in the hollow.

“That can hardly be the nest of such a bird,” said Ensign Vallance. “I wonder who she is, Cholmondeley!”

“I have not the most remote idea, my dear fellow. Perhaps Duffield may know. We will ask him, at any rate.”

They did question the steward that day at dinner about the lady they had seen.

“Oh, I suspect it was Miss Grace O'Connor,” said he. “The daughter of Robert O'Connor, a rich old fellow in these parts, but the proudest devil of a Papist I ever met. Would you



"She strolled along toward the cottage in the hollow."—*Cholmondeley's Cure.*

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said the ensign, “going to enerable parent with the

He must be a rare bore, I

am not going to do that.

Hang it, old fellow, that would be altogether too prosy for such a melo- dramatic atmosphere as we breathe here. Just remember the cold-blooded formality of such a thing. Master of Ballygavin gets into lumbering state coach—stops at Mr. Robert O’Connor’s —card sent up—Mr. Robert wishes the Master of B. at Jericho but comes down all smiles and bows—talks politics and popular grievance—opens wine—in- troduces Miss O’Connor—model girl, plays nicely, talks opera, society, and the poor heathen—no, she’s a Papist, now that I remember, and I would be spared the poor heathen. But, Val- lance, that is what a call would amount to. I don’t relish such a venture.”

Well, my dear fellow, what do you propose to do ?”

“Masquerade. Do you see ?”

“Hanged if I do.”

“Adopt an incognito.”

“I’m still unequal to the conun- drum.”

“Why, Vallance, what I mean is to pick an acquaintance under an as- sumed character.” Play countryman, beggar, anything at all. There would be fun in that adventure. Wouldn’t there ?”

“Ah, I see now. ‘In her ear he whispers gayly,’ so and so, and all that down to Harry Vane was Lord of Bromley.”

“A good idea, Cholmondeley. No end of fun in it. When does ye in- visible prince set out on his adven- ture ?”

Cholmondeley laughed. “Oh, the sooner the better,” said he, “I have seen Miss O’Connor going to that mean little shanty beyond the park. I shall meet her there. By the by, I wonder

what brings her to such a place. I shall investigate that too."

That afternoon Ensign Vallance was observed by Matty the milkmaid escorting a tramp of a fellow along the edge of the park.

"It's quare company the sojer gintleman's keepin'," thought she. "I niver saw them gentry spakin' to a mane-lookin' crayther like that before." Matty little knew that the "mane-looking crayther" in the baggy clothes was her aristocratic master, the Honorable George Barrisford Cholmondeley.

"I wish you success, old boy," Ensign Vallance called after him when they parted. Then he said to himself, "Cholmondeley is up to all sorts of larks. I wonder has that girl touched a soft spot in his heart. By Jove, she's pretty enough. And the ensign strolled off to smoke his cigar in peace.

Cholmondeley went on over the hill and down to the cottage in the hollow. It was a far more wretched place than he had thought. The walls were bulging outward and abounded in crevices choked with mud. There was a look of desolation on the bare heather in front and the garden patch behind, where a hedge-row lay trodden down and broken. In the door a pale woman was sitting at a wheel, spinning flax, a couple of small children with scant but clean dresses on them, played on the floor.

"Good morning, my good woman," said Cholmondeley, trying to assume an Irish brogue, but with little success.

The woman looked at him with a surprised, amused face. The incognito's "get up" contrasted strangely with his handsome features and trim moustache.

"God save you kindly," said the woman, bustling up as he stopped before her. "Will you stop and rest a bit?"

"I will that, for I'm sore tired. It's a fine day."

"It's fair weather," said the woman, still looking curiously at her visitor. Cholmondeley felt unpleasant. He saw that his assumption of the brogue was a failure, and he determined to change it gradually to ordinary plain speech. As he was talking he arranged a story in his head about being a journeyman in search of employment.

"Och, it's hard the times are on poor people like us," said the woman; "and God knows we resave little enough kindness from thim that ought to show it. Here's meself wid the childre' widout a bite and my man down wid the sickness and not able to do a hand's turn. And, would you belave it, Grinding Duffield has ordhered us twice to lave this poor roof in the course o' the week. One of his min was here before you came, to see if poor Patrick was able to be moved. It's hard to think that afther all the pains we've tuk wid this slip o' land it's to be taken from us when we need it most."

"You don't mean to tell me that Duffield is going to dispossess—turn you out, I mean." The woman looked up and saw that the stranger's handsome face was flushed. He had almost forgotten himself in his haste.

"Indeed himself is going to do it, bad scran to him. But thin they say that he's only doin' the young mather's biddin.' God knows, a fine gintleman like him might have other consarns than

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course. So I'm always tould.
 n't it the young masther he
 ll his mane, low-lived actions
 's not the ould masther that's
 od be good to him, would dirty
 ds wid such meanness I'll be

mondeley was about to reply
 light step behind startled him,
 rose to meet Grace O'Connor
 face. She gave him a hurried
 surprise as the poor woman had
 nd then, moving past, saluted
 r.

v is your husband to-day, Mrs.
 "

sha, thin, poorly. The thought
 trouble we're in lies hard
 ie man. Come inside, Miss

Patrick was axin' for you not
 e ago. Patsy, go in out of the
 e a good child. Katie, haven't
 hing to say to Miss Grace that
 ou all the good things?"

is way, dividing her conversa-
 ween the visitor and her chil-
 rs. Logan entered the house.

you here again, Miss Grace?"
 feeble voice, which Cholmon-
 ith a start recognized as that
 heard beneath his window on
 val. "God be good to you,
 ady, as you've been kind to a
 roken-hearted man."

nquired about his health.

I'm comin' round, I'm comin'
 But slowly, very slowly, Miss

Grace. It's not my ailments that I do
 spake of. It's the thinking."

"But, Mr. Logan," Miss O'Connor's
 soft sweet voice interrupted; "but,
 Mr. Logan, you are too ill to let this
 trouble lay on your mind. I am sure
 Mr. Cholmondeley cannot be such a
 hard-hearted man as you represent him.
 He will listen to your story and he
 cannot treat you harshly when he
 hears it."

"Miss Grace, you're an angel. It's
 not the likes of you that knows the
 blackness of men's hearts. Do not
 soil your purty lips with the names of
 Cholmondeley or Duffield. They listen
 to me! 'Deed an' you're innocent, my
 lady, of the charackther of sich men,
 and I thrust to God that you niver may
 know it. But you can belave me
 whin I tell you that they could see
 Mary and the poor childhre' here dying
 before their eyes and they wouldn't be
 the men to lave the roof over their
 heads."

"There, there, pray do not excite
 yourself, Mr. Logan. What you tell
 me may be true, though I can hardly
 force myself to believe it. At any
 rate, I shall see that you are taken
 care of, even if the Master of Bally-
 gavin is so inhuman—"

She was unable to finish the sen-
 tence. The odd-looking tramp she
 had seen at the door came right up to
 the bed. A glance at the fine face,
 the slender white hands, showed her
 that the stranger in spite of his shabby
 clothes was apparently a gentleman.

"Are these things you have said
 true?" asked the new-comer.

"As thrue as that God's above me,"
 said the sick man, reverently bowing
 his head.

"How could Mr. Cholmondeley oppress you when he was far away, when—"

"Yis, he was far away. But hadn't he Grinding Duffield to give his ordhers to, aih?"

"Did Duffield say that he acted by Mr. Cholmondeley's orders?"

"In coorse he always did. By whose else would he act?"

"If I had known this," the stranger muttered to himself; then he resumed, aloud, "Is yours an exceptional case, that is, are there no others who have suffered as you have?"

"Others! yes indeed, and scores of them. There was Paddy Craig; God be good to him, was turned out wid his family one could winther's day. They raiched a cousin o' theirs in the town but poor Paddy went off from pure fretting when he saw his wife and the young ones dying from their exposure. Then there was the widow Manus—"

The invalid's words were here interrupted by the tramp of horses, and and as all turned toward the door a voice was heard calling,

"Ho, Mrs. Logan! Here, my good woman!"

She went to the door, where Mr. Duffield stood, leaning on his horse.

"Well, woman," he asked, "are you ready to leave this place, or is that lazy husband of yours still huddled up in bed? Tell him that I shall not be humbugged any longer. He must get out at once. I want this piece of land—or at least Mister Cholmondeley does, and it is his positive order that you leave here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Duffield, I do." It was not the poor, sobbing woman spoke.

It was the stranger. "And who are you, pray?" Duffield asked, as the curious figure came into the light.

"I believe I have had the pleasure of Mr. Duffield's acquaintance," said the other, raising the battered hat which half hid his face,

"Cholmondeley by —," cried the steward, losing his wonted presence of mind, and almost stricken dumb with astonishment.

"I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, Mr. Duffield, but I shall forego myself that enjoyment in the future. From this moment our connection ceases. Do *you* understand, sir?"

The steward could not collect himself. The blow had been too sudden. So, uttering some incoherent words, he mounted his horse and rode off.

The occupants of the room turned surprised faces upon the stranger.

"Och, sure it's the young mather hisself," Mrs. Logan cried. "You'll forgive us, sir, for what we were saying about you, but thin we didn't know you."

"No," said Cholmondeley, "you did not. But what was worse I did not know you. My friends, the experience of this day has taught me a good lesson, of which I shall be mindful. It has shown me that I have duties to perform I have heretofore neglected; that while I was squandering my time and money away from home my fellow-beings were suffering for me. And I have seen, too, that my own tenantry were being taught through my own negligence to hate the name of Cholmondeley. I shall see, Mr. Logan, that your case be properly attended to. Miss O'Connor, I wish you a very good day."

He turned and went away, with the shabby garments clinging to his fine, manly form. But the group in the cottage saw only the man, and that man they had already learned to love and respect. So sudden is the transition of human passions.

This story need not be pursued farther. Duffield was dismissed at once and the young proprietor himself assumed the management of the estate. When the ensign on his return inquired about his adventure,

"Vallance," said he, "I went hunting a romance and I found the only grain of common sense I have had in possession for some time. I went to play the fool before a lady who is a perfect angel of goodness, and I had not been in her presence long before I found myself a wise man. The fact is, Vallance, this is a lucky day for me. I have been effectually

cured of an hereditary disease in our family."

"The deuce," said Vallance, "what was that?"

"Absenteeism," Cholmondeley replied, "I have been cured of absenteeism."

And he was. Ensign Vallance went home alone to tell his English friends about Cholmondeley's resolution.

"He is going to be a very father to his Irish tatterdemalions of tenants," Vallance said. "He is over head and ears in agriculture, stock-raising, and all that. But to tell the truth, I think there is a certain beauty, one Grace O'Connor, who has a great deal to do with Cholmondeley's resolutions."

Perhaps she had. But however that be it is certain she has a great deal to do with them now, for the present mistress of Ballygavin had Grace O'Connor for her maiden name.

SUGGESTIONS TO STUDENTS.—That a young man should have warm admiration for the eminent teachers of his day is most desirable; that the moral atmosphere in which he lives should be purified by the presence of men whom he can respect is essential; but it is very doubtful whether he should not be warned more carefully against abjuring, than against abusing his intellectual liberty. He will get a great many falls by trying to stand on his own legs; but at any rate he will learn to use them; and if he loses a little of the pleasure of youthful enthusiasm, he will be more liable to escape the narrowness which overtakes most adherents of a sect. Nobody can afford

to be influenced by one man alone; and yet every ardent disciple necessarily exaggerates beyond all bounds the influence of his master's teaching. If all prophets were carefully shut up and allowed to publish what they please, their teaching would have a better chance of being judged on its own merits, instead of degenerating into the shibboleth of a clique.

It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive, even solicit favors, than accord them; for the vanity of the obligor is always flattered, that of the obligeé rarely.

S U M M E R .

BY WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

When summer brings the roses
At first her steps are slow ;
Her beauty she discloses
In glades and valleys low ;
In leafy nooks bestowing
Her beauties, half conceal'd,
As though afraid of showing
Her charms at once reveal'd.

But ere we miss the sweetness
That haunts the steps of May,
She dawns in full completeness
In all her fair array ;
No longer half beholden,
But gayly shining forth,
In emerald robes and golden
She clothes the joyful earth.

A bounteous hand she reaches
Across the gladden'd plain,
The soaring lark she teaches
A new and sweeter strain ;
She lingers where the rill glides
Beneath the alder screen,
Or dances down the hill-sides
Where ferns are cool and green.

She veils the thorny hedges
With hop and bind-weed wreaths ;
Amongst the gray rock ledges
A sweet perfume she breathes.
With no bare spot neglected,
She works with silent speed,
Till beauty is perfected,
And Summer reigns indeed.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

BY J. G.

The press generally has come in for a small share of the odium due alone to the department comprehended under its head. Sensible people are occasionally heard to question the truth of its statement: that this same press is less of an evil than a good, in view of the flagrant delinquencies of light literature. But light literature collectively is regarded by an influential mass of opinion as one of those social cancers indigenous to an advanced stage of civilization. And its only too strongly supported sophism meets with little difficulty in tracing to its influence many a broken heart, many a blighted life, many an early grave. It is notorious that Ainsworth, the writer of "Jack Appard," and his host of miserable contributors in the cheap weeklies of to-day, are responsible for a large increase of criminals in this country and in England. What the effect is on the general character of society cannot be reduced to a table of statistics; but, when we mark the innocent, guileless youth, developing under a course of novels into that horrible abortion of manhood, a precocious boy, with a contempt for simple amusements, and a decided preference for vicious ones, we can be no hesitation in assuming it to be greatly demoralizing. In one respect the perusal of light literature bears a curious analogy to the use of alcoholic drinks. They are both stimulants, the one mental and the other physical, and produce similar results in their respective spheres. As the nervous elation created by the physical stimulant is invariably succeeded by a corresponding nervous depression, so is the interest which works of fiction excite succeeded by a corresponding indifference to the realities of life. Indulgence in each ends in an increased desire therefor, thus leading on to the destruction of the reason. It is not excess, which, with both, culminates in commonly known that novels have sent victims to the mad-house as well as gin, or whiskey; but the medical profession has been cognizant of the fact for some time. About three years ago the well-known English journal, the *Lancet*, gave a diagnosis of what it called the "novel-reading disease," illustrated by a summary of statistics which specified several cases of hopeless idiocy and premature death, that could not be ascribed to any other source. The symptoms, it stated, were pale faces and unnatural languor, accompanied by a decrease of interest in ordinary occupations and events; which, at an early stage, lapsed into an incurable decline. Testimony of such

a character would seem to justify the extremest opinion on light literature, and hence it will not be entirely useless to recall something of what can be said in its favor.

The source of the power which a novel confessedly exercises for evil, is not in itself evil. The basis of whatever emotions a painting is capable of awakening, is, the feeling of wonder with which the ideas of substance, distance, and size, are received from a limited portion of flat surface. This is the first and essential impression. Without it, others would be impossible. Until the properties of reality are identified in the painting the subject will not win a thought, and then, the effect is in proportion to the recognition. Daubs of noble conceptions are sufficiently abundant to have empowered the world to state how small is the satisfaction they yield. But, in the presence of one of the great masterpieces, say "the Descent from the Cross," the thrilling illusion fascinating the eye and entrancing the brain becomes to us a breathing reality. Then, retracing the centuries, we stand upon Calvary, a witness to the last scene of that sublime sacrifice,—the perfect expression of a perfect love. What the painter strives to place before the sight, the writer of fiction attempts to bring before the imagination, on a much more extensive scale. Words his only material, he undertakes to display, not one scene, but a series of scenes connected, to represent the course of an episode or a lifetime, preserving the natural sequence of cause and effect. The task is difficult, yet it must be performed. To succeed in securing attention,

he must, too, impress his readers sufficiently with the idea of reality. This cannot be looked upon as pandering to any of the frailties of human nature, as many think. It satisfies a desire which serves as a supplementary faculty of the mind. A judicious indulgence of it often conveys a meaning too subtle for the mental powers; and the occasions are rare where its agency may, without loss, be dispensed with. Food for it is the vital principle of every branch of rhetoric. No discourse, speech, or sermon, no essay, moral or scientific, can be said to be more than half complete in the absence of the telling anecdote or illustration which exhibits the practical working of the opinions advocated. If one lesson of Holy Writ may be compared with another, those of them which are exemplified in a parable are undoubtedly the most effective. The efficacy of the allegory "to make truth clear and virtue attractive" is proverbial. The "Pilgrim's Progress" won commendations from all creeds; and, for its author, an ignorant and violent fanatic of the Baptist sect, a high place amongst the writers of English literature. "Dame Europa's School," the most modern specimen of any consideration, raised a prolonged hubbub throughout the British Islands, realizing quite a fortune for its author though scarcely exceeding the dimensions of a primer. What species of composition may, with impunity, reject the aid of figures of speech? These minister to the same taste in a concentrated fashion of their own. A good speech, in which they abound, leaves the effect of a well-arranged phantasmagoria.

It is true that it is in these things that poetry consists; and nobody thinks of emancipating us from their glamour under the collective title. It is conceded that they may be employed on the wrong side; but the foolishness of flinging away a weapon because the foe is similarly armed is pretty fairly recognized. Now somebody describes the novel as an "epic poem." It appeals to the poetic sense in the most powerful manner possible. The allegory is stiff and strained, and the parable must dispense with detail. It is the novel alone which really succeeds in bringing its lessons home to our minds, through the instrumentality of the events of real life.

Some consider Defoe, and others Richardson, to be the father of the English novel. "Robinson Crusoe," the celebrated work of the first-mentioned author, owes little more than the occasion of its birth to the adventures of Alexander Selkirk. It is mostly the product of the writer's vivid imagination; and yet how realistic the impression on the mind of the reader! Who has not given up belief in it with regret? No doubt it depicts human energy under unusual conditions, but it is the naturalness, the complete consistency with which Crusoe's life fits them, that extorts our honest sympathies. The work which has made Richardson famous seems to have suited the times in which it was written; and its success even then must have been in some measure due to the peculiar manner of its publication. It came to the public in instalments, which did not fatigue while they interested, and at intervals calculated to refresh while they provoked desire.

The consequence was, that it became a staple topic of conversation for months, and, as it approached its conclusion, so highly wrought were the feelings of its readers, that they besieged Richardson with entreaties to make all end happily for the heroine. The odds are that if it had been given entire at first, most readers would have skipped the intermediate torturing bounded by the first and last chapters. It is, however, the work of a genius. Its moral is worked out in wonderful consonance with nature and logic, through a most delicate elaboration of detail. But it wants that pleasing variety of incident, and alternation of grave and gay, which give to each part a value of its own, while contributing to the intention of the whole. Fielding observed this fault, and in avoiding it, falls not unfrequently on the other side of the fence. It is said of him that, for "the skilful construction of a plot, for the address with which every incident bears upon and advances the catastrophe, at the same time illustrating the character of the persons concerned, he is a model." Smollett, with inferior ability, follows in the footsteps of Fielding. Admirable sentiment and pungent humor distinguish Sterne. But the grossness of all three renders them simply unreadable to-day. The character of their time is their apology. Pitch cannot be defiled. "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith, was understood to have been elicited by the abominations of Sterne, as a proof that true art might advantageously avoid foulness, however faithful to fact. Dr. Johnson, the friend of Goldsmith, in his "Rasselas" acknowledges the influence of the novel.

It is a classic in our language, but it has not many temptations for those who read and run. Walter Scott! So illustrious a name ought, one would think, to establish forever the legitimacy of the novel. Not many months ago, it was the boast of England's premier, that in his youth he had conversed for a short time with Walter Scott. And here, in this far western city, divided from the scene of his life and labors by the width of an ocean, one of its noblest monuments perpetuates his memory. His name marks a bright epoch in the history of the novel. He has been classed first of all who have yet appeared in this field. He took history, and, breaking the vital spark of his genius into it, had it reënacted for our amusement and instruction. The reading of Scott's novels, discreetly controlled, serves as a stimulant to the study of history. Historical novels cannot be recommended for the amount of historical knowledge which they impart. At most they but illustrate events which are encompassed by a lifetime, unless a wandering Jew be invented. They will not suit to cram for a civil service examination; but they certainly create an appetite for historical information. Macaulay, in one of his reviews, says the historian might borrow from the novelist with great benefit. For this he commends Herodotus; whilst, in carrying out the same principle himself, he has written one of the most brilliant, and decidedly the most attractive history, worthy of the name, the world possesses. He has had many imitators since his time; notoriously Motley and Froude of the present.

Scott may be said to have initiated

that rapid increase which has resulted in our present glorious wealth of fiction literature. New ground was broken in every direction. Some, following Scott, searched history for material; and others, more daring, took the present for their model. New lands and peoples, all grades of society and civilization, every species of fortune, were laid under contribution. Camp and court were unceremoniously invaded, town and country ransacked, and tales from the sea were left no longer corked up in bottles. Now, fiction engrosses some of the most cultivated intellects and ablest pens of the day. Moralists, scientists, and statesmen write it. All opinions seek expression through it. There is no branch of knowledge which is not represented in it. Mitford, Edgeworth, Douglas Jerrold, Griffin, Lover, Lever, Cooper, Hawthorne, Mayne Reid, Marryat, Trollope, Collins, Disraeli, and Lytton, are but a few of the many talented writers who have been occupied in producing it. These may be forgotten; but the names of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, with that of Scott, have become immortalized. This quartette wield a power over the minds of men, through their writings, which kings cannot attain.

The novelist makes a special study of his reader. He thoroughly acquaints himself with his passions and prejudices, his likings and dislikings, his sympathies and affections, and these in all their moods and tenses. He squarely sets himself the problem of how most effectively to withdraw the mind from the present. And the result of his effort is, that the English language possesses in a preëminent

degree, a literature which will enable the wretched denizen of the squalid tenement, with his spluttering candle, in spirit to sally out from his miserable surroundings—out from the poisonous atmosphere, the scanty board, and the discontented sharers of his poverty—out from himself, his ragged apparel, degrading associations, and the mean but soul-wearing anxieties of his condition, and luxuriate for a time in all the enjoyments which wealth and power may command. Over the rich carpets, through fragrant air, under the gorgeous lustre of the saloons of the great and the noble, he treads unquestioned; splendor, beauty, and wit, surround him in a dazzling throng. A transfigured being, silken dresses luminous with jewelry rustle at his passage. Upon his ear the subdued conversation breaks in a continuous ripple of music ever and anon penetrating to his brain in flashes of light. He is one of them; their thoughts and feelings are his, aye, and that exquisite refinement which so relentlessly ostracizes him in the hard reality. This literature will enable, at the wish, the overworked factory hand or consumptive clerk, in the few minutes which he may snatch from his mid-day meal, or dare to deduct from too needful repose, to revel—to riot in the beauties of nature. At a bound he may pass from the din, the dust, and the smoke—the wilderness of brick-work and humanity, and plunge into the sunshine and solitude of the country. Second to the reality only in physical results, he roams in imagination over breezy hill and dale, down the green lanes, through the meadows, by the streams, amongst the woods and

copses; breathes the invigorating air, drinks in the pleasant sights and sounds, and is actually inspired with a feeling of thankfulness and reverence toward the Being who made the world so beautiful. By means of this literature the respectable slave of business routine may emancipate himself; upon his own hearth-rug he may trample the fetters with which office and Mrs. Grundy so heavily weight him, and wander through the world, a man among his fellow men. Foreign lands he may visit. At the tropics or the poles he may spend a season; waltz with an empress or mingle in the wild sports of Cathay. By his own fireside he may securely encounter the most daring adventures of the flood and the field. He may descend the Maelstrom astride a cask, or mount to the clouds upon a water-spout. He may climb to the summits of sky-piercing mountains, or delve into the workshop of the earthquakes and volcanoes. Through love, battles, wrecks, fires, and famines unscathed he may pass, environed by the comforts and seclusion of his own parlor. It is a literature which by seductive cheats will wile the mourner from his griefs, the invalid from his pains, and prove an unrivalled consoler to both. It will soothe the discontented, encourage the hopeful, and tempt the wicked into the paths of virtue. It will furnish exciting occupation to the dull, lively companions to the lonely, and set flowing the impulses of nature in the frozen hearts of the selfish and the sordid. And, while rendering these services, it is still the right arm of progress, the true social reformer and political educator of the masses.

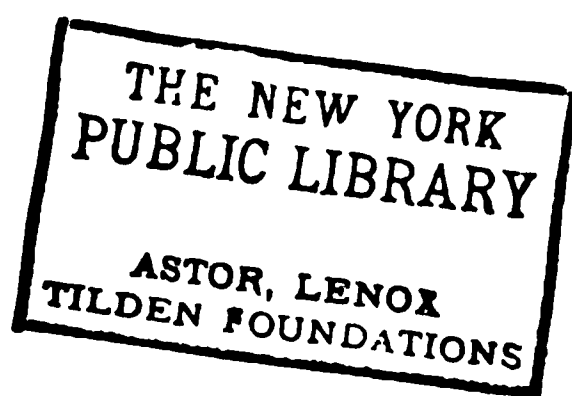
SWALLOWS.

By F. P. R.

Come, swallows come,
For banished is the snow—
The winter is behind us :
Don't let the summer find us
Before you let us know !
Perform your gracious duty ;
Don't let the Queen of Beauty
Without her pretty harbingers appear ;
The sky grows warm without you ;
Our hearts begin to doubt you,
Since now you are not here.

Come, swallows come—
When tempests long have blown,
We love the spirits that greet us,
That come half-way to meet us,
And make their message known.
The first sweet word that's spoken,
When wrath's dark reign is broken,
Is ever to the yearning heart most dear—
Then bring your welcome warning ;
Our long-expected morning
Without you can't appear.

See, now they come !
The sun's bright reign is sure ;
The friendly sprites have found us ;
Their radiant wings are round us ;
Our hearts feel more secure.
The firmest aspiration
Must lean on resignation,
Until the promised sign of hope appear—
This life is indecision ;
To man an angel's mission
Is ever doubly dear.



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MADAME MARIE JOSEPHINE GOETZ.



MADAME MARIE JOSEPHINE GOETZ,

SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Henceforth now saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : for their works follow them.”—APOC. xiv, 13.

However indifferent a man may be to religion, however careless about his own eternal interests, still two facts, which ever and anon confront him, must cause an occasional reflection. The winged passage of time and the constant harvest of death make him realize the vanity of the pleasures of life, and the importance of saving his immortal soul. Time rushes on with a velocity which nothing can impede; its course is constantly progressive; it never pauses, never slackens his eagle flight; the noblest monuments of human glory yield and crumble beneath his withering touch, even their ruins cannot long remain to attest the magnitude of his power. Death follows, grim and ghastly, claiming all living beings as his own, awaiting but the moment when time strikes the knell, to number them in his phantom train. Merciless, relentless, he spares none; he heeds neither the orphan's wail nor the widow's moan. He reaps in every field of life, laying low the blooming flower as well as the ripest fruit; sparing neither the tender sapling nor the giant oak. But if the aspects of death be sad and gloomy, they are also at times full of consolation, joy, and happiness.

The Christian death-bed is always a pleasing source of lessons for those by whom it is contemplated, and it cannot fail to impress one with the truth of a religion which, in the dread moment of dissolution, soothes the struggling spirit, dissipates its fears, and brings it safely through the trying ordeal of that perilous hour. How consoling it is to witness the adieu between a soul and body that have labored together in the service of their Creator; how delightful to see the pure spirit sundering the last ties that bind it to earth; how encouraging to behold the tranquil joy of the dying Christian, shining forth amid the terror of that dread moment like a ray from the blissful eternity into which the happy soul is soon to enter.

Of all death-scenes that of the religious is the most beautiful, the most consoling, the most encouraging. Not a sigh of regret, not a murmur of discontent disturbs the awful stillness of the hour. No sound but the supplications in behalf of the departing soul breaks upon the ear. The prospect of a happy eternity dispels the gloom of the grave. Long years of patient suffering, numerous trials courageously endured, multiplied penances cheer-

fully performed, all appear as so many precious souvenirs of the earthly pilgrimage which is about to terminate. At length the summons comes, the spirit is called away, the body exhibits marks of its return to dust, whilst the soul, freed from the trammels of the flesh, ascends to the celestial abode to enjoy the reward of the elect.

Edifying spectacles, such as the above, were witnessed almost simultaneously at the death-beds of three heroic religious souls—the Superiors of three noted orders, viz., “The Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,” the “Franciscans,” and the “Christian Brothers.” Scarcely had the present year begun its course, when the members of these three Institutions were called upon to mourn the loss of those who had long fulfilled the responsible duties of guardians over their respective congregations. Attention has already been directed in these pages to the life and labors of the lamented Brother Philippe, and now in the month of June, during which the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord receives especial honor, it may be proper to say a few words respecting a noble and generous soul who particularly cultivated this beautiful devotion, the late Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Mademoiselle Marie Josephine Goetz was born at Strasburg, on the 7th of March, 1817, of parents remarkable for their attention to every Christian duty. Losing her mother at the tender age of three years, the care of her childhood devolved upon her aunt, Mademoiselle Odile Goetz, a lady whose rare qualities have endeared her name to the Alsacians. From

her earliest years, Josephine manifested an upright, thoughtful disposition, and as her character developed she acquired a marked superiority over her companions. Possessed of talents of a high order, endowed with great quickness of apprehension and a remarkable openness of heart, it will be readily conceived that her education was a delicate task. At the age of fourteen she was sent to the boarding-school of the Sacred Heart, in Besançon, where she made great progress in her studies. Edified by the example of her religious tutors and feeling that she was called to a sphere of action higher and holier than that of the ordinary Christian, she requested the good Ladies to permit her to consecrate her life and labors to the service of her Creator, in their congregation. Her petition having been readily granted she entered the novitiate of the society, located at Montet, Switzerland, in the year 1835.

As among her school companions at Besançon she had been a model of application and piety, she now became the admiration of her superiors and the edification of her sister novices. But as exterior acts of devotion without deep interior humility are nothing but mere ceremony, she always strove to cultivate this precious virtue and made it her constant study to live unobserved and unknown. The veil under which she endeavored to conceal her actions caused her merit to be the more appreciated, and, as is always the lot of the humble, she was exalted. In 1837, the direction of the convent at Besançon, in which she had received her education, was committed to Madame Goetz. Her amiable disposition

won the affections of all with whom she had any intercourse, and the impression her example produced upon her pupils can never be effaced.

In 1847 she was called to Paris, and appointed Mistress of the Novices at Conflans, and shortly after, Superior of the same house. In 1864, she was raised to the dignity of Vicar-General; and on the death of the venerated foundress, Madame Barat, in 1865, she was unanimously chosen Superior-General of the order, on the 8th of September of the same year.

As we have mentioned the name of her whom God, in his merciful ways, chose to institute an order which was destined to be the source of so many blessings to the Church and to society at large, a word concerning its foundation and progress will not, we hope, be considered a digression. Toward the end of the last century, education had in great measure fallen away from its Christian standard, and in many European states had wellnigh succumbed to the force of infidelity. But when all things look gloomy and are beyond the power of human agencies, Providence, ever watchful over the eternal interests of His creatures, selects worthy instruments to accomplish His designs—instruments that will effect a change and avert the impending danger. Thus, in that critical period, He selected personages filled with an ardent zeal for the promotion of Christian education, and the result was the institution of several orders devoted to this particular end. Among these was the Society of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, founded by Madame Madeleine Sophie Barat, in the year 1800.

Its members may be considered as cloistered religious, though they are not confined necessarily to any one house, but may be removed when and where the Provincial deems proper. The aim of the congregation is the Christian education of girls, and among its duties is included the gratuitous instruction of the poor. The society was approved by Pope Leo XII, in the year 1826. Though it had extended considerably prior to this date, still the progress it has made throughout Europe and America since its approbation by the Holy See, has been so extraordinary that we must conclude that the society has been blessed in a most special manner by the Almighty. During the lifetime of its Venerable Foundress it counted eighty-five houses and three thousand five hundred and thirty-nine members.

The Right Rev. William Dubourg, third Bishop of New Orleans, introduced the order into America in the year 1818, and established the first Community in St. Louis. Since then its members have spread north, south, east, and west with wonderful rapidity. They now conduct excellent institutions in all the principal cities of the States and Canada, such as New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Providence, Montreal, Halifax, etc. They have houses also in Havana, Cuba, and Valparaiso, Chili. Among their best institutions, probably the very finest in the country, might be named those of Manhattanville, New York; Kenwood, near Albany, and Eden Hall, Pennsylvania. The education given in these establishments has a very high standard, and from those sacred precincts of virtue and learning

go forth yearly quite a large number of young ladies, who are an honor to their excellent tutors and will be a blessing to society. The wonderful extension in this country is to be attributed, in a very great measure, to the untiring energy and zeal of Madame Hardey, who for many years past has been the superior of the American branch of the society. She was called to Paris in 1872 by Madame Goetz and appointed Assistant-General of the Order, and charged especially with the Province of America.

The condition of the order was decidedly encouraging when its direction devolved upon Madame Goetz, and under her guidance it by no means retrograded. She exerted every energy to secure its continued welfare, and how well she succeeded is best shown by the fact that during the eight years of her generalship, the number of its houses was increased by thirteen and its members by five hundred and eighty-six; making the present standing ninety-three houses and four thousand one hundred and twenty-five members. The latter years of her life were overclouded by the national and religious calamities which recently occurred in Europe. During the year 1870 she saw fourteen of their houses threatened by the Franco-Prussian War. In 1872 five were suppressed by the infidel Bismarck—the modern Julian—whose policy is to eradicate Christianity from the Prussian dominions, and who deems the removal of education beyond the influence of religion, the most efficacious means to attain this end. In Italy imminent destruction menaced the Convents of the Society of the Sacred Heart, on account of the direct persecution being waged therein against

everything savoring of Catholicity. These calamities materially impaired her health; but thanks to that fortitude of soul, which it would seem the venerable Madame Barat had bequeathed to her successor along with the heavy burden of her exalted office, Madame Goetz courageously bore these trials, and efficaciously promoted the welfare and progress of the congregation.

During her term of office, she twice made the journey to Rome, where she was received by the Holy Father with every mark of paternal affection. On the occasion of her last visit thither she accomplished all the preliminaries required for the process of the canonization of the venerable Foundress of her order. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, lent all his assistance to this worthy design. He appointed a commission of inquiry, and instituted a tribunal, the presidency of which he conferred on one in every way his own counterpart, Monseigneur Jeancard, Bishop of Cérame. Madame Goetz was the first witness called upon during the process of beatification; and great must have been the sweet emotion she experienced when bearing testimony to the virtues of the venerable Madame Barat, to whom she owed the triple debt of gratitude, affection, and veneration.

The process had closed; the commission of inquiry had adjourned; the testimonies were transcribed, and awaited but a few sessions of the tribunal to be collated and sent to the Congregation of Rites at Rome, when the earthly career of Madame Goetz terminated. Though she was not spared to see the name of her predecessor enrolled on the catalogue of the

canonized saints of the Church, we may confidently hope that, ere this, she has seen the pure soul of Madame Barat enjoying the happiness and security of heavenly bliss.

On Christmas Day, Madame Goetz attended mass as usual, and on Friday the 26th of December, she resumed, at the Mother House in Paris, her customary duties, which had been interrupted by the visitation she had been making of the neighboring convents of her order. But the joyous anthems which had hailed the glorious anniversary of the Redeemer's birth had scarcely died away when an attack of cerebral congestion terminated her useful career, on the 4th of January, at the age of fifty-six years. If the regret manifested at her decease be taken as a criterion of the esteem in which Madame Goetz was held, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that her memory will long remain enshrined in the hearts of those who had the happiness of being acquainted with her.

She had borne the sweet yoke of the Lord from her youth; she had chosen Him as her spouse; dove-like she had nestled in his divine heart, and there she learned to love his

dearest friends, the little ones for whom she labored. She lived not, however, without trials; but amid every storm that ruffled her passage over the sea of life, she ever kept her gaze fixed on that guiding star, the divine will; and she made every affliction the source of an increase of virtues. Her trials and difficulties tended only to illustrate more plainly the purity of the motives that prompted her actions. She was neither elated by success, nor dejected by misfortune. Her elevation served only to increase her humility. She exercised authority with a mild, motherly spirit, which enticed rather than enforced obedience. But she has gone to receive the reward of her labors; behind her she leaves an example well worthy of imitation, and though her decease may have created a temporary void, we have no doubt that it will be well filled by the newly elected Superior, Madame Lehon, who, we trust, will accomplish, as her predecessors have done, results that will contribute to the still greater extension of an Order devoted to so noble a cause as the honor of the Sacred Heart and the interests of Christian Education.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have money in your pocket; to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it; to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so; to speak to a poor friend when in company with a rich one, richly attired; to make a will, and a just one; to

show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whosoever exhibited; to wear your old clothes until you pay for the new ones; to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men; and to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion, in all things.

A T B E T H L E H E M .

By M. J.

The sun was in the zenith when our little party of six reached the top of a hill we had been struggling up for half an hour. Before us lay a great slope, terraced with rows of trees and with vineyards climbing up along it. The scene was one of surpassing beauty. As we drew up on the summit of the elevation the warm sunlight glittered upon a pile of buildings on a high ridge, and showed us, in the shadow of the hill, the houses and streets of an old village.

“What place is that?” broke out from half of the party.

“Bethlehem,” said our guide sententiously.

Bethlehem! So this was the spot where the great mystery of our Redemption was consummated. Here in this rude place, with nothing to distinguish it but the beauty nature clothed it in and the brightness which the sun of Judea now cast upon it—here was born Christ, the Son of the living God. What feelings arose within us at the mention of the name. What memories broke upon our minds, what reflections stirred our brains. Bethlehem! How strange to be in it, to look upon those hills now so green and smiling, but which were grim and stark in the cold bareness of the winter when they looked down upon the mean stable that night two thousand years ago. How

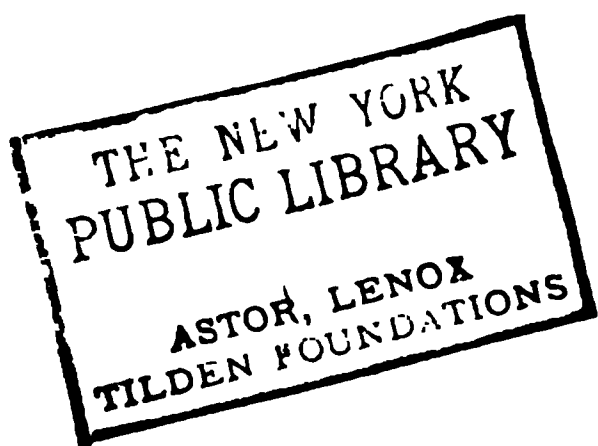
strange to meet the Turk in the street and the Arab by the way-side, yet to know that you are treading the spot where His presence sanctified and the scene where another race of men walked and labored in that great epoch of human history. Right behind us is a great gloomy building which, we are told, is the monastery of the prophet Elijah. It is now occupied by Greek monks. Before us the road goes on winding among the groves of olives and passing a little village just peeping out from green hills and leafy clumps, on down to the village of Bethlehem.

As we rode by we passed a number of people hurrying along in the direction we were going. Many of them were old men, worn and decrepit, with great snowy beards falling upon their bosoms and mingling, in odd cases, with the rags in which a few were clothed. They seemed sad enough looking, these venerable wayfarers, and I was not surprised when I found out who they were. At a turn in the road we discovered several of them seated by a well, and further on quite a number gathered around a very aged building with a dome upon it. This was the tomb of Rachel, our guide informed us.

The tomb of Rachel! That explained the appearance of the old men. They were Jews wending their way to

NETHERSHEK.





the spot where the mother of their people lies buried.

Pursuing our journey we passed over a wooded hill, and in a few minutes found ourselves clattering through the streets of Bethlehem. It was near evening now, and the sun was out of sight, leaving a purple reflection on the dark sky. The narrow and excessively dirty streets were thronged by a strange, motley crowd. Turks strutting by, the stolid, though I thought disdainful, Jews, wicked-looking Arabs lounging about and eying everything and everybody. Jews, with bent heads and hurried steps, moving along silently, strangers almost in their own country. Greek monks, Armenian priests, and Latin ecclesiastics of every rank, hurrying to their monasteries—all these combined to make up a rare and curious picture. From the short sight I had of the town I inferred that the principal occupation of the inhabitants is the manufacture of crosses, rosaries, and medals, which have a large sale among the pilgrims who come here from all parts of the world.

Upon the left side of the ridge is the great church, and quite near it is the Latin convent. Of course we stopped at the latter, and after a plentiful meal retired for the night to prepare for the fatigue of the morrow. I here remember how beautiful the old village appeared to me as I viewed it through a deep, narrow window in the convent wall. The valley was lying in shadow when I first looked, but presently the great yellow orb of the moon came over the top of the great church and threw a lustre on hill and vale, while the bright stars of Arabia twinkled and glistened in the sky. How beau-

tiful the scene appeared, how calm and serene the night! Peace seemed to reign in this place, which had been the birthplace of the King of peace.

Next day we visited the church. It is the oldest edifice of Christian worship in the world. Built by St. Helena, Constantine's mother, it has stood for fifteen hundred years, and its mighty walls seem even now to have scarcely felt the touch of time. It covers the most sacred spot in all the earth, the grotto where the Saviour was born.

Entering the church through a low door we found ourselves in a spacious edifice with a half wall keeping out of sight the sanctuary and altar, and with too many evidences of neglect around. Passing over the stone floor, which is much worn and broken in places, we come to the sanctuary, where a Greek congregation are now kneeling; a delay ensues, and when services have come to an end we approach a staircase on one side while the departing Greek communicants eye us not very amicably, for, strange to say, these Syrian Christians do not love one another according to the Gospel, but spend much of their time in bitter and unprofitable wrangling.

However, we leave them behind us and descend the staircase. A mysterious awe takes possession of us all. With sentiments of profound veneration we approach the birthplace of Him who died to save us. Suddenly, as we near the bottom, a brilliant light shines upon us. It comes from a number of small lamps suspended in the air, which cast a pure, clear lustre upon a silver star set in the floor. We prostrate ourselves there. We have

reached the holy place, the abode of joy, the home of peace. Here, two thousand years ago, occurred the great event of human history. Upon the silver star you see it recorded before your eyes :

HIC

DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS
NATUS EST.

No one can know the rapture which fills the pilgrim's soul at the moment when he bows in adoration where the Magi knelt before him. No one can

imagine the strange unspeakable reverence, which no devotee can resist. The great mystery of man's salvation began here, to be finished in thirty-three years upon the hill of Calvary. In all the world there cannot be a place so holy, so suggestive, so full of inspiration and of reverence.

We left the sacred place with reluctance, and one day later, when we stood again beside the monastery of Elijah, a feeling of sadness came over us as we saw the dusk coming on and the gray distance shrouding Bethlehem from our sight.

ABOUT THUMBS.—We suppose that all our readers know that man would not be what he is without the thumb. This little fact has been so impressed upon us from our school-days that we are not likely to forget it. Without the thumb for a lever, we would be unable to hold anything tightly, and most of the inventions of our era would be useless, not to speak of the enormous general power that would be lost. Let us accept the fact of having thumbs, then, and be thankful and rejoice over our Darwinian friends, the apes. We did not know, however, until we saw it in print lately, that the thumb represented intelligence and affection. Born idiots frequently come into the world without thumbs. Infants, until they arrive at an age when intellect dawns, constantly keep their fingers folded above their thumbs, but they soon know better, and, as the mind develops, recognize the dignity and usefulness of the despised digit. At the approach of death the thumbs of

the dying, as if impelled by some vague fear, seek refuge under the fingers, and when thus found are almost certain announcement of the end. So, in leaving this world, it would seem that our hands, in their last desire for movement, assume, with our growing unconsciousness, the same suggestive position in which the hands of the new-born babe, with faculties all dormant, first shape themselves. Small thumbs denote an affectionate disposition; long thumbs go with long heads; short, thick, stumpy thumbs mark a cruel man, and much more is told us of the same kind.

To pass now to the matter of gratitude and ingratitude; there never was any man yet so wicked as not to approve the one and detest the other, as the two things in the whole world, the one to be the most abominated, the other the most esteemed. The very story of an ungrateful action puts us out of all patience and gives us a loathing.

THE SINGER.

By J. F. H.

Ragged of garment and bare of feet,
A homeless waif in the town's high street
Sang an old ballad soft and sweet.

The burgher noted her sorry plight,
For her eye was dim and her face was white;
But he hurried on in the gathering night.

And the town folks, chatting, passed her by
As her sad strain trembled to the sky,
But they left the singer alone to die.

But out of the dusk one came along
Who listened awhile to the child-waif's song,
And he stole aside from the bustling throng.

The night had fallen, the crowd was gone,
And the flickering stars came one by one
To look at the child so sad and wan.

Then he who watched in the dusk came by,
And he said as he looked on the heavy eye,
"The world knows not where its jewels lie."

.

A singer of beauty and high renown
Came to perform in the quaint old town.
But little the raptured people guessed
That the minstrel all went wild to greet
Was the beggar waif whom they had passed,
One night before in the town's high street.

But one stood by as the lady sang,
And his face was glad when the plaudits rang;
For well he remembered that dark, cold night.
" 'Twas true," quoth he, as he sauntered by,
"My passing words are proven right,
The world knows not where its jewels lie."

A U T H O R I T Y .

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY FRANCIS JOSEPH HAGERTY.

The world moves. This assertion can be very easily changed by declaring that popular, or if you will, public opinion moves the world.

This great agent of progress in worldly affairs, before whom the noblest and haughtiest bow in abject submission, must certainly be more than an ordinary character, one possessing some supernatural attribute, a being so strong that none dare oppose its will, so august, that its presence overawes and subjects the boldest intruder to instant compliance with its demands, so potent, that from the peasant's hut to the king's palace all feel the effects of its power and hasten to shout its glory.

No matter under what guise, or of what object in search, public opinion wins respect; and having once gained control asserts its power with absolute sway, holding its subjects so firmly, that even the sun of justice so long obscured is almost unable to reflect a single ray of honesty on the human mind.

You must admit that daily the press proclaims the doctrines of this great slave-driver of society, and when one boldly comes forward to question this or that idea so unanimously heralded by the papers, he is either looked upon as a fanatic or lunatic unfit to be trusted with any of the rights of manhood.

Pause for a moment and ask yourselves whence this right to control your

affairs on the part of popular opinion. Scientists say that prayer is of no avail, natural causes and their effects everything. Public opinion cries bravo. Herbert Spencer and his followers seek only the advancement of the mind of man and the care of his material interests, while they demand nothing from him, as a tribute to his Divine Former. Public opinion here informs you that your intellect must rule, the heart is only sentiment, this is the nineteenth century not the days of lazy monks and feudal barons.

Go on still further, and when public opinion stands to contemplate the dead, perishable body of a John Stuart Mill, it gives itself the lie direct; on the one hand it praises his ability while living, but fails to answer the question: Why did not he who when living sought not God, as the agent of goodness, but bestowed upon a frail creature in the capacity of wife the love and adoration due to his Creator, why did not he check the onward advance of death, and show the world, that if the human being is the only object of regard or adoration, that corporeal form which it has assumed must by its own inherent power say to death, Halt! I am not subject to thy sway, I am thy master? No, an unseen, omnipotent Being rules otherwise; and the world, with its blatant guide, popular will, better desig-

nated as self-willed ignorance, has to stand condemned before the higher power, always self-conscious of right as emanating from the Godhead and given to the world in the Church, the only true guide, the safest counsellor, because she alone has the passport to traverse this transitory sphere and from her rock-built eminence, say to the young men of this age: Behold, I am the only true and reliable **AUTHORITY** for you to adopt and follow.

Thus far you have found public opinion, as known in this age, to exist without authority. I request your attention while presenting to you the proper definition of the term.

The mistake most likely to arise is, the taking of a synonyme for the word itself, as supposing influence, ascendancy, and power to have the same meaning as authority.

Authority includes the idea of right necessarily. Superior wisdom, age, and office give authority; but authority is of itself, and requires no collateral aid.

Authority is confined to that species of power which is determined from legitimate source. God is the source of **all authority**, an attribute which is commensurate with his goodness, his power, and his wisdom. Man therefore exercises the supreme authority over man, as the minister of God's authority: he exceeds that if he does anything contrary to God's will.

Some believe power to mean authority. This is not true. There is power where we can or may act; there is authority only where we ought to act.

Therefore, I propose to show the necessity of Catholic young men associating together for benevolent and social objects.

1. Because you have the authority to do so.

2. Because the good of society at large demands it.

The first proposition can be quickly and efficiently disposed of, inasmuch as you are members of the Catholic faith, which is the pillar and ground of truth, and in her teachings cannot err. The proof of which is self-evident from your earliest recollections. You have inherited that authority as a birth-right, and it remains for you to guard it jealously, protect it with all your might and sacrifice your lives rather than surrender your title and claim to so inestimable a privilege, because the popular ideas of the day do not accord with the principles enunciated by your infallible guide. The second proposition, that society has need of your assistance, is most certainly susceptible of proof.

On every side you find allurements and fascinations to draw away the young from the path of duty, first by destroying parental control, secondly by fostering an over-thirst for the acquisition of money as a means to gratify depraved taste and satisfy an indomitable ambition to be considered something in the eyes of the world, it little matters what, provided it brings notoriety, either as a pugilist, spend-thrift, blackguard, or politician.

Obtain power; use it; show by your influence you can sway a band of followers to your notions; and it is of very little importance if you can show no authority.

You have gained the upper hand. While you hold the winning card, watch your opportunity, society knows you. But once lose your trick—the game is

against you, all is lost: the world moves on, no one regrets your ill-luck. It is still the old cry, "The King is dead, long live the King;" another is the idol of the hour.

Pure air is deemed necessary to support life, and essential in the dissemination of morality, so much so, that philanthropists constantly sermonize on the curse imposed on the community by poorly ventilated and badly constructed houses, while yearly each session of the legislature considers a series of bills to aid them in their good intentions.

All are forgetful of the fact that the polluted atmosphere is due principally to the moral condition of man, who either from apathy produced by irresolution; from ignorance, the result of parental indifference; from pride, the effects of the Grundian edict so firmly established in society, or more frequently from an inordinate ambition to assert a self-constituted independence which gives temporarily a fine appearance for the edification of kindred spirits, but finally presents to society the prodigal, an emaciated spectacle vainly attempting to return. Too late has the resolution been formed and the onward step taken, he meets not with the kind indulgent father prepared with out-stretched hands and a fatted calf to welcome the wanderer from truth, duty, and home—no, in the place of that kind father stands the eternal judge, whose authority in the heyday of life and health was despised, now ready to confirm the sentence proclaimed at the dawn of the world's formation, that nothing defiled shall enter the mansions of everlasting bliss.

The truth of the remark, that this

world is a stage and men are actors, is most forcibly brought to your notice by the passing events of the day. The aspirations of the human mind, the corruptions of government, the intrigues of statesmen, the defalcations of public servants, the general desire to acquire power, accumulate filthy lucre without giving the equivalent honest labor, all these considerations cannot fail to impress you with the necessity there exists for those bound by the saving bond of Catholic faith, to try and cement that tie of brotherly love the more firmly, by association, by an earnest coöperation to stem the tide of pollution and iniquity swelling so strongly, and apparently able to sweep every vestige of truth and virtue from your midst.

Show therefore, possessing as you do the authority founded on the promise made that even the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church, and bound as you should be in works of benevolence and charity—show an example worthy of imitation. Go forth armed with the Ithurian spear of grace, the touch of which will discover the lurking foe and drive him away disarmed and crestfallen.

The secret of success lies in the motto of the ancients, "Nosce teipsum." Know thyself.

Study thoroughly the state of your affairs, like a skilful mariner take soundings as you sail in the frail bark of life toward the broad ocean of worldly experience. Remember, that your mission is a peculiar one, that you stand alone, friendless.

You must be self-reliant. "Know thyself."

History, both ancient and modern,

presents many striking examples of fickleness of man, the rashness of his enterprises, in success or defeat always the same unsatisfied, restless being, ever intent on schemes, seeking self-aggrandizement, whether in the capacity of an Alexander, mourning over no more worlds to conquer; leading, Cæsar-like, thundering legions to repress and destroy the liberty of his fellow-creatures, or brandishing the bloody dagger of a Brutus exulting in his achievements—it matters not, human frailty is the same wherever the divine authority is not known or acknowledged.

The cry of the rabble at the dawn of the French revolution, "On to the Bastille," is the same to-day, when the bloodthirsty followers of the red flag clamored for the life of the Archbishop of Paris—a sacrifice which God deemed necessary to permit, to show this material age of scepticism and doubt that communistic sins required to be effaced in the blood of a saintly prelate.

Yes, human nature, debased man intoxicated with power, struts backward and forward, flaunting his supposed authority in the face of the world, upheld, it may be, by a hungry, idle, dishonest rabble, as was Mirabeau, when he exclaimed to the King's deputy, who requested the Citizen Assembly to disperse, "Go, tell your master, that we sit here by the power of the people, and we are only to be driven out by the bayonet."

He says not we are here by authority; no, for they had none, and by the bayonet they were driven out, first by Lafayette, and finally by the Corsican, who in turn, inebriated with power,

sought to thrust his self-constituted, but admittedly dearly bought control, against the infallible authority of the Vatican. His power was set aside, Waterloo and St. Helena tell the tale, and Chiselhurst has received the dying breath of the last of his race likely ever to wear the imperial purple, while the authority of Rome has never failed, never ceases, ever continues old in years, young in vigor.

The world has witnessed the careers of her Attilas and Napoleons, but knows them no more.

So will it be, before many of you here present shall have received upon your brows the winter chaplet of years. The despot of Germany will have passed. Bismarck will have vanished, only to be traced by the vandalism of war, marked in streaks of blood, devastation, confiscation, and ruin. His power for evil lost.

You can still turn your eyes toward the Eternal City, to gaze with rapture on the benign countenance of the Father, the Universal Church brilliant with serene and heavenly smiles, as he dispenses graces untold and forgiveness unmeasured to his enemies by that authority descended from the throne of God, and not to be relinquished until the archangel's summons shall bring all mankind to the presence of the Supreme Judge, who will demand a true record of how power was used and by what authority.

Reflect, as you turn the pages of history, that temporary notoriety is always in the inverse ratio of permanent celebrity. That which strikes the vulgar and ignorant is not calculated to endure the cool examination of intelligence, and that which satisfies the

intelligent few is not understood by the vulgar multitude.

Every seven or ten years has its vulgar prodigy, but the pantheon of universal history rejects all these popular idols, and consecrates none but truly original minds applied to subjects of substantial and universal interest based on undoubted authority.

From this you can readily infer, that in this great city, where the inducements to political preferences are so many and success at times so easily attained, there exists great but unseen danger of moral destruction and to the intelligent Catholic youngmen of correct principles there should exist a natural abhorrence to affiliate

“Where lowborn baseness wafts perfume to pride.”

Danger truly there is, and you are fully aware of the nature and character of political life and its vicissitudes of fortune. I cannot but believe that the great Shakespeare had a politician as an abuser of authority under mental dissection when, in “Measure for Measure,” he causes Isabella to exclaim,

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength: but it is
tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing
but thunder.
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Dressed in a little brief authority:

Most ignorant of what he's most assured—
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven

As make the angels weep: who with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Society requires your aid in the dissemination of correct views relative to the duty of man toward man. Your influence for good is unlimited, your sphere of usefulness not contracted or curtailed.

Your efforts to aid and encourage one another in well-doing, to show by example that the teachings of wisdom and morality are not mere theories, but in your hands practical evidences of what Catholic young men can do for themselves and the good of the community at large.

By acting in this manner the popular voice and fashionable ideas in favor of infidelity to word and to honor, with the demand for the repudiation of every obligation due on the part of manhood, from a financial act to the annihilation of the solemnity of the marriage tie, will have no effect on your course, and you may be able to check the onward career of many good but misguided young men who are thus acting of their own perverted volition without the slightest semblance of authority. You may hear it said: Very well, but liberty, glorious liberty; you are Americans and by the nature of your birth must indorse the cry of liberty.

True, when it is *liberty* by *authority*, not license by usurpation.

“When once,” says Bossuet, “we have found the means to catch the multitude by the bait of liberty, it

follows blindly, provided it only hears the name."

Another distinguished writer says: "Separate the idea of liberty from that of its end, which is our individual perfecting the good of society and the glory of God, and what is left you under this name? Nothing but a savage instinct."

Woe to him who sees in liberty only a means of oppressing the liberty of others! Woe to him who loves only his own.

Even in the present day you may say of it what La Fontaine has said of true friends: "Nothing more common than the name, nothing more rare than the thing."

Character in your case is power; you cannot therefore afford to listen even aside for a moment to the alarms raised from time to time, for the purpose of getting your attention diverted from the legitimate object you have in view. That object so beautifully expressed in your formula of initiation, the obligation due by works of mercy toward the suffering members.

Herein your authority has given you Faith; that, in the language of Weninger, has bestowed upon the world

science and civilization; hope, that has produced reliance on the goodness of God and stimulates you to further action; whilst Charity, the guardian angel of poor humanity, is the connecting link in your great work of benevolence and fellowship.

Take charity from society, and disorder, bloodshed, discord, and hatred will enter; chaos will ensue, and the efforts toward justice will prove fruitless.

Persevere, and as Schiller sweetly sings,

Have love, not love alone for one!
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Then grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Again you are reminded to persevere. The duty you owe to God calls on you to fervently express your love for the good you have been able to perform, and the duty you owe society demands from you the example of independently and firmly rejecting every doctrine and idea contrary to Catholic faith.

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round bears flowers, ripens seeds, and lets them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting in every nook and corner; and as the wind which prostrates plants is only a sower sowing seeds, planting

some in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room has a thousand memories; every door and window associations.

S T. J O H N.

I'm growing very old ! This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my Master—oft
From Galilee to Juda, yea, that stood
Beneath the Cross, and trembled with His groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets,
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth ;
My ears are dull ; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch ;
My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
God lays His hand upon me ; yea, His *Hand*,
And not His rod. That gentle hand I felt
All those three years, so often pressed in mine
In friendship such as passed a woman's love.

I'm old ! So old I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life ;
But that dead face, and every word He spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I dwell with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years
I was a fisher by the sacred sea,
It was at sunset ! How the tranquil tide
Kissed dreamily the pebbles ! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows kissed the dewy fields,
And then He came and called me ; then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked in my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. There His words

Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh ! what holy walks we had,
Through fairest fields and desolate, dreary wastes ;
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Weary and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore Him. Lord, now *I* am weak
And old and feeble, let me rest on Thee.
So put thine arm around me ; closer still !
How strong Thou art ! The twilight draws apace.
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate ; and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the master waits ; and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends ?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His kingdom ! Aye, 'tis so, 'tis so ;
I know it all, and yet just now I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master. Oh ! how oft I've seen
The touching of His garment bring back strength
To palsied limbs. I feel it has to mine.
Upbear me once more to my Church, once more
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love.
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice,
Just now I think He must be very near,
Coming, I trust to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin, that I can see beyond
And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head,
How dark it is ! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping ? Hush !
My little children. God so loved the world
He gave His Son. So love ye one another,
Love God and man. Amen, now bear me back.

My legacy unto an angry world is this.
 I feel my work is finished, and the streets so full!
 What call the folk my name? The Holy John?
 Nay, they call me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Upon my couch, and open wide
 The eastern window. See, there comes a light
 Like that which broke upon my soul at eve
 When in the dreary isle of Patmos Gabriel came
 And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
 As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
 I know the way! I trod it once before.
 And hark! it is the song the ransomed sing,
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds;
 And that unwritten one—methinks my soul
 Can join it now. But who are these who crowd
 The shining way? Joy! joy! 'tis the eleven,
 With Peter first; how eagerly he looks,
 How bright the smiles on Jesus' face.
 I am the lost. Once more we are all complete,
 To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
 Is next my Master. Oh my Lord, my Lord!
 How bright Thou art, and yet the very same
 I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss. So lift me up, dear Lord
 Unto Thy bosom—there shall I abide.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.—Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical calculation, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy—at all events for a time."

THE HOUSE AND THE HAUNTERS.

BY H. J. C.

Years ago, when Northern Canada had only a half dozen settlements in it, and the vast region known as British North America was travelled only by the adventurous trapper and the agent of the Hudson Bay Company, Pierce O'Malley left a happy home in Ireland to settle at a little French station called Bric-a-lac, away up on the Mackenzie River. Time passed and communication with his relatives suddenly ceased. In vain were letters sent to him through friends in the Canadas and some in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. The answer invariably came back—"Not found." Not found! Was he lost? Was he dead? Old Claude O'Malley, his father, asked himself these questions many and many a night as he sat over his snug parlor fire and listened to the wind moaning in the pines of Carron Hill. But nobody ever came to tell him of the absent one.

On the 12th of October 18—, I was in Quebec awaiting instructions from Bradley and Finch, attorneys and counsellors, of Grafton street, Dublin. I had heard from them by letter a month before, and had come down to the city to await instructions.

At last they came. They were short but specific. Claude O'Malley, Esq., of Carron Hill, Roscommon Co., had died, leaving a last will and testa-

ment in which all his property was conveyed to his son and heir, Pierce O'Malley, of Bric-a-lac when last heard from. Then followed an account of the sudden cessation of correspondence, the letters returned with the suggestive "not found" stamped upon them, the unsuccessful inquiries, the old man's vain regrets, his pining, and his death.

Now I was directed to hunt up this Pierce O'Malley, and inform him of his succession to the property of Carron Hill.

That was no easy task to undertake. Pierce O'Malley at Bric-a-lac when last heard from. That was all. No clew, no hint, no suggestion. The missing man, if still living, might be anywhere between Cape Horn and Baffin's Bay. But I must proceed in search of him at once. My orders were peremptory. First then to Bric-a-lac. He must surely have left some trace of himself there. So I buttoned up my coat, paid the hotel bill, and was off for Montreal in less than an hour.

Two weeks later I was away up north, crouched in a sleigh with ample robes and mufflers of various kinds tucked around me.

The weather was colder than usual even in that high latitude, and the wind

that came tearing over the crust of the snow seemed on the point of overturning pony, sleigh and all. I struggled on however, and one afternoon the pleasant vision of a mean-looking village built between two bare hills burst upon my eyes. This was Bric-a-lac, according to my directions; and here the erratic Pierce O'Malley had taken up his abode prior to disappearing. I stopped at the shanty of a half-breed called Pierre le Bref, whose stature belied his name, and on the morrow began my inquiries. Half a dozen traders of various degrees of surliness informed me that they had known Pierce O'Malley, that he was a foolhardy, shiftless fellow who had made the village too hot for himself, and then had gone farther north. At least they said that was the most likely direction for him to take. No one had seen or heard of him for years. That was all the information Bric-a-lac could supply. My quest was beginning to bear a suspicious resemblance to a wild-goose chase.

Next day however I mustered enough courage to start for Fort Henderson, an English trading station many leagues to the north-west. I succeeded in reaching it, but only to be disappointed. No such man as Pierce O'Malley had ever appeared there. I was told the same thing at Kakalonneck, a Franco-Indian village; at Bedwin Station; at Fort Blank, at every place, in short, where there was a probability of stumbling upon a trace of the missing one. In the February of the next year, after being out in these wild, frozen regions three months, I turned back, disappointed and dispirited. I had left a trading post of

the Hudson Bay Company at morning and was hurrying on to a half-bred village when a storm burst upon me.

No one who has not realized it can understand what a storm means in British North America. A blast of wind, a foot of snow, does not make a storm there.

The day becomes darkened, the wind sweeps over the barren waste with the strength of a tornado, the snow comes down, not in quivering, fluttering flakes, but in heavy showers, closing out of sight the entire landscape and rising foot upon foot above the ground.

In this northern wilderness, where the traveller has no landmark to point out his way, the compass becomes as valuable to him as it does to the mariner. One travels by its direction here, and unless happy chance or long experience conducts him rightly, there is constant danger of his missing his destination and wandering astray in the white, changeless solitudes.

So when the storm came upon me that night on the dreary stretch of snow, I had good reason to look with anxiety to the termination of my journey. My pony was a stanch little beast of great endurance, but the day's toil had wearied him, and the night promised to be wild beyond any we had encountered. Over the white crust of the snow we swept, the sleigh-bells sounding faint and dreary in the growing gloom and the wild rush of the wind. An hour passed and the storm was at its height. It was bitter cold. Under my heavy mufflers I shivered and chilled with every blast, and my limbs were numb and bloodless. My poor pony staggered as the

blasts struck him, and the very sleigh reeled and trembled as they passed. Still we struggled on, but a terrible fear was in my heart, and it was only the strength of despair that supported me. I knew it would be impossible to live through such a night without shelter, I knew that the soft languor which I struggled to resist was the first symptom of death by freezing. Oh, how I prayed and hoped against hope. I knew I was beyond human succor, alone on this wild solitude with not a human being in a hundred miles perhaps, and yet I strove to rally, to think that I might find assistance even there. The storm was waxing fiercer still. The air and earth seemed to be in a perfect whirl of keen, biting wind and drifting snow. My blood seemed frozen in its veins, I could move neither hand nor foot. Then a dark mist came before my eyes and I felt myself sinking under a terrible smothering pressure. I felt that this was death.

Suddenly into my ears came a sound clear and distinct through the roar of the wind, clear and distinct in spite of my failing senses. With a supreme effort I recovered myself and listened. Yes, there it was, coming from afar on the breath of the storm—the tolling of a bell. I could scarcely credit my senses. How impossible to hear a bell in this wilderness, thousands of miles away from civilization. But there was the regular, monotonous ding-dong struggling through the voice of the tempest and rising and falling with the blast. Hope restored animation. The sagacious pony had turned toward the sound when it first reached me, and now I was flying toward it in the very face of the storm.

Louder sounded the bell, and faster it rang out upon the fierce blast, till as I came in sight of a dark mass of buildings rising up before me it suddenly ceased. I was barely able to rein in the tired pony and drag my frozen limbs to the door. The house was a large, rough structure of wood. That was all the masses of snow which clustered around it enabled me to make out. There was no light, nor sound of living being within. I knocked again and again at the heavy door. No answer was returned and as it was no time for ceremony I pushed it open and entered. No one answered the greeting I uttered. Luckily my lucifers were about me and when I struck one I saw that the room was empty and completely bare of furniture. This took me aback somewhat, but I was not one who stopped at trifles, and I at once set about exploring. There was a door in one corner, but when I opened it I saw only another empty room half filled with the snow which was blown in through a yawning crevice in the wall. The floors were damp and rotting, the ceiling was unsteady, and some wooden uprights supporting it shook with every blast. The house was certainly empty. Yet, what of the bell, the tolling of which had brought me there. It was not visible but there must have been some one there to ring it. "Perhaps," thought I, "some wayfarer like myself stopped here and left the place only to return soon."

This supposition satisfied me, and I at once set about providing the comforts I so sorely needed. My first concern was for the pony. When I had installed the poor beast in the

corner and given him some provender to nibble at, I looked around me after material for a fire. There was a large fireplace in the room, and when I approached to examine it I saw with astonishment that a bundle of fagots and some logs had been gathered in it. The discovery was as agreeable as it was surprising, and without more ado I lit a fire and lay down in the grateful warmth, with my blankets folded around me. Outside, the storm still raged and the wind moaned around the corners of the house in a way inexpressibly dismal and dreary. The red light from the burning logs lit up the dark beams at the ceiling and showed poor "Toady," my pony, contentedly munching in the corner. No one can know the blessings of a good fire who has not been on the point of freezing to death as I had. The bare walls and the damp floor were more grateful to me then, than a palace would be at any other moment of my life.

The logs crackled cheerily and the blaze rose and fell and flickered before me. A feeling of drowsiness came over me, induced no doubt by the day's fatigues. I fastened the door, rubbed down "Toady," and laid down before the fire to sleep. I am a heavy sleeper naturally, and that night my slumbers were deeper than usual. But they were not of long duration. I awoke suddenly with the near clang of metal ringing in my ears. I sat upright and looked around me. Everything was just as when I fell asleep. "Toady" was standing in the corner, the fire was burning cheerfully, the storm was still howling without. But it was not the wind I started to hear. It was the

bell I had listened to before, tolling, tolling out upon the wild air and sounding strange and lonely in the whirl of the tempest. It seemed right above me, on the roof of the house, and as I listened to it a strange, indefinable feeling of dread came over me. I had found the house empty; there was no one in it now. Who was ringing the bell in this far, solitary place? I was not superstitious, but I certainly shivered with a fright when, as I rose to my feet, the tolling of the bell died out as suddenly as it had begun. I went to the door and peered out. Nothing there but wind and snow.

Hush! was that not a footstep? I listened. No sound came to my ear but that of the tempest. Convinced that I was mistaken, I turned to go inside again, when suddenly a large black object flew past the opening in the wall, and vanished in the darkness. I admit that a superstitious terror took possession of me then. My limbs shook; the cold sweat stood upon my forehead. Tremblingly I closed the door, and crouched beside the fire. Every moan of the wind sounded weird and ghastly in my ears; every rattle of the loose door startled me. Through the whole night I sat there in dreadful suspense, until the fatigue of the day overcame me, and I fell asleep.

I awoke to find the hazy light of morning streaming into the bare room. The logs had burned up and only a few embers remained for me to gather and fan into a blaze. I was just about to scramble to my feet from among my robes and blankets, when my eye rested upon something that held me for a moment mute and astonished.

with surprise. Right above the fireplace, and cut into the rough wall with a knife, was a name—the name of Pierce O'Malley! Yes, there it was as plain as a jack-knife could make it, Pierce O'Malley! I do not know to what conclusions I might have been led; but conjecture was cut short by a steady crunch, crunch, on the snow outside. As I rose to my feet, the door was opened, and a tall, strange figure, wrapped in skins, stood in the entrance. A dog, large of bulk and stout of limb, appeared at the heels of the new-comer. "Hallo!" cried the stranger, in a bluff, hearty voice. "Hallo! here's a surprise. A traveller, by Jupiter! Taken in the storm, I'll be bound, and furnished with shelter here. Hi, Lurcher!" he continued speaking to the dog; "Lurcher, you've done good service, old fellow. Well, mister, how did you come to roost here?"

I at once gave him an account of my surprise by the storm, my wanderings in the snow, and my rescue through the sound of the bell.

"What puzzles me," said I, "is, how a bell could be heard in this wilderness. And then what is most surprising, it rung while I was here. I am not superstitious, sir, but strange things have happened since I arrived last night. And I told him how I passed the night.

He interrupted my narrative with a loud guffaw, and pushing back the bear-skin hood he wore disclosed a merry red face full of good-humor. When he had stopped laughing I ventured to inquire the cause of his merriment.

"Cause enough," said he. "So you

thought the house was haunted, ha, ha, and saw a black ghost, ha, ha, well, that is good. I'll introduce you, sir, to that dark-hued supernatural. Here, Lurcher. This is the spectre," said he, as the dog came in. "You see," he continued, "you see, I live down in the hollow of the hill, in a snug little hut of my own, and as this old station is in the way of travellers in these parts, I just rigged a bell on the roof to tell any chance passer where shelter can be had. Lurcher here has charge of it, and does the ringing when the storm will not let me stir out. You shall see the bell-rope hanging down when you go outside, and Lurcher will show you how he rings it. But, I say, I am downright glad to see you, sir. It's a good while since any one came along this way. What brought you here?"

"I have been searching for a man through these latitudes for the last year, and strange to say, have not found a trace of him till this morning."

"This morning! Where?"

"There," said I, pointing to the name on the wall. "Pierce O'Malley, that's the man?"

My visitor turned his keen gray eyes upon me searchingly, as I said this, and with a surprised look in his face.

"What do you want with Pierce O'Malley?" he asked.

"Only to tell him that there is an Irish estate waiting for him. His father died a year ago, leaving him all he had. Since that I have—"

But the actions of the stranger stopped me. His face became ghastly, and sinking down upon the floor he put his hands before his eyes and sobbed

like a child. A strange suspicion came into my mind.

"Why is this, sir?" I asked. "Does my mention of O'Malley's death affect you thus?"

"Yes, yes, yes," he moaned. "For I am O'Malley's profligate son Pierce. Poor father. Poor old man." And the big, brawny fellow wept bitter tears. And so my strange adventure ended as curiously as it had begun seriously. Pierce O'Malley had found it expedient to keep clear of the settlement, and so he had lived at this strange, wild place, hunting and fishing all the year round. Singularly enough he grew to like his solitary life, and it was with difficulty I induced him to

give it over and accompany me. As we left the place Lurcher gave the old bell cord a twist and set the brazen tongue vibrating. Toll, toll, it rung in the solitude, and I turned with a deep feeling of gratitude to take leave of the dented old metal which had saved my life.

Pierce O'Malley went home to take possession of his inheritance, but he did not stay there long. Life without adventure had no charm for him. He sold the property of Carron Hill and joined the army. What became of him I never learned, but I saw in the list of officers killed in Ashantee the name of P. O'Malley, Captain. Perhaps it was he.

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.—*Counsels for Life*

A RIDE AT NIGHT.

Such nights heaven crowns the earth with! It is hard
To sit at home by daylight and describe
The splendor and the ghostliness and calm.
One needs the great moon beating on his brows,
And the keen starlight glittering in his brain,
To fuse the *thing* into the symbol-word.

As rode we to her home, the day was dying
Into immortal evening in the West,
And the first stars began to faintly shine,
Like the first viols of an orchestra
Touched softly, one by one; or like fair thoughts
Brightening within us when we look toward God.
Then it was dark—the violet twilight died,
And, star to star I pointed her young eyes,
Naming the constellations; telling how
The olden ages had been marked on them
Only like hours upon the dial's face.
Adam and Jacob, Job, Isaiah, John,
Had climbed in thought to Heaven by those same stars,
The very horses 'neath us, in their pace—
The dumb, strong, faithful creatures—seemed to feel
The solemn spell of Night, nor curvetted,
Nor sluggish loitered; stepping free and high,
As in the pomp of some old pageantry.

When we had reached the house I sat an hour,
Waiting for moonrise; watching her long curls
With the babe grasping for them, and her glee
As she became a child to meet his play.
At last I left her standing in the porch—
The lighted candle touching her with light
Like a Madonna—and set on my way
Homeward, alone; into the solemn night,
Into the desolate splendor, where the moon

Rose slowly, queen-like, sorrowful. Below
The silent land lay dim, yet visible
In the white ghost-like glimmer, as a dream,
Or a dim memory of some splendid day ;
Or like a life from which the joy is gone,
Leaving it still and patient, sad and fair.

My path led through the wide and barren fields—
No sound, no moving thing, save the slight noise
The hoofs made, and my shadow following on,
Joined to the horse's shadow, like the ghost
Of a Greek centaur guarding me along.
The moon, not high enough to quench the stars,
Broke like a surf of silver on the clouds—
White poising clouds, like soft and snowy wings,
Which the earth spreads to sail around the sun.
The hollow vault above grew vast, a depth
Unfathomable, only its expanse
Lit glimmeringly with stars ; and I below,
A speck unnoticed, insignificant,
Creeping my little way across the land ;
Living within the brain a life whose size
Expanded through the endless universe,
Lifting a nebulous atmosphere of thought
From world to world, from creature up to God ;
In outward state the least of mammals, yet
Youngest of the Immortals, heir of Heaven !

Upon the hill I paused : O gentle night,
How beautiful ! The regent moon looked on—
Enchantress, that with winds, like waving hands,
And fixed, mesmeric gaze, had woven a spell,
And watched its grand completion. In the vale
The village seemed, with its white cottages,
A fold with white flocks clustering ; while the trees
Stood motionless, like shepherds watching them.
A town of dreamers ! Each has gone to sleep,
Trusting in some self-power—his weapons near,
Or his well-fastened doors, or fearless strength.
Blind dreamers ! Never thinking how they lie,
Safe folded in the Father-arms of God.

At home I stood, leaning across the neck
Of the dumb animal that loved my arm—

Poor creatures! all the toil and load of life,
 And not for them the starlight and its hopes.
 It seemed impossible to go to rest;
 To shut sleep's doors upon the tingling brain
 And leave that universe of mystery
 With eager, burning fingers beckoning
 Our drowsy souls, and none to watch or wait.
 With awed and solemn heart I turned away,
 Lingered but erst to watch where, in the west,
 A silent meteor slowly fell afar,
 As though, a-tread the garden walks of heaven,
 Some musing angel had let fall a flower.

A SPECIMEN OF CHEAP LIVING.

It is now Saturday afternoon, and I will tell you in confidence a little of my personal private experience during the past week. On Sunday morning last I thought I would try, for a week, the experiment of living cheaply. Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper. Monday breakfast, two cents' worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. For dinner, two cents' worth of whole wheat, boiled, with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. Wednesday breakfast, hominy made of Southern corn, (perhaps the best of all food for laboring men in hot weather), two cents' worth, with one cent's worth of syrup. For dinner, a splendid beef-stew, the meat of which cost two cents. A little extravagant, you see. But then, you know, "a short life and a merry one." Perhaps you don't believe that the meat was purchased for two cents. But it was, though. The fact is, that from an ox weighing 800 pounds net, you can purchase certain parts weighing about 100 pounds, for three cents per pound. Two-thirds of a pound make more stews than I could eat. There was really enough for two of us. But then, you know how careless and reckless we Americans are in regard to our table expenses, always getting twice as much as we need. I must not forget to say that these coarse, cheap portions of the animal are the best for a stew. The very genius of waste seemed to have taken possession of me on that fatal day. I poured into my stew all at once, slapdash, a quarter

of a cent's worth of Worcestershire sauce, and as if to show that it never rains but it pours, I closed that gluttonous scene by devouring a cent's worth of hominy pudding. Food for Wednesday, eight and a quarter cents. The gross excess of Wednesday led to a very moderate Thursday breakfast, which consisted of oatmeal porridge and milk, costing about two and a half cents. For dinner, cracked wheat and baked beans, two cents' worth of each, milk, one cent's worth. Food for Thursday cost seven and a half cents. Friday breakfast, Southern hulled corn and milk, costing three cents. For dinner, another of those gourmand surfeits which so disgraced the history of Wednesday. Expenses for the day eight and a quarter cents. This morning, when I went to the table, I said to myself, "What's the use of this economy?" And I made up my mind that for this day at least I would sink all moral restraints, and give up the reins to appetite. I have no apology or defence for what followed. Saturday breakfast, I began with one cent's worth of oatmeal porridge, with a teaspoonful of sugar, worth a quarter of a cent; then followed a cent's worth of cracked wheat, with half a cent's worth of milk, then the breakfast closed with two cents' worth of milk and one cent's worth of rye and Indian bread. For dinner I ate half of a small lobster, which cost three cents, and one cent's worth of coarse bread, and one cent's worth of hominy salad, and closed with two cents' worth of cracked wheat and milk. Cost of the day's food, twelve and three-quarter cents. In all these statements only the cost of material is given.

Cost for the week *fifty-four and a*

quarter cents. Of course, I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides on three days, I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dulness. But then I may plead that I worked very hard, and really need a good deal more food than idlers. . . . By the way, I weighed myself at the beginning of the week, and found that it was just two hundred and twelve pounds. Since dinner to-day I weighed again, and found that I balanced two hundred and twelve and a half pounds, although it has been a week of warm weather, and I have had unusual demands for exertion of various kinds.

But let me feed a family of ten, instead of one person, and I will give them the highest health and strength upon a diet which will cost not much more than two dollars, for the ten persons, for a week. Let me transfer my experiment to the far West, where wheat, corn, oats and beef are so cheap and the cost of feeding my family of ten would be so ridiculous that I dares not mention it, lest you laugh at me. And so far from my family group being one of ghosts or skeletons, I will engage that they shall be plumper and stronger, healthier and happier, with clearer skins, brighter eyes, sweeter breath, whiter teeth, and, in addition, that they shall live longer than your Delmonico diners, each of whom spends enough at a single dinner to feed my family of ten for a week. And last, but not least, they shall enjoy their meals more than your Delmonico diners.—*Dr. D. Lewis.*

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

ited Italy under Emmanuel shall
e ecclesiastical cesspool in which
owed so long, to take her place
ations." We read these words
ist journal shortly after the oc-
he Quirinal and the desecration
Convents. The expletives were
gorous, but they fitly represented
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ress. A year has passed, and
7 has had time to accomplish
d resurrection, and yet rumor
r condition as one intrinsically

In our last issue we took occa-
from an Italian paper a little in-
concerning the state of affairs in
cities. More recent accounts

us which may serve further to
d of fruits Emmanuel's rule has

Roman correspondent of the
no has collected from the Italian
od deal of information bearing
ter.

itto of Modena," says he, "an-
in-consequence of the fearful
uffering in this city, the Arch-
ordered the daily distribution
h of a hundred dinners to the
ena." The *Pungolo* of Vaprio
mbardy, (Liberal) of April 19,
working men of the manufac-
ing to Duke Visconti di Mad-
to the high price of food, have
eir intention of getting up a
iately, unless they receive an in-
ary." The *Gazzetta di Parma*
ys: "On April 18, we had a
this city. A crowd of women
assembled before the municipal
shouted, 'We want bread,
fteen centimes the pound.'" *di Brescia* announces that "the
is city is becoming alarming.

Hundreds of families now only take one
meal in forty-eight hours (*non mangiano che
una volta in ogni 48 ore.*)" The *Pungolo* of
Catanea, Sicily, says: "The workmen be-
longing to the tobacco factory are on a
strike." "The misery in Milan," says the
official *Lombardia*, "is terrible," and a Roman
paper announces that it can no longer keep
count of the people who fall exhausted from
the effects of starvation in the streets.
"The people of Parma," remarks the *Par-
megiano*, "are still in a state of insurbordina-
tion. The bread riot continues, and addi-
tional troops have been sent to preserve
order." Genoa, one of the richest cities in
the world, where a beggar used to be as rare
as a white fly, is suffering also, but in much
less degree. Venice also, but at Venice
there is money. In Naples the famine is
threatening, but scarcely as yet declared.
Bologna is suffering cruelly, and Ferrara,
Cento, and all the Adriatic cities, are in a de-
plorable condition. No wonder "King
Victor Emmanuel reflects much." The *Lib-
erta* of Rome, speaking about the terrible in-
crease of misery in that city, and in Italy in
general, tells the following facts: "The
other morning a poor dying man was found
dying of starvation in the Via Giulio Ro-
mano. At twelve o'clock the same day a poor
man was discovered in the most terrible dis-
tress in the Via Botteghe Oscure. He had
not tasted food for forty hours. Last night
a youth was found dying of hunger in the
Via Zucchelle. All these cases occurred in
less than fifty hours, but they are not the
only ones. There are many others, but we
cannot now record them." Another Roman
paper says that "in one week last month six
persons were found starving to death in a
city where, up to 1870, such a death was un-
known." The "famine," for such the Ital-
ian papers call it, has taken such proportions

at Brescia that public subscriptions are opened for the relief of the unfortunate people. The clergy have already subscribed thirty thousand francs. At Cremona there has been a riot in consequence of the scarcity of food, and people fear that during the summer the distress will become even more alarming. The *Liberta*, an Italian Liberal organ, thus describes the condition of Palermo: "Imagine a vast and well-organized army of thieves, cut-throats and murderers invading the whole country, with whom are associated bands of dissatisfied workmen deputed to spy and watch the police in order to notify them to their friends the brigands. It is impossible in Sicily now to know who is and who is not a brigand. They belong to every class of society; you meet them at the theatre, in the cafés, in short, everywhere, even in church. In some places they steal cattle, and unless it is ransomed, immediately put it to death, and send the tails to the owners. Sometimes they menace a wholesale massacre of the live stock on a farm, and unless it is immediately ransomed, ten to one, the farmers will find the threat speedily realized. The state of the country is such that people dare not go abroad in daylight beyond the city walls, unless armed and in bodies of six or seven together. Agriculture is stopped, and misery is so great that people dread a famine or a revolution. If your readers do not believe me, I assure you I have underrated the terrible state of our Sicilian provinces, and invite them to come and see for themselves."

We would infer from these accounts that United Italy's resurrection from the "ecclesiastical cesspool" has not been such a great and glorious thing after all. Our un-Catholic neighbors used to take a pathetic interest in Italy when they had the chance of pitying her "priest-ridden" condition, perhaps they might now expend their sympathy to better effect. We remember what pains some of our contemporaries took to impress upon every one the supreme satisfaction that would result from the union of the Italian States under Emmanuel. Certainly the Italian people must experience a lively sense of gratitude toward those persons who foisted upon them a government which is not eccle-

siastical but which has an unhappy knack of taking the bread from their mouths.

The Pagan character of the age's civilization has asserted itself more strongly than ever in the rehabilitated scheme of cremation. The teachers of the doctrine of natural selection and of other man-degrading notions, may find this new idea very favorable to the development of their pet theories. The dignity of man, his superiority to the rest of God's creatures in the possession of an immortal soul, it is these attributes of his that this new chimera is assailing. Degrade humanity to the level of the brute, lower still, make it dull, senseless clay, unsuggestive of the soul which animated it, and the result at which cremationists in common with Darwinians are aiming will be attained. People accept the utterances of the infidel press on this cremation scheme in good faith and without suspecting the covert and insidious end its proposers have, but when they give the matter closer scrutiny they cannot but see that Christianity itself is being attacked in one of the holiest obligations it imposes. The hope dear to every one of mixing his ashes with the sod which the church has consecrated and whence he is to come on the last day with reunited body and soul to await the judgment of the Almighty, this is to be taken from us at the behest of scientists, and our mortal remains are to be consumed as the stubble of the field. Of course there are reasons given us for this proposed scheme, and some that seem plausible enough, but when was it otherwise? Satan never labels his wares "poison;" they are always done up in attractive parcels with innocent names tacked to them. And so the cremation of the body, although it may at first seem judicious, if repugnant to our feelings, has its evil purpose no less than a good many of the apparently harmless novelties of the day. Reverence for the dead is a strong religious impulse, the cemetery is hardly less sacred than the church, and when we lose these, the cold, irreverent doctrines of the day will indeed find us not all unwilling to receive them.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

THE HOLY FATHER AND VICTOR EMMANUEL'S ANNIVERSARY.—An extraordinary and most unexpected token of sympathy for the Holy Father was manifested on King Victor Emmanuel's anniversary by the Roman aristocracy. All the most eminent nobles spontaneously presented themselves at the Vatican and paid homage to Pius IX. At mid-day, when the Holy Father entered the Hall of the Consistory, he found it filled by numbers of the Roman princes and gentlemen, who came to manifest their love and obedience. The Prince of Carignano read an address on the part of those present, in reply to which the Pope described the persecution the Church was undergoing in various countries, and said it seemed to him that there is now a repetition of the extraordinary fact recorded in the history of Job, when liberty was given to Satan to traverse the earth.

The pilgrimage to Rome takes the "Peter's pence" contributions.

Another faithful servant and devoted friend of Pius IX has passed away. Prince Dominic Orsini, the chief of that ancient and illustrious Italian family, died at Rome, on April 15, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a man of most exalted piety and indefatigable charity. His sons and daughters and their children are all of them distinguished for their truly Christian sentiments and rectitude of character. The death of this gentleman has occasioned great sorrow to his Holiness.

Referring to the meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops in Cincinnati, O., the *Catholic Telegraph* repeats the rumor in well-informed circles that the new Metropolitan Sees are

to be Boston, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, and Santa Fé, New Mexico, if the Holy Father so please. The prelates at the convention were the Archbishops of Baltimore, Cincinnati, New York, and St. Louis, also the Bishops of Covington, Boston, Philadelphia, Louisville, Cleveland, Pittsburgh. Amongst the other recommendations likely to be made to the Holy See, are the elevation of Denver to a diocese, and that a new Vicariate Apostolic shall be added to the Province of New Mexico.

His Holiness has received several times Cardinal Regnier, Archbishop of Cambrai, France, who is at present in Rome, staying at the French Embassy. The Cardinal has presented his Holiness with the large sum of 250,000 francs for Peter's pence. His Eminence has also brought two golden crowns to be blessed, which are subsequently to be presented to the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Lille. Mgr. Mabile, Bishop of Versailles, is here also, and was received recently in an especial audience of considerable length. The Holy Father was indeed delighted to see this venerable prelate who has so long served the Church, and spoke to him about France with much sympathy, saying, "I always pray for your country and entreat God to bless her children, and I trust the day is not distant when she will recover her pristine glory." Mgr. Mabile presented the Pope with 75,000 francs as Peter's pence.

The Holy Father, with that paternal care which distinguishes his government of the Universal Church, has provided for the Church in Australia. Two suffragan bishops have been appointed for that distant mission, and to the credit of Ireland both are chosen from that land. The Rev. Jno. O'Connor and Dr. Fortune are their names.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IS FOOD OR DRINK MOST ESSENTIAL?—A Pennsylvania paper, the *Hanover Spectator*, reports that a stone-cutter named Peter Breitler, of Gettysburg, whose mind for the last year or two has been considerably affected, had steadily refused to partake of a morsel of food for a period of fifty-eight days up to Tuesday, its latest date, only sustaining life during this period by drinking small quantities of cold water. There is said to be a case on record in which a man lived eighty days without partaking of food. Breitler, being in reduced circumstances, was an inmate of the Adams County Almshouse for some months, and while there, he asserts, some supernatural influence or personage told him he ought not to eat, and he has since stubbornly persisted in refusing to allow any food whatever to enter his mouth.

On the other hand, the *Montpelier Argus* says that ten years ago Timothy Wheeler, of Waterbury Centre, Vt., adopted a strictly vegetarian diet, and five years ago became impressed that nature did not require so much liquid to quench thirst as is commonly used. The result has been that the first year thereafter he went 38 days without taking any liquids into his system, the second year 70 days, the third 130, the fourth 170, and up to Thursday of last week he had gone 238 days in the fifth year without drinking anything whatsoever.

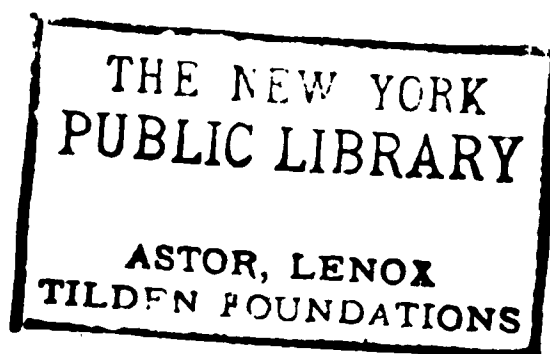
The Hoosac Tunnel is certainly approaching completion, the operations of the contractors now being practically confined to the western end and section. Between the east end and the central shaft only twenty men are now employed in clearing out the loose rock remaining in the bottom. In this sec-

tion the work remaining to be done is to construct the central drain and to lay the permanent track. Between the tunnel portal and the railroad station, a distance of about two-thirds of a mile, the road bed is substantially ready to receive the ballast.

Paniconography is the name given to acid engravings on zinc, patented last July. It is a cheap substitute for wood engraving, and reasonably fine impressions are already shown by what is called the Ringwalt Process. The advantages claimed for it are that zinc furnishes a good printing surface and prevents the warping and shrinkage incident to wood blocks. A surface of zinc, it has been discovered, can very readily be made obedient to the chemical manipulations of any artist, and that in this way he can engrave any desired object. M. Gillot, of France, is the discoverer of Paniconography.

The error in the line of the Mont Cenis tunnel when the headings were brought together, was half a yard, or about an inch to every thousand feet, while at Hoosac, the whole variation was nine sixteenths of an inch, or less than one-sixteenth to the thousand feet.

A novel adaptation of electricity has just been applied to several of the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company. By a very simple piece of mechanism placed under each seat of the passengers a tell-tale or dial is made to register the number of the passengers entering the carriage and the distance which each travels. It is the invention of Sir Charles Wheatstone.





"She stood in the moonlight pale and wan" — *The Lady Edith*.

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

VOL. X.—JULY, 1874.—No. 61.

MADAME DE SWETCHINE.

People suppose, and there are grounds for their supposition, that the days of conversation ended before our century began. Of course they do not speak of the every-day chit-chat most mortals indulge in, or the thousand and one frivolities that constitute the parlor gossip of the times, but of that conversation which became an art and carried with it a power, a charm, an importance that had no hedged limits, but transcended the commonly accepted social influences, and controlled taste, opinion, and not unfrequently politics. Now-a-days we do not set such value by the ready tongue and sharp wit as formerly. The arena for tongue tilts has been shifted from the *salon* to the lobbies of senates or the halls of institutes wherein the day's issues are to be discussed and decided. Save for the mere exchange of civilities which social forms prescribe, the drawing-room has entirely lost its uses. Certain it is that its prestige as a power in Church, state, or work-room, has long passed away. People who spend all their time in business concerns prefer to find information on all current events detailed for them in the daily papers, to the laborious way that once prevailed of gathering it up piecemeal at the *salons* of the evening, and so to the press mainly is due the decline of conversation as an art and as an influence. However, to go back to the opening sentence, people are wrong in supposing that our own century had not its brilliant and *recherché* evening gatherings in the *salons* of the witty and wise. Remember Madame de Staël, the queen of conversationalists, was a contemporary of our fathers, and of a good many of ourselves. And there was one other woman who involuntarily sustained the old-time rule in its last hours, and brought around her the most brilliant talkers and the profoundest thinkers of the day.

Madame de Swetchine's singular prestige came from her own intrinsic merits, not from any influence which circumstances might bring about her. She was a woman who shrank from the gaze of the world and who sedulously avoided intruding her presence or opinions upon society, but who, nevertheless, was sought by admirers not only eminent by their own talents, but eager to improve the opinions they held by comparison with hers. It may easily be imagined that the woman was possessed of a rare genius who could hold an ascendancy over the great De Staël herself, no less than over Montalembert, Cuvier, De Maistre and Broglie. Yet this thing

was done in the world of Paris by one who was a foreigner to its people and a stranger to its ways; one whose faith was old, rigid, and unfashionable; one who with singular modesty wrote nothing to keep her memory living, and said nothing that she wished the public to pass upon: it was done in short by this Madame de Swetchine.

Sophie Soymonoff was her maiden name, and she was born in Russia on the 4th of December, 1782. Of noble extraction and fine qualities of mind and person, she soon attracted attention in the society of the Czar's capital. General de Swetchine, the military governor of St. Petersburg, was charmed by the girl's beauty and wit; he paid suit to her, and led her to the altar when she was seventeen years of age.

Of course Sophie was educated in the established Greek religion, but to a mind like hers the miserable pretence and shifting authority which characterizes that creed, and above all, its submission to the will of an imperial layman, were exceedingly obnoxious. Losing faith in it, the only form of worship she had ever seen practised, meant a loss of belief in all religion. The delusive arguments of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau had reached even the steppes of Russia, and the young girl, intelligent but immature, soon adopted their errors. She was not wilful, or opinionative, or vain. She was only hasty. She looked upon the church of her fathers, and she saw in it pure doctrines and beautiful maxims, but lowered and degraded by a dependence upon an authority which could have no claim to spiritual ascendancy, and which too often sacrificed faith to policy. What was such a religion but a grand

sham? She hastened to abandon it; but where else would she turn? As Père Lacordaire aptly said, "She was six hundred leagues from St. Peter's, and a thousand years from the true faith." She had read Voltaire; she had heard the arguments of some kindred spirits. Rationalism alone presented itself. She could at least find temporary relief from her doubts where there was nothing to believe. So she fancied; but happily her mind was stronger, more eager, further-reaching, than she supposed. She read still, she studied much, but nothing offered that could divert her from error, or point out the abyss on whose dizzy brink she stood. But Providence had provided an instrument for carrying out its wise purposes in the person of Count de Maistre, the ambassador of a dethroned and exiled emperor.

He came to St. Petersburg, a man whose rare endowments were united to a deep strength of purpose and beautiful purity of heart. He had lived to see men's minds debauched by the vilest errors, their hearts depraved by the foulest passions, and he had left the country whose sins he deplored but whose interests he loved to defend, with a harrowed mind, but one ready to seek consolation in the accomplishment of any good that chance might throw in his way.

He came to St. Petersburg, thinking to find in the society of native rulers and foreign diplomates no surcease of dissatisfaction with the wayward spirit of the world, and naught in the men of courts, or in women either, to afford him consolation and hope. Surprised he was in this capital of St. Petersburg by the awful prestige of a despot's

authority overshadowing it, and putting under ban the spirit of free inquiry which could spring up in any bosom only to wither there; surprised he was to meet a young woman who was as superior to the society around her in talents, as she was in purity of life. He studied this character which had been, it seemed to him, developed in an atmosphere uncongenial to its growth, and he noted with anxiety how these unfavorable conditions had stunted and distorted it.

From the moment when Monsieur de Maistre met Madame de Swetchine, there sprung up in the heart of the generous Count an all-absorbing desire to give to this stray flower a genial air and a friendly soil. He had studied human nature to good purpose, and he knew the doubts that had assailed that young mind and the difficulties which turned it from the truth; so he determined within himself to solve the one and remove the others.

He conversed with her, time and again, about the doubts that troubled her; he brought to his assistance all the resources of a deep and polished mind; and when compelled to leave her and return to France, he continued by letter the controversy, and prepared those convincing arguments which have since reached the light between the covers of a book. The good Count's efforts were at last crowned with success. Madame de Swetchine recognized in the Catholic Church the one true tabernacle of faith, the only real conservator of law and morals. Her trust in it was strong, deep, and sincere. She had hurried to no conclusions and admitted no hypotheses. Step by step she had approached, closely examining

the footing as she went, and now she knew that no doubt could ever arise of her security.

Her reason having been satisfied, there remained no obstacle to her profession of the Catholic faith other than the intolerance of her imperial master. Conversion from the Greek church to the Latin was held a treasonable offence, and the emperor's direct supervision of her family's affairs and her own made any open declaration of her intentions extremely hazardous. So she remained for a time in a state of anxious suspense, awaiting an opportunity to declare herself, and enduring a situation which was extremely grievous to one like her.

At last she applied to the Emperor Alexander for permission to reside in France. It was accorded, and Madame de Swetchine when in the thirty-fourth year of her age made her appearance in the polite capital of the world, to achieve an ascendancy over its brightest minds, and to set its gay, giddy people a model of purity of life.

In the admirable funeral oration Père Lacordaire delivered over her remains, he set off so admirably the great mission she was called to, that we must quote him here:

"It is not without a purpose that God draws to himself a creature condemned to error by all the ties of family and country, and transports her far away to a foreign capital in the midst of a new people. Much less so is it when this grace falls on a choice intelligence, placed in the first ranks of society, and who unites in herself all the gifts of nature and all those of the world. Paris since 1750 had been the centre of the European mind. It had,

by half a century's crusade against Christ, drawn the nations from those old certainties to which they owed their existence. An unheard of revolution had been the chastisement of this fault, a chastisement so much the more remarkable, as France had invoked just principles, conformed to its ancient traditions, and as it was the defect of a superior light to restrain herself, that she had traversed everything with a devastating impetuosity. She had remained faithful only to her sword, and still after twenty-five years of victory, worthy of her happiest days, she had just succumbed by excess in the battlefield, and twice the foreigner had soiled with his presence that superb city, the mistress, by the ascendancy of her intelligence, of the modern world. It was thither, on the day after its reverses, that Providence conducted Madame de Swetchine. The question was to know if France, aware of the need she had of God to reconstruct her, would hear the voice of her misfortunes; if recalled to her ancient kings, and reconciled in her old temples, she would consent to be again Christian, in order to give her liberty the sanction of the faith which had always guided and always served her.

“Few minds in either camp discerned this relation of Christianity with the institutions of a liberally governed people. The example of England, where the church had always supported the commons, said but little to the publicists who were the most charmed with her Parliament. Madame de Swetchine herself had had, in the author of ‘*Considérations sur la France*,’ a master who saw plainly the vices of the French revolution, but who, without betraying civil and political liberty, did not well comprehend, perhaps, either all its necessity or all its future. Happily she had lived under absolute power; she had had under her eyes for nearly forty-years a Christian church in a servile land, and this lesson could not be lost on a mind as true as hers. The evils of liberty are great among a people who do not know how to measure it, who at every moment refuse it by jealousy, or go beyond it through inexperience. But these evils, great as they may be, belong to the apprenticeship of liberty and not to its essence; they still leave it daylight, space, and life, a resource for the feeble, a hope for the vanquished, and above all the sacred emulation of good against evil. Under despotism good and evil sleep on the same pillow; souls are invaded by a dull degeneracy because they have no longer a struggle to sustain, and Christianity itself, a protected victim, expiates in unspeakable humiliations the benefits of its peace. Madame de Swetchine saw this. Her great heart was full of this when she entered Paris, and amid the roar of tempests she knelt, for the first time in her life, at altars combated, but esteemed. It is necessary to have suffered for liberty of faith to know its price. It is necessary to have passed under the gibbets of schism, to be able fully to know what it is to breathe the atmosphere of truth. How often have I seen Madame de Swetchine's eyes fill with tears at the thought that she was in a Catholic country! How often has she been inwardly moved at seeing a good priest, a good religious, a good brother of the Christian Schools, in a word, our Lord's image on a sincere

brow or in a virtuous life! Ah! this it is which here we never lose. We can dishonor I know not how many human and even divine things; but in the shipwreck Christ remains visible to us in many who worthily love and serve him.

“The life of Madame de Swetchine, during the forty years she passed in our midst, was one continual thanksgiving. More than once, under a reign of persecution like that of the Emperor Nicholas, she had fears for the security of her sojourn in France. Once, notwithstanding her great age, she believed it necessary not to leave it to the zeal even of her most tried friends, and rushed to St. Petersburg to implore the forgetfulness of the Czar. God still saved her. She had acquired such a prestige, that it might be said that she represented at Paris the honor and intelligence of Russia, and this, it is probable, was what, in the most difficult times, saved her from being recalled.”

Père Lacordaire was himself a friend of Madame de Swetchine's, and none knew better how eminently fitted she was to fill the functions to which Providence called her. He saw her entering Paris, a stranger living under the shadow of a power which manifested itself outwardly a thousand leagues away, but which had in the heart of the French capital its influence well established. He saw this woman coming, not in the heyday of youth and beauty, but at that period when maturity imparts a more sober but a stronger tone to the brilliant capacities which have been developing and when experience lends weight to judgment.

Society suddenly seemed to feel that

a day of awakening from one of its chronic stupors had come, and that this strange woman's genius was the counter opiate to be used. Every one received her. The most aristocratic circles opened to make room for her. The profoundest thinkers, the smartest wits, the most brilliant conversationalists gathered around her, and from her modest seat in her *salon* Madame de Swetchine for almost forty years held a pure and holy ascendancy over French society. She did more good than her warmest eulogist can know of. The Gospel was losing hold upon some; she restored its influence. Men were wavering on the brink of doubt; she restored their confidence in the faith! for had not she wavered as they had and struggled through the abyss of error? Her faith was pure and simple, but binding; it was not cut upon fashion nor affected by the mutations of opinion. Surely the example she set was salutary, and as surely was it studied and appreciated.

She lived her life without appearing on any rostrum or writing on any page; but the work she accomplished few who write and speak would dare essay, and fewer still achieve. It is nearly twenty years since Madame de Swetchine died, and the sudden and wondrous social agitations of later days have partially obliterated the traces of her works. But a name like hers does not pass away. It is embalmed in the proper myrrh for such memories—a nation's gratitude.

There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.—*Seneca*.

THE SONG-PRAYER.

BY JAMES B. FISHER.

[M. Clement Duvernois relates a strange incident that occurred during his rambles through the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. He passed by a young lady in deep mourning, kneeling at a grave, singing "Casta Diva" with apparent devotion. He listened, and found that his ears had not deceived him. The young lady, to his astonishment, said, "You are perhaps surprised to hear me singing 'Norma' in such a place. But my mother sleeps below in that tomb; she used to love to hear me sing that opera, and I come here every day to sing it to her."]

The stranger paused in the cypress gloom where no errant sunbeam strayed,
And bent his ear to the swelling notes that stole through the sacred shade.
Below was the green of the Summer time and above was the twilight haze,
And the crimson ray of the parting day still fell on Père-Lachaise.

It was strange in the peace of the dead's retreat, in the dusk of the sacred sod,
Where each marble slab was graven o'er with the judgment word of God,
To hear through the saddened silences the notes of the opera sung,
Till the place of graves with the lengthened staves and the wild cadenzas rung.

The stranger parted the leafy screen and looked on a lonely mound,
Where a maiden fair with eyes of prayer knelt low on the dampened ground;
And sweet were the strains she ceaseless poured on the breath of the listening air,
Yet it seemed a crime that "Norma's" rhyme should waken the stillness there.

The stranger passed from the cypress shade and stood in the lonesome place;
With a sad surprise in her startled eyes she looked upon his face,
Then turned from the simple tablet's side with a fond, reluctant sigh,
And stood in the gray of the dying day with tearful cheek and eye.

"I sing," she said, and she wept the while, "I sing to the dead alone,
For these notes were dear to my mother's ear and she sleeps beneath this stone;
She loved the strain when her life was full and our joy-day had not set,
So I sing each day the old-time lay, and I think she hears me yet."

O love of loves that sweetens pain, and gives to the heart distressed
A purpose high to sanctify and make an action blessed!
Perhaps the strain made consecrate by the depth of a daughter's love,
Was as sweet and fair as the pure heart's prayer to the ear of Him above.

A CHAPTER ON CREMATION.*

The secret of society's flippant treatment of grave subjects lies in the fact that people now-a-days are heedless and impulsive in accepting novelties and putting faith in them. Half truths pass current as perfect; and if falsehood, however dangerous, assume an appearance of honesty and frankness, there is little chance of the impostures being detected. No matter how serious are the questions brought to their notice, people will rest content with eying the surface without looking further and seeing of what they are made. And, strange enough, they are the things that most concern them which they most cursorily dispose of, and which they care to read about without reflection and without discrimination. Ruskin says, in one of his books, that people who travel over land and sea to behold remarkable scenic beauties, hardly ever notice the loveliest scenery in the world—the scenery of cloud land—just above their heads; and so a great many, who at least make some pretence of looking into matters foreign to their personal interests, totally ignore such as immediately concern them.

Here is the subject of "Cremation," which several popular dailies have been agitating. A great many have read

* "The Christian Cemetery in the Nineteenth Century; or, The Last War-cry of the Communists." By Monseigneur Gaume. Benziger Brothers. 1874.

them, and either treated the matter as a joke or fully concur in the statements made and the plans proposed.

Few, very few, ever looked beyond the mere newspaper presentment of the subject, and saw that there was a very grave issue underlying it, and that this talk about it was only a feeler stretched out to try the popular will and work upon it.

There are some people who will be startled to hear that cremation is anti-Catholic as well as inhuman, that it is repugnant to the teachings of the Church, as they know it is to the feelings of the heart, and that it conflicts with the express commands of God himself. Furthermore, this writing about it is only another stratagem of the twin evils of our time—Atheism and Socialism. What say the advanced theorists of the day? There is no God, life is artificial, mind is only evolved from matter, we human beings are but soulless clods. Why then respect the rubbish we become as soon as dead? Why have among us holy spots sanctified by religion where the ashes of the departed may rest, and whence their memories shall come to us associated and commingled with thoughts of the faith in which they went down to the grave, and whose symbols mark the places of their rest? Why do these things? asks the spirit of the age. Away with these mummeries and vain dis-

plays, it cries. Be practical, clear out all these mementos of departed friends. They are useless inconveniences, and, besides, they have a strong and very obnoxious religious flavor about them. And what say the people in reply; what say the easy-going, ready-listening, duped, unthinking people to this? Why, they conclude that cremation is a very judicious innovation, a little trying perhaps at first, but, on the whole, wise, prudent, and economical.

A little book has reached us, entitled "The Christian Cemetery," which takes hold of this subject of cremation and sets it before us in its true light. "War on the Cemetery" is the last war-cry of Communism. It has already assailed governments; it has shaken thrones; its voice has still been raised in clamor against the Church; and now, to confirm its teachings that man is but a clod of earth, it proposes that he be cast like turf into the fire and be consumed. All that Christianity teaches of respect for the dead can in this way be counteracted; religion's hold upon the mind can be weakened; the dignity of its ceremonies can be lowered, and, besides, this destruction of the body will conflict in the minds of some with the dogma of its resurrection.

"Our Lord and Belial," writes Monseigneur Gaume, the author of this book mentioned above—"Our Lord and Belial, Christianity and Paganism, being thus diametrically opposed to each other, you will understand how very differently they must regard the human body during its life, as well as its resting-place after death. Christian teaching engenders a profound respect for man's body, and requires a sacred

place for its burial. Pagan teaching, begetting a hatred for a dead body, demands its immediate removal to any common pit or sewer, or, as the Scripture says, 'To be buried with the burial of an ass, rotten and cast forth without the gates'" (Jer. xxii, 19).

Let us hear what these two oracles have to say: "Man's body," says the Christian oracle, "is the visible masterpiece of the Creator. The Word made flesh is its type. It was created very differently from all other created beings, no matter how excellent they may be. They were the effect of an imperative and spontaneous fiat, while the human body was formed and shaped by God, after mature reflection and a council held by the three Divine Persons. Divine Omnipotence, Infinite Wisdom, and Boundless Love, directing their eyes toward the body of the Second Adam, come together and fashion the body of the first Adam, after uttering those words so expressive of the incomprehensible dignity of our bodies: 'Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram.' Let us make man to our own image and likeness.

"Such is the body of man in general. What is the body of the Christian man? St. Paul tells us that nothing is more deserving of our respect than the body of the Christian. He calls it the vessel in which we carry God, and glorify Him; the living temple of the Holy Ghost, a member of Jesus Christ, and the inheritor of His glory.

"Elevated into a supernatural state by baptism, it becomes the medium of sacramental grace to our souls. When laid in the grave, like the seed sown in the soil, it is to await a glorious day of resurrection. And often, while await-

ing its eternal triumph in heaven, it is placed upon our altars and made the object of our respect and veneration.

“The respect which the Church manifests toward the bodies of her children is a necessary consequence of the doctrine of Christianity, as is also her exclusive right to their burial, and to the ownership and guardianship of her cemeteries. You know that this triple right was universally recognized for many centuries.

“But our modern nations, having turned their backs upon Christianity and returned to paganism, of course Christian sepulture must be paganized, desecrated, and brutalized; for the greatness of the fall is in proportion to the height from which we descend. The secularization of Christian funerals in the bosom of communities once Catholic, is openly and insolently demanded by paganism, liberalism, materialism, and solidarism; for they are all one and the same vile thing.

“Boldly denying the divine origin of man, as well as his future immortality, they utter the most absurd, most contradictory propositions concerning the development and evolution of an improved breed of monkeys, and the migrations of souls. With them, a lifeless body is an object of aversion, to be got rid of as soon as possible, by police regulations, and out of regard to the public health. From these premises they deduced the whole pagan system and manner of sepulture.

“Let me rebuke them in the words of Napoleon I: ‘I can pardon many things, but I detest an infidel materialist. How can you ask me to have anything in common with a man who, not believing in the soul’s existence,

proclaims himself a clod of dirt, and wishes to consider me a similar clod :”

When the Jacobins ruled in France they attempted to accomplish in their day what the atheists are essaying in ours. The “Goddess of Reason,” in whose name the besotted revolutionist performed his deeds of cruelty and injustice, is still the idol before which the communard bows, and the existence of that deity demands the destruction of the cemetery and the degradation of man. So long as one can hold himself erect and feel that he is a creature made like unto God, with a soul which leaves his body after death to be reunited to it for eternity, he cannot listen to the insinuating voice of the spirit of the age, which bids him doubt everything and tells him that his existence does not reach beyond this world. Consume the body, throw it into the fire, keep its dignity as the greatest work of God concealed, and in time men will forget that it has been the tenement of an immortal soul, they will believe that it has risen, stage by stage, to grace of form and beauty of expression from the hirsute ugliness of the ape, and that at an earlier date still the germ of this same body was some minute creature evolved from matter by the accidents of its existence.

Now about this book of M. Gaume’s itself. It is just the kind of a volume that every one should read. It catches a question that we all are talking and joking about, but to the moral aspects of which few of us give any thought, and it presents this question from a Christian and a Catholic point of view. There is nothing wanted more in our day than a knowledge of the subjects which

newspapers discuss and sensationalize. People are often taken unawares by evil and insidious doctrines, and too frequently they imbibe them without giving a thought to the nature of their ingredients. This volume puts the unthinking on their guard. It is not in the least strained or formal. It does not collate arguments or point out errors in this or that cremationist's statements. It only gives a plain, unprejudiced history of the movement and a presentment of its real character as viewed by a Christian.

As a mere book of historical reference for anything bearing on this subject, it is valuable. A chapter from it on cremation among the ancients can be read with interest by all readers, and as such we present it here:

"Society has practised two kinds of sepulture; inhumation and cremation. I have already spoken of inhumation or burial under ground. Why was cremation practised, and how were the ashes of the corpse distinguished from the ashes of the funeral pile? These two questions I will now answer.

"In the first place, what was the process in burning bodies? The obsequies of the wealthy inhabitants of Rome were performed in the Field of Mars, where funeral piles, in the shape of altars, were erected, and tastefully and richly ornamented. On one of these, the body, sprinkled with perfumes, was carefully laid, with its face toward heaven. Then the nearest relative, holding a lighted torch behind him, walked backward to the pile, and set it on fire. As it was believed that the spirit of the deceased person was pleased with the shedding of blood, oxen and sheep were slaughtered and thrown into the flames. For the same reason, gladiators fought before the pile while the fire was burning. These combats were a substitute for the more ancient cruel practice of immolating prisoners of war near the funeral piles of soldiers slain in battle.

"As soon as the body was consumed, the fire was quenched with wine; the ashes and charred bones gathered up, washed in milk and wine, and then inclosed in an urn, sometimes of great value.

"Such was the cremation of the rich. That of the poor and the slaves was carried out with much less ceremony. Their bodies were thrown indiscriminately into large pits surrounded by high walls, and in which burned large quantities of resinous wood. These were on the Esquiline hill, without the city. It was by special privilege, that even the rich had their obsequies within the walls, and in the public square; for a law of the twelve tables forbade their performance within the city limits. *In urbe ne sepelito neque urito.*

"Now that you are aware of the practice of burning the dead, you may wish to know the reasons for it. Although I have consulted very many learned writers, both living and dead, on this point, I have not found any satisfactory answer. Some, quoting Pliny, pretend that the bodies were burned to secure them against profanation. This was very well as regards the bodies of soldiers dying far away from home and in an enemy's country; but it does not explain the common practice of burning the people of the city of Rome, where no profanation need be apprehended. Neither does it

explain cremation among the Greeks, Germans, and Gauls.

“There are some who claim, that the bodies were burned to save them from slower and sadder decomposition by worms and serpents in the earth; as well also that the relatives might have the comfort of having near them an everlasting portion of those whom they had loved when alive. In any case, it cannot be said, that contempt or dislike had anything to do with this custom.

“There are many who pretend to discover an inspiration of the devil in the practice. For, in the first place, cremation did not come into use, until inhumation had been practised for centuries; and even then it was confined to certain localities. It is extremely repugnant to our feelings of love toward the bodies of our friends, to have them crisped and charred. It is evidently not of divine inspiration; for it is the very opposite of inhumation as regulated by the primitive sentence of God himself. It is opposed to the practice of the people of God, and to all very ancient peoples generally. It is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, which, considering the custom a cruel and barbarous one, never practised it; nay, sought the earliest opportunity, under Constantine, to abolish it.

“In a word, God has said: ‘The body of man will return to the earth whence it came, there to be transformed, in order to rise again immortal.’ God’s eternal adversary, the devil, would reply: ‘It must not be as you say; man must be burnt; for in thus annihilating him as much as possible, I will wipe out all knowledge of, and belief in, the dogma of the resurrection.’

He succeeded but too well, if we may believe Tertullian, whose words I will quote in confirmation of the above: ‘The ignorant laugh at our ideas of a resurrection, and say that nothing remains of us after death. And yet they continually pay homage to their dead by great and costly parades, sumptuous banquets, which they claim are pleasing to those dead in whom they refuse to admit any life, feeling, or knowledge. I, in my turn, and with good reason, laugh at these people, who, after they have barbarously charred and crisped their dead, then feed them, and in the same moment honor and insult them by fire. Piety playing with cruelty. Is it an honor or an insult to burn articles of food for those whom they are burning?’ If we want any further evidence that cremation is an inspiration of the devil, we have only to listen to the preachings of our modern pagans in France and Italy, who clamor for a return to this detestable practice of antiquity.

“We will now examine the mode whereby the human ashes were distinguishable from those of the wood and animals consumed in the same fire. Here, also, the learned have not much to say. It is quite certain, however, that the ancients had some means of knowing one from the other. What was it? Well, the most probable opinion is, that in the centre of the top of the pile there was set an iron or brick oven in which the body was burnt without permitting the ashes to scatter, or allowing the other ashes to get mixed with them. The practice of burning bodies and saving their ashes gave rise to a sort of cemetery called a columbary. This name took its

origin from the little openings, like pigeon-holes, made in the wall, and in which the urns holding the ashes were set. Each of these openings was closed with a slab bearing on its outer surface the name of the person whose remains were within. In common with most Roman tourists, you and I have visited the columbaries of Hylas, and of the freedmen of Augustus. They are large square chambers excavated in the earth, whose entrance is by an easy stair-way hewn in the rock. Although these columbaries were not cemeteries in the true sense of the word, yet they prove that the custom of keeping and owning a place of burial for the use of a community, a corporation, or a family, is as old as the world itself; whilst, as regards cemeteries in the correct and proper sense of the word, nothing is more evident. For the Scriptures tell us that the patriarch Abraham, not owning any land, purchased a cave in the vale of Mambré, which he fitted up as a family vault, buried in it his wife Sarah, and was buried there himself, as were his descendants, Jacob and Joseph. The Israelites esteemed it a blessing to be interred near their fathers, and a greater misfortune could hardly befall them than to be excluded from the tombs of their ancestors. This exclusion was one of the most dreaded threats made by God to the guilty.

“The pagans, too, even those who burnt their dead, had places of general sepulture. Witness, besides the columbary lately described, the necropolis of Egypt and of Athens. In Pompeii, the cemetery is found to be at the entrance to the city. In your

visits to the capital of the world, you must have noticed the long lines of tombs bordering the Appian Way. Every traveller has stopped to gaze upon the mausoleums of Cestius and Cecilia Metella, and penetrate into the mortuary chamber of the Scipios. Like Abraham, the wealthy Romans purchased plots of ground to form the resting-places of their bones and those of their family after death.

“The Turks have their cemeteries, which they hold to be as sacred as did the ancient Greeks and Romans their burial-places. They visit them, too, and, in lieu of prayers, have the Mussulman priests to read, from the Koran, passages expressive of respect for the dead.

“The Christians, of course, always had their cemeteries. After being kept for three centuries under ground, as soon as persecutions ceased, the Church placed her cemeteries in the sunshine. So they have continued. They were her property, because they were sacred places, and blessed with her blessings. It is eminently right and proper that the mother should have full control of the dormitory where her children sleep.”

Agriculture is the most certain source of strength, wealth, and independence. Commerce flourishes by circumstances precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change as the winds and waves that wait it to our shores. She may well be termed the younger sister, for, in all emergencies, she looks to agriculture, both for defence and for supply.—*Colton.*

RETROSPECTIVE.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

I'm free from the city's noises now,
And the city cares that bound me ;
I chase the shadows off my brow,
'Mid the rural scenes around me.

Alone in the evening's shadow-light,
In the deepening gloom and sadness,
I roam the paths of past delight—
Of youth's wild dream of gladness.

I see the panorama vast
That to these eyes are giving
The joyous scenes of that dead past,
Still in my bosom living.

I call those thoughts and mem'ries back,
That stern-faced toil has banished,
And wander o'er the beaten track
Of happy days long vanished.

The friends of youth for whom I sigh,
The true and tender-hearted,
The happiness of days gone by,
The pleasures long departed :

I see them all again to-night—
They seem to come and linger,
Like pictures traced in truest light
By Memory's artist finger.

Those happy times, to me how dear !
Well loved, yet lost forever ;
Those forms that I can fancy near,
Shall they return ? Ah, never !

Grim Time's dark shadow of decay
Falls on our hopes when brightest ;
A cloud may dim our sky of May,
When happy hearts beat lightest.

When golden sunbeams softly fall,
In light on shrub and flower,
E'en then a storm to blight them all
May in the distance lower.

But still when evening's shadowy light
Steals round in gloom and sadness,
I feel a thrill of old delight—
Of youth's wild dream of gladness.

RU Y OF ARTAIGNE.

There is in an old abbey in the south of France a tomb of marble with the upright figure of a boy sculptured upon it, and on an obscure device beneath it is traced the name of Ruy.

The peasant people waiting for Mass on feast-days love to loiter around the old monument, and point it out to toddling little creatures in queer hoods and odder caps as the tomb of Ruy who took the town. This is his story:

In the middle of the twelfth century Roland, Count of Artaigne, wedded Constance Montfort, a niece of the English Earl of Leicester, and brought her to his castle among the hills of Languedoc. The noble pair lived happily together; and when in time the countess bore a son, there was high revel held by the retainers and the villagers of Artaigne. But Ruy of Artaigne was thin and delicate. No color warmed the pallor of his cheek, and the light hair and blue eyes he inherited from his mother gave him a strangely spiritual and unearthly look. The count, who had passed his life in courts and camps, was disappointed in having no stanch and robust heir to sustain in battle the prowess of his house; but for all that he loved the pretty, puny child with all the warmth of a father's heart.

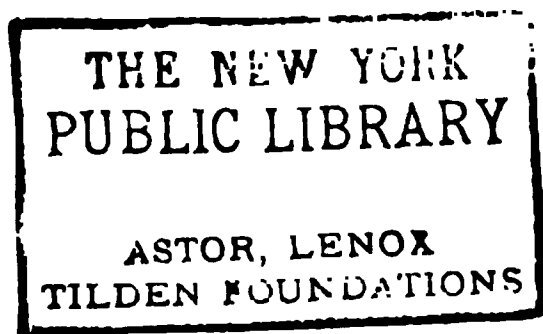
Time passed, and still the child kept growing paler and weaker until the aged and cunning leech declared that not many days were left to the heir of

Artaigne. Then the Lady Constance gave herself up to grief, and hung above the tiny fading face through many a weary day, and kept her vigils nightly by the dying child's couch. Nearly seven days went by and the eighth found the mother still beside her son, who seemed fading as it were from earth like a shadowy being not of flesh and blood. It was in the early summer time and from the castle window looking over the fields the noble lady could see the monks moving in slow procession around the abbey's walls, and hear from time to time the gentle tolling of the bells. The air was soft, the sun was bright, and all the earth around seemed filled with joy and beauty. But, to the mother bending over the couch, these things brought no surcease of fear and sadness. And yet when she saw how beautiful everything lay beneath the blue sky, and how glad and peaceful was the scene that looked up to the face of God, she could not forbear thinking that He indeed did all things well, that every work should attest His glory and His goodness.

Then, falling on her knees she prayed awhile, and when the distant chiming died away and all the hooded train were hidden in the abbey's walls, she rose and sought the chapel of the castle. A lamp burned before the shrine and cast a feeble glimmer on the high, dark walls, the floor of stone.



"Young Roy came riding through the streets side by side with the Earl of Leicester."—RUY OF ANTONIO.



and on the blazoned arms above the tomb where the dead Counts of Artaigne reposed. All around her were memorials of brave deeds wrought, and glory won, by members of the family.

“And can I,” she thought, “cheat his father of his dearest hope? Can I rob Artaigne of its lord, and shut the son of so many soldier sires in the walls of the cloister? Ay, rather than yield him to death.” And then falling on her knees, she cried: “O God, forgive me for grudging my child to Thee! What service is nobler and holier than thine? What king that he could follow is like to Thee who rulest kings? Let Artaigne lose its heir, let the count’s sword rust in its scabbard and the armor rot upon the wall, I must save my child. And I feel, yes, I feel within me as though it were whispered me from heaven that Ruy shall live if he wear the humble garb of Christ’s beloved. To Thy service then, O God, I give my child. Save him to me from death, that he may live to praise Thee in his manhood.”

She rose and left the silent, gloomy chapel, and hurried to the room where the dying boy lay. Through the arched window came the last flash of sunset and rested like a glory upon the small and deathly face; the soft airs of Languedoc fanned the child’s brow, and the sweet odors of the orange trees came up from the valley to his nostrils. She knelt beside him and prayed, till the sun was hidden by the hills and the gray of evening began to gather in the eastern sky. Then she prang to her feet with a cry of joy. The boy was awake, but the glow of returning health was tinging his pale face, and the light of a new life

was in his eyes. The golden locks clustered about a cheek which now was fresh with color, and there seemed to come a strength unknown before into every muscle and a vigor into every vein. Truly had her prayer been heard. Again the mother fell upon her knees; this time her prayer was one of thanksgiving, and the abbey bells came stealing once again through the dusk, and the night-birds sang sweetly in the shade. So Ruy of Artaigne was given by his mother to God’s service, and the count himself sanctioned and approved the act, for he saw the finger of God was in it.

Nine years passed away and the summer of the tenth found Count Roland a corpse. He had expired painlessly and in peace, surrounded by those he held dearest upon earth and within hearing of the sobs of his grieving retainers. They placed him in the tomb of his ancestors, where the soft radiance of the altar lamp fell upon the sculptured arms of Artaigne, and where day after day the holy priest, Ambrose of Caen, performed the holy sacrifice for the repose of the family dead. Among the nobility of the country around who had travelled leagues to look upon the dead count’s face, came a tall, dark-visaged man, a stranger to all there save some old retainers, who recognized in him Hermod, a cousin of the family. He shunned companionship with the visitors, and spent the period of his sojourn at the castle in wandering through the old hills and idling in the dark woods under the hill. He spoke to few, and seemed to delight most in watching young Ruy and talking with him. The boy did not take kindly to

his strange relative, and more than once the Lady Constance saw, or fancied that she saw, a dark, vindictive look cross Hermod's face when Ruy repelled him. The day of sorrow came and went, the body of the noble Roland of Artaigne was laid with its kindred dust, and the visitors departed one by one, leaving the child and mother to their grief. But still the dark-browed Hermod tarried, and still he passed his time in loitering through the halls or strolling on the edges of the wood. The retainers looked with fear and dislike upon the man. Mystery for them was but the hood of crime. Silence and solitude betokened evil. Strange rumors circulated among them about the character of Hermod. He had been in youth wild and wayward—so the oldest of the servants said—and of his later life no one knew aught. A name came to be associated with him somehow, a name of dread, a name abhorred by serfs and nobles alike. None could tell whence it came, no one could account for the suspicion that seemed to haunt the air the stranger breathed, and to overshadow him. Yet, no sooner was the rumor uttered than it was believed, and old men, pointing at the silent figure met beneath the trees, or seen upon some lonely path, would whisper, "There is Hermod the Albigense."

Gradually people came to see that the only purpose of the silent man in tarrying so long was to watch and speak with little Ruy. Wherever he met the boy he detained him, talking to him in a strange, earnest way, and striving, it seemed, to fathom all his thoughts and likings. The Lady Constance heard of the suspicions that followed the stranger cousin of the family, but, lost to everything save her grief, she heeded it not at first. Soon, however, it gained her notice, for Ruy acquainted his mother with Hermod's habit of talking strangely to him, and she courteously but firmly forbade the cousin's meddling with the boy. A day passed after this, and when the evening came the Lady Constance sent for her child, who she thought was playing on the drawbridge or beyond the moat. But not a trace of Ruy could anywhere be found. When the morning dawned they found that he and Hermod had disappeared together.

Years passed away. The castle of Artaigne still stood upon its eminence, and still the peasant people in the valley toiled in the teeming fields or among the rich vineyards that clothed the hillside. But times were changed at the massy structure on the hill. No more the tramp of armed retainers echoed through the hall; no more the banquet board was spread in the great chamber. The steeds stood in the stalls and fattened, nor longer felt the weight of mail-clad riders. Some few old servants of the family still loitered round and kept the place from falling to decay; but scarce a sound of life was heard from out the walls, and not a trace of all its pomp and gayety remained. Not one of the family of Artaigne was left in the ancestral abode. From the time of young Ruy's disappearance the Lady Constance had become a wanderer, seeking far and near her stolen child.

These were stirring times in the south of France. The Albigenses had gathered there; and under the protection of Raymond, Count of Toulouse,

bidden defiance to the Church and the civil authority of the kingdom. For a long time they were tolerated. When fortified their cities, they equipped themselves, they prepared machines, did everything in short that they deemed requisite to retain the independence they had secured and the influence they aimed at. They constituted too great a power to be readily overcome, the King of France feared their audacity and dared not break faith with them as powerful as the Count of Flanders. So they lived on, hated by their neighbors and giving hate for hate. One bright day in summer discovered the citizens of Tours gathered multitudinously in a public square. There was among them a tall dark man mounted upon a stout charger who was haranguing them from his saddle. At the very outskirts of the crowd in the shadow of a heavy stone wall lay a worn and travel-stained man crouched, and eyed with a keen, eager look this dark horseman.

He was announcing to the crowd that Raymond of Toulouse, their guardian and patron, had refused to listen to the overtures of neighboring nobles, and was determined to uphold the rights of the Albigenses in France, and to save them from molestation several of the knights who had been accused of outrages against the people of a village close by.

At the words of the haranguer the crowd responded with cheers, and the woman watched him closely, murmuring incoherently to herself the words. Presently the people began to chatter, and the horseman came forth through the throng surrounded and accompanied by several influential men.

The woman struggled to her feet and followed them. She was yet young, but her face was worn, and now there was a sickly pallor upon it which looked strange and ghastly in the bright sunlight. On through the narrow street passed the party, and the pale, failing creature still trudged on behind.

At length the horseman drew up and his companions saluting him passed on. He was in front of a high, stone wall with an arched gate-way, evidently the entrance to a court-yard of some rich man's residence. A tree or two struggled up against the wall and showed green tops above the brown, sunburnt height of stone. On every side were high houses with heavy, carved balconies which almost hid from view the burning sky above. The rider struck upon the gate. In a moment it swung back, and a robust, handsome boy, with long yellow hair streaming upon his shoulders, appeared in the opening. The horseman greeted him and was riding in when a cry, loud and heart-piercing, like the shriek of some wild thing snared in the wood, burst from a pale, weary woman who came along; and the cavalier, turning his black eyes upon her, sprang from his horse to intercept her just as she was hurrying with open arms to the astonished boy.

"Well, woman, what now?" said the man catching her arm and rudely forcing her back; then without allowing her to answer, "Mada!" he called, "Mada!" A tall Moorish looking fellow appeared at the gate. "Lead in my horse, Mada."

"Who art thou, woman?" said the horseman.

"Is Hermod's memory so dull that

he forgets the friend he has betrayed, the woman he has wronged, the mother he has made childless? Darest thou tell me that my features, worn and wasted though they be with the sorrows thou hast caused me, are not known to thee? Hermod, they should haunt thee like the curse of the mother thou hast robbed of her child. They should——”

but here her fierce energy failed and, falling at his feet, she clasped her arms about his knees and cried in a voice of the deepest anguish: “Hermod, Hermod, restore me my child.”

“Woman, art thou mad,” cried the dark man starting back from her. “I know naught of thy child.”

“The mother’s eye is keener than thine,” said the Countess of Artaigne, for it was she. “I knew my boy the instant I looked upon him. Thou hast even now hurried him away from me. Give back to me that child.”

“What child? He who left me but a moment since? Thou art mad, woman, he is not thy child.”

“He is and well thou knowest it. Hermod, I must have him, I must have him if I am to tear thy false heart out.”

It was an awful thing to see that wan, feeble woman, nursed in ease, standing there in the hot sunlight, her eyes flaming, her face distorted, her whole appearance threatening. Even Hermod involuntarily stepped backward to recover himself. But her indignation presently gave way again to anguish, and she tottered and sank upon the ground sobbing bitterly. The Albigenese looked at her for a moment, and then drawing near enough to bend over her,

“Woman,” said he, “it is not well

for one of thy creed to abide long within these walls. I warn thee to go thy way or evil may betide thee,” and turning on his heel he passed through the heavy gate, which closed behind him with a clang, and shut out hope from the heart of the poor mother who struggled up to it and sank fainting on the ground.

The hours of the warm afternoon dragged slowly by, but still the pallid, weeping woman lay at the gate, beating upon it feebly with her hand and calling loudly the name of “Ruy.” Some people of the city passed, but only stopped to idly stare at her and wonder as they hurried off. Then evening came; and when the full yellow moon shone through the oleander branches by the wall and cast a foggy light upon the darkened street, the Countess of Artaigne arose and plodded slowly onward to the city gate. Once without it she turned towards the domes and towers that rose up silent in the moonlight, and prayed a mother’s curse upon the place. Poor woman! sorrow had wrought a sad change in the Countess of Artaigne; and she who had been the beautiful, meek-faced lady, in the person of the wronged mother became a woman who would dare anything to achieve her purpose. She travelled alone through France, and in about a month took passage for England.

Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was one day returning from the hunt when he observed a woman coming along a giant avenue of trees that led through his domain. Without noticing her, he was riding by when she called out to him. The earl turned and looked upon her. She was a woman of middle-age, still beautiful, but pale and wasted with

sorrow and fatigue. The earl's heavy brows knitted, and his clear blue eyes read her face. Suddenly a look of wonder overspread his countenance. "Can it be Cousin Constance?" said he. The woman bowed to him.

"It is the unhappy Constance of Artaigne," she replied. "And she seeks thee, her kinsman, to see that justice be done her." The earl dismounted and courteously led the lady along the avenue to the castle, meantime listening to the story of her wrongs.

"By the rood," said he as they reached the moat,— "by the rood, fair cousin, the knaves shall suffer sorely. The banner of Leicester will be on the walls of Tours before the year is passed."

Not long after this, Simon de Montfort received a messenger in his castle. He came from — bringing the papal sanction to Leicester's enterprise of punishing the Albigenses for their outrages, and breaking the pretensions of Raymond of Toulouse.

The retainers of the house of Leicester were gathered, some freelances from Flanders and a few French spearmen joined them, and in another month the city of Tours was under siege.

The plain before the city was covered with the camp and engines of the besiegers. On one side was the Earl of Leicester with his Franco-English following; on the other, were the retainers of several of the neighboring lords, who had insults, wrongs, or grievances to avenge upon the Albigenses, or upon Raymond, their protector. Several assaults had been made and repelled, and the Earl of Leicester

was preparing for an early attack on the morrow.

In his camp the soldiers were hard at work cleaning their armor, and preparing the catapults and moving towers for service. The din rolled out from the low hills where the camp was pitched, and crossed the dark valley between it and the silent city. From Tours not a murmur was heard. The towers of the city loomed up indistinctly in the dim starlight, and the sentinel's armor glittered as he passed along the walls.

In the deep shade of some orange trees that approached the city gate Constance of Artaigne stood, gazing with a fond eager look at the city which held her captive child, and at the watch-fires of the host which was coming to avenge her wrongs. Night after night she had come to the orange grove, and from it watched the sentinels pass upon the wall and saw the guards go by from time to time, and waited vainly in the hope of catching a glimpse of her boy. She knew that it was dangerous to approach so near the walls, but a mother's anxious cravings could not be satisfied with this. Long she had stood to-night in the grove, her eyes fixed upon the moving forms that ever and anon lined the walls, but never did she see the sweet young face she loved so well. She thought that Hermod whom she often noticed would have the boy near him, not knowing that the villain did not wish young Ruy to be exposed to danger. For Hermod loved the boy, and he had stolen him only to make him a leader of the outlawed sect.

The midnight hour drew near, and Constance, turning to retrace her steps,

was startled by the tread of armed men, and in an instant found herself confronted by a band of Albigenses patrolling outside the city wall.

"A spy," cried half a dozen of the men gathering around the affrighted lady.

"I am no spy," she replied.

"We shall learn of that soon, my lady. Meanwhile thou art a prisoner."

She said nothing while they led her with them round the walls and up to the gate. The challenge of the sentinels was answered, and the lady's captors passed into the city. A group of soldiers stood around the gate holding torches in their hands, and by the red glare Constance beheld Hermod giving directions to some guards upon the wall. A moment after he descended, and a look of malicious gratification passed over his face when he recognized the captive lady.

"Thou art here again, Constance of Artaigne, and in those banners round the city I see thy doing. But thou shalt not triumph. Hermod never fails." Then turning to the guards, he whispered their instructions to them, and they led the Countess off to a place of confinement. Constance remembered, as she went along, the house she had striven in vain to enter, and her heart leaped when the soldiers entered through the gate, and, traversing the strip of garden with the oleander trees in it, led her to a close room within the house. It was no dungeon, but it was a chamber so strong and so secure as to make it seem a dungeon. She was left alone, and she heard her guard all go away but one who paced before the door.

For a while she sat listening to the

soldier's heavy tread, and then falling upon her knees, she prayed for the child who once had been her joy and solace, and asked the Father to restore him to her. She felt easier at heart after that, and, crouching down upon the floor, she murmured to herself a little melody she was wont to sing to the babe that once reposed upon her breast. Then, as old remembrances came crowding upon her, the murmur swelled louder till the strain filled the narrow chamber and struggled into the vaulted corridor. The guard was still at his post in it, but along with him was a boy who stopped to listen to the lonely voice and follow the sweet air. It was Ruy. He listened and in his child's mind awoke a sudden memory. Far, far back he recollected hearing those strains sung to him, and there came to him the vision of a sweet and loving face which used to look on him so often long ago.

"Who is there?" the boy asked of the sentinel.

"I know not the prisoner's name. She is a lady taken as a spy." The guardsman bowed as he spoke and viewed the boy with deference.

"Open this," said the latter. The sentinel obeyed. Of course he must do the bidding of the son of the Albigenses' chief. Ruy entered and saw before him a woman kneeling upon the floor, her hands clasped before her breast and her eyes raised as if in an ecstasy.

He stood for a moment gazing at her, every feature rising into his memory out of the vague shadow of forgetfulness. And she—she knew her boy and rose to clasp him to her where he stood.

Early next day while the mists were

beginning to rise from the valley, and the heights around Tours were yet invisible to the watchers on the walls, the besiegers mustered under the banner of the Earl of Leicester and advanced upon the town.

No bustle or din, however, did these mailed warriors make as they passed along. Only the clang of a sword now and then mingled with the dull, regular foot-falls upon the soft earth, and even the huge, lumbering engines which were pushed after them moved along noiselessly.

Upon the ramparts of Tours the sentinel, drowsy with the vigil of the night, strode up and down. Behind him lay the city silent in its slumbers; beyond, the fields were hidden in the morning fog. Suddenly a sound came up from a distance like the wind stirring the branches of the orange grove. Heedless of it, he continued to pace up and down, only stopping for a while to watch his comrades in the street asleep about the fire which burnt before the gate. Again the murmur came to the sentinel's ears, this time close at hand. He bent to listen, and with alarm recognized the steady tramp of soldiers. In a moment he was at the watch-tower. The tocsin pealed out its call over the city, the clang of arms and hurrying footsteps sounded in the street below, and just as the defenders came crowding to the walls, out of the mists came the followers of Leicester, and with a mighty shout they bore down upon the town. And then arose the din of battle all around. The air was dark with showers of shafts, the ramparts gleamed with spears and bolts, and underneath, through a rain of arrows and burning pitch, the towers and battering-rams

came up against the wall. Then the besiegers closed with a wild shout and strove to gain the battlements, but the Albigenes fought with the energy of despair, and again and again were the assailants forced back. The Earl of Leicester viewed with chagrin and surprise the failure of his best soldiers. He had ridden up to the very gate of the town to direct the attack upon the tower when, suddenly, he saw a section of the mighty portal moving. An instant after it swung back, and a soldier of the enemy's hurried out with a lady and a boy beside him. An angry face immediately appeared, and Hermod sprang after the fugitives. The soldier Mada, for it was he, turned upon him, and the boy springing forward pointed to the gate and beckoned on the besiegers. The Earl, calling on his followers, hastened to the breach. Hermod was stricken down, and the lady, in whom Leicester recognized his cousin Constance, was led into an embrasure of the wall. She called to the boy Ruy, but he, excited by the fierce enthusiasm of the moment, seized the dead Hermod's sword and entered the town beside the English Earl. Resistance met them, but it came too late. The assailants poured in at the gate, and others leaping from the moving towers to the walls from which the defenders were flying, spread death and ruin through the town. It was long before the infuriated soldiery could be drawn off, and, indeed, little effort was made to stay their hands, for the commanders were maddened by the determined resistance, and Leicester sought too eagerly the province of Toulouse to spare many of its count's adherents to give him trouble. So Tours fell, and as young Ruy came

riding through the streets side by side with the Earl of Leicester, he told him how his mother's hymn had made her known, and how he had induced the faithful attendant, Mada, to assist the escape of both.

"You have conquered, my Lord," said Constance when the nobleman and her son rejoined her.

"Ay, sweet cousin," said the earl, and

a shade of sadness crossed his face as he looked upon the corpses in the streets,—
"ay, sweet cousin, but the conquest has been a bloody one." •

Ruy of Artaigne was called from that day "Ruy who took the town." His subsequent story is not known to me, but his tomb still remains in the old Spanish abbey, and I have seen it as I told you.

A LEAF FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

By F.

It was a night in the early part of the year of our Lord 1820. The sun had set among a cluster of purplish clouds, and throughout the evening the sky was by turns overcast and lighted by the rays of a watery moon. In the streets of Paris the darkness was deep, except along the illuminated thoroughfares; and in some few narrow lanes with tall houses rising so high into the air that only a narrow strip of cloud or a glimpse of moonshine appeared below, it was so intense that the straggling rays of a passing torch or lantern could hardly penetrate it. At the corner of a street like this a man stood watching through the weary, dragging hours. He wore a cloak, and had pulled his hat down over his face to guard against recognition. He paced up and down in the stillness, listening to the clatter and hurry and bustle of the thoroughfare close by, and stealing towards it ever

and anon to scrutinize a passing carriage or watch a late horseman. Suddenly he paused in his walk, and hurried back to the corner he had just left. A loud clatter of horses sounded near at hand, and presently a heavy state-coach went lumbering by. The watcher gazed long and earnestly at the glass-covered opening, but could only distinguish a dark form outlined against a tracery of white fabrics. The coach went on to the door of the opera house, and the skulking watcher followed at a distance. When it stopped a subdued murmur ran along the loungers at the entrance, and all eyes were turned upon the vehicle, from which presently alighted a stately man in the bloom of manhood and a woman of attractive face and form. They mounted the steps of the theatre, and numbers of the audience rose to catch a glimpse of the Duc de Berry,

nephew of the King of France, and his charming wife.

The play of the evening went on, and the plaudits of the audience shook the mighty building. Audiences are ever more enthusiastic when royalty or its kin is looking on. The duke enjoyed the performance. It was the "Carnaval de Venise;" and as he sat beside his beautiful spouse, in the full bloom of manhood and the perfection of health and strength, many an admiring eye was turned upon him, and many a voice whispered his praise or that of the amiable duchess.

The entertainment of the evening was almost finished, and nothing remained but the concluding spectacle of an operatic ballet, when the duke arose to lead his wife to the carriage.

He passed along the blazing corridors, and out to the damp stone entrance. The lamps in the Rue Richelieu were out, and only the glare of a torch sent a dull glimmer through the darkness which rested upon the coach, and showed the solitary sentry standing with sword in salute before the door. A couple of equerries stood on either side the passage, who bowed respectfully as the duke and duchess approached. The eyes of the loungers outside were turned upon the noble pair, and no one saw the figure in the cloak and slouched hat which came stealing silently through the gloom.

The sentry was stationed, stiff and erect, at the coach-door, the footman stood ready to close it, and the duke's aide-de-camp, who had followed him out, was at the passage entrance awaiting his return. "Adieu, Caroline," said her husband to the duchess,

waving his hand in parting. The hand sprang to his side with a convulsive movement. A poniard was sticking in his breast, and a man in a cloak and slouched hat was dashing away in the darkness. Away went the sentry and the aide after the fading figure, leaving the dying duke folded in the arms of his wife, whose spotless raiment was covered with his blood.

The attendants gathered round, they lifted him upon a litter and bore him back to a chamber in the opera house. Cushions and bedding were hastily collected and placed under the fast-sinking man. Messengers were hurried off to apprise the court of the sad news, and to hasten relief. Horsemen clattered through the streets of Paris to a grand ball, where some of France's noblest were gathered, and brought the awful tidings to check the gayety of the evening.

Meantime, a man attired in black was hurrying up the corridors of the opera-house with a medical box under his arm. All gave way before him. It was the duke's surgeon. He entered the chamber and approached the dying noble's side. The latter lay upon the cushions, with his head pillowed on the bosom of a pale, horror-stricken woman, whose jewels glittered among clots of blood. The attendants stood around, with pallid, frightened faces. From the grand hall of the theatre still swelled the notes of the prima donna, the thunder of the orchestra, and the plaudits of the audience. Strange enough, the sad news had not reached them yet.

The surgeon knelt beside the wounded man and touched the gaping open-

ing in his breast. The blue lips twitched convulsively for a moment, and then the duke opened his eyes.

"Is he a foreigner?" he gasped; meaning his assassin.

"He is a Frenchman," said the aide, coming forward, for with the sentry's assistance he had captured the fugitive.

"It is hard," said the duke, thoughtfully,— "it is hard to die by the hand of a Frenchman." Then, as the surgeon applied his lips to the wound, "Hold," he cried, "hold, the wound may be poisoned."

The news had now travelled over Paris, and every moment brought coaches or horses clattering to the door. Members of the nobility and the clergy thronged the roomy corridors and waited at the chamber door. Men of military bearing and eye of command, some gray with years and others in the full bloom of manhood, passed through the crowd and to the couch's side. They were the Marshals of France.

A tall, stately figure came after them, bearing in his hands *something* before which nobles, clergy, marshals, and all uncovered and bowed down. This was the Bishop of Chartres coming to perform for the duke the last rites of the Catholic Church. The subdued murmur which had circulated now died out, and there was a deep stillness in the chamber while the duke confessed and was anointed. Then, rising on his elbow,

"Would that the king were here," said he, "I trust he will pardon my murderer."

Those about the couch listened with surprised faces to the words. But again and all through the night till

morning, the duke kept urging and pleading for mercy for the man who had slain him.

It was a death-bed that had many an edifying lesson, a death-bed not all unworthy one whose fathers had ever died within the Church of Rome, and who numbered among those long-departed sires a king who was also a saint.

The night passed, and just as the darkness in the east began to grow more gray and less dense, a loud din came along the narrow Rue Richelieu and swelled up even to the chamber of the dying man. A confused tramp and clamor and noise, and those who waited at the theatre door saw the red glare of torches and heard the tramp of horses and the ring of arms.

"The king comes," cried the duke, striving to rally. "He comes, I hear the escort."

He was right. There was a murmur in the passage, a doffing of hats, and Louis XVIII came into the room. With a look of commiseration and regret he approached the couch and bent over his nephew.

"Sire," said the latter, "I have a favor to ask which I beseech you to grant. Spare the poor wretch by whose hand I am dying."

"Nay, my son," said the king; "more of that anon. We have you to think of now."

The famous physician Dupuytren had just performed an operation, and as all drew back that he might perfect some arrangement he was making, the duchess began to sob as if her heart would break. "My love," said the dying man, speaking with a new strength and with a strange animation

eye and face,—“my love, you must let yourself be overwhelmed by sorrow in this way. You must take care of yourself for the sake of the child you bear next your heart.”

This strange announcement, coming at such a moment, sent a thrill of surprise through all present, and a courtier, standing near the king, said in a subdued voice:

“Remember, sire, the words of the great prophet we brought before you a week since. He said, ‘Out of death shall spring.’ And hear! the king’s words affirm it too.”

And now the duke’s breathing became labored. His eyes grew glassy, and his lips twitched convulsively. No one raised the heavy curtains that hid the window, and the first light of dawn came struggling through the morning gray, above the high roofs of Rue Richelieu, and rested on the duchess.

The duke’s eyes opened, and rested a moment on the face of his wife, then wandered up to the brightening sky. He heaved a sigh and muttered, “Blessed Virgin, aid me! O happy France!” His eyes remained fixed and staring nor moved an instant after when the sunlight began streaming in upon them. Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berry, was dead. Priests, nobles, marshals, the king himself, bowed in sorrow and silently passed from the sight of that prone, lifeless form and the young wife who lay beside it weeping.

The king was the last to leave the room, and as he turned away from the lifeless, blood-dabbled duchess, he muttered musingly: “Out of death shall spring.”

Time passed, and one morning some months after the burial of the Duc de Berry, Louis XVIII stood upon the balcony of the Tuileries and addressed a vast multitude that heaved and swayed beneath him. But he scarce could find an opportunity of beginning, so loud were the cries of “Vive le Roi,” “Vive la France,” which came thundering up from the square. Suddenly he turned around and passed inside. For a moment the clamor ceased, and a surprised, confused pause ensued. A moment more and it was broken by the roar of nearly a hundred thousand voices. The king then reappeared, bearing in his arms a tiny baby. Holding it up before the people, he said:

“My friends,” said he, “your joy exceeds mine a hundred-fold. A child has been born to us all! This child will one day be your father, and will love you as I love you.”

“The little infant thus held up,” says a writer, from whose narrative we have collected the details of the duke’s assassination, “after an interval of fifty-three years, was lately near seeing that prophecy accomplished.”

And he may live to see it accomplished yet. Who can tell? For this infant of the Tuileries was the son of the Duke and Duchess of Berry, the same who is now known to men as the Count de Chambord.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, is second childishness, and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—*Shakespeare.*

THE PILGRIMS' BANNER.

Weave a banner, weave a rich one !

Let it be inwrought with gold ;
Let a pearl, an emerald, diamond,
Flash from out its every fold.

Wreath a banner, wreath a fair one !

Paragon, aye, let it be ;
Dipt in tints of flower and rainbow
Let it float o'er land and sea.

• Purest lily, violet lowly,
And thou sweet vermilion rose,
Come ye, every plant that blossoms,
And each fragrant scent that blows !

Come and deck the Pilgrims' Banner,
Come, enrich the balmy air
That will waft them on their voyage—
On their embassy of prayer.

Let it worthy be of Mary,
Worthy this her chosen land,
Worthy of the hearts united
That compose the pilgrim band.

Worthy of the Home of Freedom
Symbolized by stripes and stars,
Purchased by our patriot fathers
With so many generous scars.

Worthy the Illustrious Pius,
In whose presence let it shine,
Emblem of the crowning glory
Of the grand Pontific line.

Worthy of our fair Columbia,
Dedicate, O Queen ! to thee,
Peerless, stainless, ever shining,
Brilliant Star ! to all on sea.

Worthy of the land of Louis,
Charlemagne, and brave Martel,
Where so long the cross has triumphed
O'er the potentates of hell.

Worthy of the Shrine of Lourdes,
Where the Queen of Angels deigned
To display her heavenly glory
Unto eyes by sin unstained.

Worthy Blessed Margaret Mary,
Worthy of Sweet Jesus' Heart,
Darting rays of rapturous beauty
All around with Love's own art.

Worthy, did I say, of Jesus?
No; for that can never be,
Though the earth and sea and heaven—
All creation—did agree

To bring forth their every treasure,
And increase a hundred-fold
Every individual beauty
Stamped in every several mould.

Go, fair banner! go before them,
And conduct them safe to Rome,
But, departing, leave behind thee
One small pledge to those at home.

Tell us you will call on Manning
And on Cullen, on your way,
And the noble, high-souled victims
Of the cruel "Laws of May."

Tell them that we feel their sufferings,
And resent their every wrong;
Bid them be of dauntless courage,
For no tyrant's reign is long.

Tell the land of sun-lit vineyards
Fortune's wheel keeps hastening round,
And the spokes that now are topmost
Soon again will touch the ground.

Tell the lovely Gem of Ocean,
Which will meet thee on thy way,
That we join her pure devotion
In this hallowed Month of May.

Tell our gracious Holy Father
We "wear him on our heart of hearts,"
That naught else on earth we prize so
As the blessing he imparts;

That we pray he soon will triumph
O'er his perjured, craven foes,
And behold his brother bishops
Triumph, ere to heaven he goes.

So may softest zephyrs fan thee,
So may ocean blend with skies,
To reflect thy every beauty
On admiring hosts of eyes.

Stream, sweet banner! stream o'er ocean
Swell with conscious, noble pride,
As the Pilgrims' warm devotion
Spreads its fragrance far and wide.

Catch the dewy breath of Even,
And, when roseate Morn awakes,
Bear her incense up to heaven
On the wings that fervor makes.

Then look down on that blue mirror
Stretched as far as eagle's ken,
Still each wave, as 'twere now ready
To photograph the rising sun.

And behold the pure heart pictured
Where no passion holds control,
Which reflects the Sun of Justice
Ever beaming on the soul!

Faithful banner! when devotion
Shall be amply satisfied,
Fly across the broad Atlantic,
And, in honor, here abide.

Glorious, precious, sweet memorial
Of the prodigies of love,
Bearing down to future ages
Blessings from their friends above!

S O R R O W S O F A Q U E E N .

(Delivered at a Public Meeting of D. L. S. C. A.)

BY M. J. DRUMMOND.

That life is but a dream is a familiar thought, and its expression has become one of our most current common-places. If, as the experience of each one of us can testify, our own past takes upon itself so rapidly the semblance of a vague and misty vision; if those once around us and who have passed away, become so soon but dim remembrances, it is not to be wondered at, that, in that larger and outside history of our race, the long procession of events and individuals should pass before us like unsubstantial phantoms and leave but the faintest of impressions behind them. And yet, as in our own lives, great sorrows and great joys keep some memories ever fresh in our hearts, so, even in that colder record of the world's history, there are past names and past deeds that with us retain the force almost of living realities. Among these recollections that keep a place even amid the cares of our every-day existence, there is one face that at times comes before us, haunting our waking dreams and appealing to all the chivalry of our natures. It is the face of a gentle and beautiful woman, upon whom nature shed her rarest gifts and graces as if only to make darker the contrast with the misery of her lot. A dullard and a clod must he be who, turning the pages of history, has not

dwelt with lingering pity over the sad story of the life of Mary Queen of Scots. A Queen, queenly amid all her misfortunes; a woman, womanly even when confronted by stern experiences that might well have changed her heart to stone, there are none so high, none so low, who cannot feel the intensity of her wrongs. I ask you to turn your thoughts back for a few moments to the career of this much suffering lady, to trace hastily with me the growth of that long train of misfortunes which, commencing at her very birth, ended in that tragedy of her death—a tragedy hardly more terrible in its final termination than the dreary years of her trials and afflictions. Scarce had Mary entered this world when her father departed from it, leaving her heir to the throne of Scotland.

The royal infant became at once the object of suspicion, and plots were formed to tear her from her mother's arms, that the ambitious schemes of unscrupulous lords might be carried out. Carefully watched and guarded from these dangers, it was at last necessary for her protection that she should be sent to France. There she remained for thirteen years, happy years when compared with those that followed, but still full of cares and troubles. Deprived of her mother's loving

guidance, surrounded by courtiers and intriguers, she too soon learned what treachery and baseness are hid behind the garish pomp and display of courtly life. Married when but sixteen to the young Dauphin of France, who shortly after became King and lived but a few months to enjoy his dignity, it was not without the actual experience of sorrow, as well as the foreboding of that which was to be, that Mary Stuart in her nineteenth year turned her tear-stained face towards her native land, followed by the prayers and good wishes of the French people, who had learned to love her with a deep and lasting affection. After a voyage made perilous by the malice of that virago (*not* virgin) Queen Elizabeth, who even thus early sought her destruction, Mary Stuart set foot in Scotland, only to find her country practically in a state of anarchy, and her authority rendered almost powerless. How this gentle lady fared among corrupt and brutal nobles—how the religion dear to her heart was proscribed, and her own faith insulted by remorseless fanatics who gloried in the tears they wrung from her—how those she most confided in repaid her with the basest treachery—is a sad, sad story which history has made but too familiar. A Queen barred from the love of her people by rapacious and powerful lords who surrounded her like a pack of hungry wolves—a woman whose virtues, whose gentleness and beauty might well have called forth the swords of all true men in her defence, and yet whose daily life was one continuous record of insults and indignities. It is, indeed, a most sorrowful picture that history places before us. Her marriage with the worthless Darnley—the murder, by his connivance, of her faithful servant, Rizzio—his own tragic end, with which malicious tongues have endeavored to charge her who lavished her love upon him, and who bore his unfaithfulness with angelic patience—these are episodes that go to make the spectacle more sad and harrowing. It only remained that a Bothwell and an Elizabeth should complete her measure of woe, and their names descend to posterity as the most infamous of her enemies. Escaping from the control of the former, who had forced upon her a marriage with him of horror and disgust, she threw herself upon the mercy of her sister Queen. Then began the Scottish Queen's long nineteen years' martyrdom. Her imprisonment was one continuous, heart-sickening struggle against treachery, spies, insults to her person, her reputation, and her faith—cold, sickness, and want. We all know the sad story, and we trustingly believe the poor martyred queen has her recompense in heaven.—Mary Queen of Scots surrendered her soul to God and her head to Elizabeth nearly three centuries ago, and the combat over her reputation rages to-day as hot as ever. More books have been written about Mary Stuart than about all the Queens in the world put together; but so greatly do they vary in the representations of her character, that at first it seems scarcely credible how one and the same person could be presented under such widely dissimilar aspects. The triumph of a creed and a party has been more considered by some writers than the development of facts. But of all that has been written by the friends and enemies of Mary Stuart—sympathizers

—proclaimers of her guilt, or advocates of her innocence—no such strange and shocking narrative has ever grieved the judicious and blotted the page of history, as that by James Anthony Froude. His pen alone was equal to such a performance. It is one of the monstrosities of modern literature, and stands on an unenviable eminence. Scarcely any of its critics have spoken of it save with unqualified censure and well-merited contempt—for it has irretrievably tarnished and blasted any shred of reputation Mr. Froude may have ever gained as a writer of history.

There is, however, a poetic justice in the fact, that the most effective defences of Mary Stuart, in the English language, have come from Protestant pens, and that in Scotland, among the sons of Puritans, are found her most enthusiastic advocates.

In the darkest hours of her existence,

writes the Scotch Protestant Historian Hosack—even when she hailed the prospect of a scaffold as a blessed relief from her protracted sufferings—she never once expressed a doubt as to the verdict that would be finally pronounced between her and her enemies. “The theatre of the world,” she calmly reminded her judges at Fotheringhay, “is wider than the realm of England.” She appealed from the tyranny of her persecutors to the whole human race; and she did not appeal in vain. The history of no woman that ever lived approaches in interest to that of Mary Stuart; and so long as beauty and intellect, a kindly spirit in prosperity and matchless heroism in misfortune, attract the sympathies of men, this illustrious victim of sectarian violence and barbarous state-craft will ever occupy the most prominent place in the annals of her sex.

A great many people in this country are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress to their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention, as to hand a fork with the prong end. The busiest people are generally those who are most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be

admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter from how humble a source. Once a clergyman who lived in a distant part of the kingdom wrote to his grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of a claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return mail came back a letter from the Duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for five pounds, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

A CHAPTER ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

The subject of this chapter is one, no doubt, upon which already much has been written; and treating of it in its religious aspect, we presume to instruct neither the architect nor the scholar. However, without being instructive to the few, we may be interesting to the many, if we can only succeed in putting before them in a popular way some of the truths and ideas so often established and repeated by masters whose province it was to write on this matter in a purely scientific manner.

We believe, too, what a certain professor has written of classical literature in every language, applies to the classical works of architecture in every age. Of the one the professor says: "The classics of every language are those books which every one feels bound to talk about, but that so very few feel disposed to read." Of the other we might add, that they are those monuments of civilization which every one feels bound to admire and talk about, but of which few can tell in what their merits consist, or to what recognized order they belong. A chapter only, on a subject so varied in outline, so minute in detail, cannot go much into particulars. The object is to give in a general way an account of the origin, progress, and development of artistic taste in church building—to give an outline by which to distinguish some features of the principal orders—

the Roman, the Byzantine, the Gothic—under which, scientific usage groups most of the productions of church architecture. In this and other countries, of course, there are churches belonging to no particular style, but are as it were the impromptu expression of the founder's or the builder's ideas. Such the reader cannot expect to be able to classify after finishing the chapter.

From the first it seems to have been man's ambition to raise monuments to his religious feelings, as well as to his domestic requirements and his fame. Wounded in his created perfection by the original fault, he retained ambition enough to aspire to the sublime and beautiful in art. To be able to realize the useful, the true, and the beautiful, time was necessary to gather ideas and develop them; but developed they have been, and the works of man's hand testify to his capabilities. Counting years by the thousand before the Christian era—even in those far-off times—we find monuments of art accounted in the latter days among the wonders of the world. The Egyptian Pyramids, the Hindoo temples, the Chinese oratories, the Celtic towers, speak in silent wonder to our age of how much had been conceived, how much executed, before the light of science or faith fully dawned upon the world. But though such progress had been made in this art, at so early an age, the acme of man's success awaited revelation to give

outward, and abiding expression to his Godlike impulses. Ancient temples may have been built in accordance with the heroic grandeur of an Eastern imagination. To them the Magi, the Brachman, or the Druid may have gone up to pray, but they symbolized little in plan or particular except what was of earth—earthly. To Faith and the Church was reserved the duty of spiritualizing the taste, and raising to heaven the soul with its aspirations. In the beginning, Catholicity had not such churches to glory in as sprung up afterwards in every land where the Cross had been planted. The commission given by Him, who gathered together the twelve fishermen of the Galilean lake, was not to be executed at once. The last shadow of its ancient dignity was not to flit away in an instant and expose the grossness of ancient superstitions. The mountain was to be gradually divested of its mystery, and the temple to exhaust its sanctity, and the synagogue to be buried with honor, before religion inspired art, and faith breathed an immortal spirit into stone, to be afterwards wrought into edifices called churches.

As the revealed truth was to contradict and consume the errors of paganism, the early Christians, acting up to their beliefs, would admit into the style of their churches no peculiarity or association in common with the Jewish or heathen temples. After emerging from the Catacombs, they called their first churches Basilicas. They were mostly the Episcopal or Royal churches of the West, and in most respects of dignity corresponded with our modern cathedrals. The name, Basilica, they took from the Roman courts of justice

of that title. These civil edifices were built in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by a colonnade, sometimes open, and at others covered at the top. They were principally used for the administration of justice, though oftentimes other public business was transacted in them. They corresponded, in fact, with our own houses of exchange. After the plan of these buildings, as we have remarked, the earliest of our churches were built. In outline or detail the religious and civil Basilica differed little, if any. The portion of the Christian church railed off for the sanctuary and altar, and called the chancel, coincided with that part of the civil court occupied by the judge's chair and throne, whilst two rows of pillars, which ran parallel through the centre of the building, suggested the idea of a nave with side aisles. Though, exteriorly, the early Christian churches might not be as imposing or grand as those of after-times, still the interior was richly decorated; the walls were ornamented with paintings of the most expensive stamp, with mosaics, and with the choicest and most ancient marble pillars. St. Agnes' Church at Rome is said to be the best example of the old Basilica. Gradually, as time wore on, persecution ceased, the faith found a holier sanctuary in the hearts of men, and the church was growing in extent as in security—a more definite church architecture arose. Religion then would fain symbolize its meaning, and the cruciform plan, so appropriate, was adopted in the Eastern and Western churches. From the old Basilica the transition was easy, for it had entrances at the sides, and by arching over those

entrances, and throwing out wings to the left and right, the cruciform idea was at once realized. As we said, this was the first step on the way to ecclesiastical perfection in its architecture. As the Cross was the one emblem to which all believers turned with a common devotion, it was peculiar to none of the great orders of the art in any age or in any church.

Upon it, as the ground-plan, might be reared the Italian or the Grecian Church, the Byzantine as well as the Romanesque, or the Gothic. In the churches of the West, however, the Italian cross was adopted, whilst, in the East and Constantinople, the Grecian cross characterized the edifices of that country. As in plan, so in other details did the churches differ. In the churches of the West, a square tower or belfry, afterwards developed into the steeple, arose from the points of intersection of the houses, whilst a dome or cupola capped the same points throughout the churches of the East. The dome or cupola was peculiar to the Eastern countries, and is to the present day a recognized feature in the style called the Byzantine, as it was at Byzantium, or Constantinople, the capital of the East, it was first introduced.

When the seat of empire was transferred from Rome to Constantinople in the year 329, the Romanesque style was introduced for the first time, combining traits of the Italian and Byzantine architecture. The characteristics of this order were the round Roman arch—the massive walls, in which were inserted small and simple windows, the door-ways deeply ornamented in zigzag mouldings and semicircular

arches, the number of arches which spanned the interior, or rose to domes or arched buttresses through the church. In the Romanesque churches the nave terminated in a semicircular choir around and behind the principal altar; and when such is the arrangement, instead of the chancel, the space so enclosed was called the apse. The new cathedral just completed at Thurles, according to the superior taste of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, of Cashel, comprises more of the Romanesque features than we remember to have seen in any other church. Of this style, the Roman and Grecian, the Saxon and Norman, were different modifications, and therefore belong to the Romanesque order.

The great style, called the Gothic or Ogival, was introduced into Great Britain from the central provinces of France. The date of its origin is not so fixed as in the other named orders. From the sixth to the twelfth century it developed itself, and at the latter date it was well defined and adopted as a system. From that time onwards it took its flight during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and the fifteenth, which was the period of its highest perfection, was also, toward its close, the season of its decline. In the twelfth century it was called in Great Britain the early English style; in the next, the pure or decorated; and in the fifteenth, on account of the perpendicular lines in the tracery of doors and windows, it was named the perpendicular Gothic.

The peculiarities of this style at those different periods we cannot enter upon for the present, as it would be beyond our general purpose. From the old

man or Grecian churches the Gothic differed in many respects. Stability and ornament were sought for in the former by the use of materials massive in size, and bound together in the simplest manner. In the latter, the architect worked his will with the use of very small stones, which a Roman or a Grecian builder would despise, and sought to add strength and beauty, not so much by the pressure of column and lintel, as from a scientific adjustment of ribs and thrusts of pointed arches, radiating in various directions toward the support and symmetry of the entire building. The clustered pillars, the pointed arch, and branching roof, together with a number of spires and pinnacles pointing to heaven in their very minuteness, are the unmistakable expressions of the Gothic architecture.

Europe the finest specimen of a Gothic church is said to be Notre Dame, in Paris. It combines every variety of Gothic art, on account of the number of years it was assuming its present proportions, from the twelfth to the present century. In turn, the Gothic style gave place for many years to the various forms of architecture in vogue during the period called the Renaissance. This period set in with the sixteenth century, and evidently manifested a tendency toward the revival of classical or Pagan architecture. It was the time when novelty stimulated the minds of the million. Europe was reeling in the throes of a great revolution, as well in the sciences and arts as in religion. To modern fanaticism, all the old institutions, social and religious, all the old monuments of art, were a contradiction.

The reformed architect, giving wings to his fancy, flitted past intervening centuries of mediæval architecture, till he alit on those fanes of Pagan art, and thence brought back to a servile age all that imagination could picture would express the ephemeral nature of its devotion.

The abortive productions of church architecture, that arose under the ægis of Protestantism, pointed the moral, if they adorned not the name, of the Renaissance period. Whatever is not a copy of the early Christian, or mediæval church architecture, during the period to which allusion is made, is but the supreme expression of artistic imbecility. "We may copy," says a modern writer, "but we can no longer invent;" and the same thing is true of almost every department of human thought, for we have been running new metals into our castings, artistic and intellectual, but it is the ancients, in most cases, who have furnished the moulds. The decline in art which followed the departure from Gothic taste, has been felt, and again the desire to revive it in all its ancient beauty is at once perceived in the number of Gothic churches and civil structures of various kinds springing up on all sides. The followers of Palladius in Italy, or of Jones in England, are no longer heeded when calling Gothic art of the Middle Ages by the name barbarism. A true taste assigns it a just appreciation, and it again catches the genius of the Christian architect. The grander vistas obtained in its churches, the spiritualized expression, the variety and the harmony, the logic and the meaning, are all peculiarities of this style, sure

to revive it and give it lasting expression throughout the Church's land.

And it seems to be the privilege of the Catholic Church alone to perfect and preserve its truth and beauty. Other churches, no doubt, attempt doing so, but they succeed so far as to degrade it, cut it up, and disorganize it in symbol as in expression, with stupid decorations never to accord with pure and simple taste. We are told that all perfection in architecture must grow from utility. Anything got up solely for ornament is false and tawdry. Taste and genius may be displayed in ornamenting a column or a capital, an entablature, an arch, or a window, but when any of these things are put up as an ornament alone, bad taste and incompetency display themselves instead.

The spirit and genius of the Catholic Church to restore Gothic art in her

temples have full expression in the number and kind of these edifices within her fold; or, perhaps, the words of the Dominican preacher on the same subject, with which we mean to conclude, more appropriately and pointedly express the Church's instincts: "Let every arch," he says, "now be pointed; let every pillar spring up as loftily as a spire; let every niche be filled with images of saints and angels; let the high tower be uplifted, upon which swings the bell, consecrated by the blessing of the Church, to fling out on the air around, which trembles as it receives its message, the notes of man's joy, or of Christian sorrow; and high above the tower let the pointed spire seek the clouds, and rear up to heaven, as near as man can go, the symbol of the Cross."—Such is the Church's idea, and such the architecture of which she is mother.

There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season than be wanting in it.

I think I restrict myself within bounds in saying that, so far as I have observed in life, ten men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect.

Cicero calls gratitude the mother of virtues; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and uses the words "grateful" and "good" as synonymous terms, inseparably united in the same character.

Charles Lamb, riding home one evening (after dining with a friend) in a crowded London omnibus, had his attention attracted to the vociferous inquiry, "All full inside?" on the part of a gentleman at the door. Charles waited some time (being much afflicted with stammering) to see what notice his fellow-passengers would take of the unsuccessful application for a seat. None deigning to give the individual an answer, Charles replied, on a repetition of the inquiry, "I d-d-don't know how it is with the other gentlemen, but *that last piece of oyster pie that I took did my business.*"

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

'Twas on a field of deadly strife
Where armed force with force contending
Fought man for man, fought life for life,
Their hearths, their homes, their land defending.
The cannon belched sulphureous flame
By skilled hands fired with dread precision ;
So great the force, so true the aim
That in the ranks a broad incision
Was by each deadly missile made :
Hour after hour the batteries played.

Heroic men in thousands fell
To be replaced by thousands more
Who varying war-cries loudly yell
And fight and fall like those before.
In places, too, bright bay'nets gleam
And sabres flash the sunlight back,
And horses tramp and banners stream
While, in the chargers' fierce attack,
With ringing cry and swinging brand
The foemen struggle hand to hand—

No wonder 'tis that thus they fight
One nation in the death throes panting ;
The other soaring in her might,
A score of recent victories chanting.
Ah ! valiant France, so often crowned
With triumph on the fields of fame,
Who with the laurel wreath oft bound
And hailed with peoples' loud acclaim,
Shines brightly on the page of story
Thy record grand of fadeless glory.

Betrayed and crushed on every side,
The Teuton hordes thy homes invading,
With scarce a hope to stem the tide
Of conquest spreading far and wide,
Base traitors on thy sufferings trading—
Yet still with spirits proud and high,
With hearts of fire and bosoms fearless,
Thy gallant sons know how to die
Scorning their foes, with haughty eye
And fighting on with valor peerless.

But vain are daring efforts now,
Their cherished hopes are rudely tossed,
They must to fate unyielding bow
For everything but *honor's* lost.
'Twas 'mid the dreadful closing scenes
Of that dark day of carnage wild,
Of blood and groans, despair and moans
And ghastly corpses rudely piled,
'Twas then was done a daring deed
That merits praise and highest meed.

A valiant man who bravely fought
Where foes were thickest through the day,
And now defeated only sought
A chance to give his life away—
A patriot with a patriot's pride,
Who'd gladly see his heart's blood pour—
Ay, shout defiant as he died,
Like Romans in the days of yore,
Before a foreign flag he'd see
In triumph float, loved France, o'er thee.

With flashing sword upon the foe
He rushed where seemed the greatest danger,
"These Prussians," cried he, "I will show,
How death to face true Frenchmen know
'Fore subjugation of a stranger."
Like hail the balls around him flew,
Yet on he pressed with heart undaunted
The flagging zeal of some to renew
Who deemed their hearts' hope requiem chanted.
The ebon clouds now broken seem
But ah! 'tis but a moment's gleam.

He falls, and soon his followers fail,
Halt, stagger, waver, break, and fly
Like ships bereft of helm and sail,
When tempests dark o'erspread the sky.
The star is faded now that led,
The hope that buoyed them up has flown;
Despair possesses them instead,
When on their own resources thrown.

Deserted, wounded, there he lay,
Nor friend nor foe is near at hand;
The hostile guns around him play
So furious, nothing can withstand
Their raking fire. Yet though alone
No craven thought by him is known,
From out his breast a flag he draws,
And rising, lets it proudly wave.
Along the lines there rings applause
Of action so sublimely brave:
A half a mile, in sole advance
He proudly bears the flag of France.

Around the hissing bullets fly,
And smoke and dust the air fast fill;
But when a moment clears the sky
That flag is seen high waving still.
The bravest spirits madly dash
Toward where that single banner flies;
But 'tis an effort vainly rash,
Assured death to each that tries:
The heaviest guns on either side
All seem around that standard plied.

But there was one who came not there
To fight,—no, 'twas *his* sole intent
The sick and wounded men to care,
And on his humble mission bent
He walked 'mid greatest carnage dread
With humble but *unfearing* tread.

A brother of that holy band
Who from the vain world turn aside,
And fired by but one purpose grand
Of serving Him who for man died,
Their lives surrender to the Lord,
And but from God seek their reward.

Devoted men ! emblazoned deeds
Of greatest soldiers soon must fade
Before the eyes of Him who reads
Upon historic page displayed,
Throughout the gloom of war's dark night,
The Christian Brothers' record bright.

'Twas one of these whose glance decried
The hero ; quick with lint and bands
He rushed where bravest soldiers tried
In vain. No weapon in his hands,
No glittering sabre did he bear,
Nor chasseur by him was needed ;
With healing balm and book of prayer
He went, nor any danger heeded :
For none will terrors so defy
Like those who serve their God on high.

Nor long it was until he stood
Right at the wounded soldier's side,
Who, weak and faint from loss of blood,
To keep the flag still floating tried.
'Twas well he came, a grateful word
The standard-bearer scarce could say
Before his soul that message heard
Which summoned it from earth away.

● Then glancing with a kindling eye
● Upon the flag he loved so well,
While battle's smoke rolls through the sky,
And all its sounds of tumult swell,
The sinking hero fondly gave
That banner to the brother's care ;
And dying saw it proudly wave
Held boldly by the man of prayer—
A soldier to his latest breath,
He nobly died a soldier's death.

And safely back the Brother brought
The ensign. While with loud acclaim
And stirring cheers the army sought
To give that momentary fame

For which the worldling so much sighs.
 But not so he who, standing there,
 To hide himself by effort tries.
 No glory does he seek to share,
 His duty he has only done :
 Pæans and thanks he asks from none.

His name ? *That* never shall appear,
 Nor shall the world learn other
 Than that the deed recited here
 Was by a simple Christian Brother.

CAPRI AND ITS ROMAN REMAINS.

Among the many charms of the little island of Capri, must certainly be rated the number and interest of its Roman remains. The whole island is, in fact, a vast Roman wreck. Hillside and valley are filled with a mass of ruins which brings home to one, in a way which no detailed description can convey, the scale of the buildings with which it was crowded. At either landward or seaward place huge substructures stretch out beneath the waves, the relics of arsenals, and of docks; a network of roads still links together the ruins of Imperial villas; every garden is watered from Roman cisterns; wherever he will, the excavator is rewarded by the discovery of vases, of fragments of sculpture, of mosaic pavements, of precious marbles. The churches of the island and the palaces of the mainland are full of the most costly columns which have been rescued from the ruins of Capri; and the Museum of Naples is largely indebted for its treasures of statuary to the researches made here at the close of the last century. The main archaeological interest of the island, however, lies not in fragments or "finds" such as these, but in the huge masses of ruin which lie scattered so thickly over it. The Pharos which guided the Alexandrian corn-ships to Puteoli stands shattered on its headland. The waves dash idly against the enormous fragment of the sea-baths of Tiberius. His palace-citadel still looks from the summit of a mighty cliff across the Strait of Sorrento. The stairs of Anacapri—which, in the absence of any other date to which it is possible to assign them, we are forced to refer to the same period of construction, hewn as they are to the height of a thousand feet in the solid rock—vie in boldness with almost any achievement of Roman engineering. The smallness of the space—for the lower part of the island within which these relics are crowded is little more than a mile and a half either way—adds to the sense of won-

der which the size and number of these creations excite. All that remains, too, it must be remembered, is the work of but a few years. There is no ground for believing that anything of importance was added after the death of Tiberius, or begun before the old age of Augustus. We catch glimpses, indeed, of the history of the island long before its purchase by the aged Emperor. Its commanding position at the mouth of the great Campanian bay had raised it into importance at a very early period. The Teleboes, whom tradition, according to Tacitus, named as its first inhabitants, have left only a trace of their existence in the verse of Virgil; but in the great strife between the Hellenic and Tyrrhenian races for the commercial monopoly of Southern Italy, Capri, like Sorrento, was seized as a naval station by the Etruscans, whose alliance with the Phœnicians in their common war against the Greeks may perhaps explain the vague legends of a Semitic settlement. The Hellenic victory of Cumæ, however, settled the fate of Capri, as it settled the fate of the coast; and the island fell to the lot of Neapolis, when the "new city" rose in the midst of the bay to which it has since given its name. The most enduring trace of its Greek colonization is to be found in the Greek type of countenance and form which endears Capri to artists; but, like the cities of the mainland, it preserved its Greek manners and speech long after it had passed with Neapolis into the grasp of Rome. The greater proportion of its inscriptions, even when dating from the Imperial period, are in Greek. Up to the time of Augustus, however, it played in Roman story but the humble part of lighting the great corn-fleet from Egypt through the Strait of Sorrento. Statius tells us of the joy with which the sailors welcomed the glare of its Pharos as they neared the land, the greeting they addressed to its cliff, while, on the other hand, they poured their libations to the goddess whose white temple gleamed from the headland of Sorrento. Its higher destinies began with a chance visit of Augustus, when age and weakness had driven him to seek a summer retreat on the Campanian shore. A happy omen, the revival of a withered ilex at his landing, as well as the temperate air of the place itself, so charmed the Emperor that he forced Naples to accept Ischia in exchange for it, and chose it as his favorite refuge from the excessive heat. Suetonius gives a pleasant, gossiping picture of the old man's life in his short holidays there; his delight in idly listening to the prattle of his Moorish and Syrian slave-boys as they played knuckle-bones on the beach; his enjoyment of the cool breeze which swept through his villa even in summer, or of the cool splash of water from the fountain in the peristyle; his curiosity about the big fossil bones dug up in the island, which he sent to Rome to be placed in the galleries of his house on the Palatine; his fun in quizzing the pedants who followed him by Greek verses of his own making. But, in the midst of his idleness, the indefatigable energy which marked the man was seen in the buildings with which Suetonius tells us he furnished the island, and the progress of which after his death may possibly have been the inducement which drew his successor to its shores.

It is with the name of the second Cæsar rather than of the first, that Capri is destined to be associated. While the jests and Greek verses of Augustus are forgotten, the terrible invective of Tacitus and the sarcasm of Juvenal recall the cruelties and the terrors of Tiberius. His retirement to Capri, although, as we have seen, in form but a carrying out of the purpose of Augustus, marks a distinct stage in the development of the Empire. For ten years, not Rome, but an obscure island off the Campanian coast became the centre of the government of the world. The spell of the Eternal City was suddenly broken, and it was never thoroughly restored. If Milan, Ravenna, Nicomedia, Constantinople, became afterwards her rivals or supplanters as the seat of empire, it was because Capri had led the way. For the first time, too, as Dean Merivale has pointed out, the world was made to see in its bare nakedness the fact that it had a single master. All the disguises which Augustus had flung around his personal rule were thrust aside; senate, consuls, the Roman people itself, were left contemptuously behind. A single senator, a few knights, a little group of Greek pedants, were all that accompanied Tiberius to Capri. The figure of the Emperor stood out bare and alone on its solitary rock. But, great as the change really was, the skill of Tacitus has thrown over the retirement of Tiberius a character of strangeness which, as we have seen, hardly belongs to it. What in fact distinguished it from the retirement of Augustus to the same spot was, simply, the persistence of his successor in never returning to Rome. Capri in itself was nothing but a part of the great pleasure resort which Roman luxury had created around the shores of the Bay of Naples. From its cliffs the Emperor could see through the pure, transparent air the villas and watering-places which fringed the coast from Misenum to Surrentum, the groves and lakes of Baiæ, the white line of Neapolis, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, the blue sea dappled with the painted sails of pleasure-boats as they wooed the summer air. The whole bay was a Roman Brighton, and the withdrawal of Tiberius from the world was much the same sort of withdrawal from the world as the seclusion of George IV at the Pavilion. Of the viler pleasures which are commonly attributed to him in his retreat we need say nothing, for it is only by ingenious conjectures that any of the remains at Capri have been made to confirm them. The taste of Tiberius was as coarse as the taste of his fellow Romans, and the scenes which Seneca paints as common at Baiæ—the drunkards wandering along the shore, the songs of the revellers, the drinking-toasts of the sailors, the boats with their gaudy cargo of noisy girls, the coarse jokes of the bathers among the rose-leaves which strewed the water—were probably as common in the revels at Capri. But for the more revolting details we have only the scandal of Rome to rely on, and scandal was easily quickened by the veil of solitude and secrecy which Tiberius flung around his retirement. The tales of his cruelties, of the fisherman tortured for having climbed the cliff which the Emperor deemed inaccessible, of the criminals dashed into the sea down the steep of the “Salto di Tiberio,” rest on the gossip of

Suetonius alone. But in all this mass of gossip there is little that throws any real light on the character of the island, or of the buildings whose remains excite our interest there; we can only guess at its far wilder condition from a story which shows us the Imperial litter fairly brought to a stand-still by the thick brushwood, and the wrath of Tiberius venting itself in a ruthless thrashing of the centurion who served as his guide. The story is curious, because it shows that, in spite of the rapidity with which the Imperial work had been carried on, the island, when Tiberius arrived, was still in many parts hidden with rough and impenetrable brushwood, and that the wonderful series of hanging gardens which turned almost the whole of it into a vast pleasure-ground, was mainly of his own creation.

It would of course be impossible to pass in review the numberless sights where either chance or research has detected traces of the work of Tiberius. "Duodecim villarum nominibus et molibus insederat," says Tacitus; and the twelve villas may in most cases be identified to-day, some basking in the sunshine by the shore, some placed in sheltered nooks where the cool sea-breeze tempered the summer heat, the grander ones crowning the summit of the hills. We can trace the docks, the grottos still paved with mosaic, which marks them as the scene of Imperial picnics; the terraces and arbors of the hanging gardens, with the rock boldly cut away to make room for them; the system of roads which linked the villas together, the cisterns and aqueducts which supplied water; the buildings for the slaves of the household and for the legionaries who guarded the shore; the cemetery for the dead; the shrines and pavilions scattered about on the heights, and a small Mithraic temple hidden in the loveliest of the Caprese ravines. If we restore in fancy the scene to which these ruins belonged, fill the gardens with the fountains and statues whose fragments lie profusely scattered about, rear again the porticos of marble columns, and restore the frescos whose traces exist on the ruined walls, we shall form some inadequate conception of the luxury and grace which Tiberius flung around his retirement. By a singular piece of good fortune the one great wreck which towers above all the rest, is the spot with which the Emperor himself is historically associated. Through the nine terrible months during which the conspiracy of Sejanus was in progress, he never left, Suetonius tells us, the Villa Jovis; and the villa still stands on the huge promontory, fifteen hundred feet above the sea, from which his eye could watch every galley that brought its news of good or ill from Misenum and from Rome. Few landscapes can compare in extent or beauty with the view on which Tiberius must have looked. The promontory of Massa lies across the blue reach of sea, almost as it seems under one's hand, yet really a few miles off, its northern side falling in brown slopes dotted with white villas to the orange gardens of Sorrento, its southern rushing steeply down to the hidden bays of Amalfi and Salerno. To the right, the distant line of Apennines, broken by the shadowy dip that marks the plain of Pæstum, runs southward in a dim succession of capes and headlands; to the left, the sunny bow of the bay of

Naples gleams clear and distinct through the brilliant air till the broken mass of Ischia leads the eye round again to the cliff of Anacapri, with the busy little Marina at its feet. A tiny chapel in charge of a hermit now crowns the plateau which forms the highest point of the Villa Jovis; on three sides of the height the cliffs fall in a sheer descent of more than a thousand feet to the sea; on the fourth, the terrace walls are formed of fragments of brick and marble, which recall the hanging gardens that swept downwards to the plain. The villa itself lies partly hewn out of the sides of the steep rock, partly supported by a vast series of substructures, whose arched vaults served as water-reservoirs and baths for the service of the house. In strength of site and in the character of its defences the palace was strictly what Pliny calls it, "*Tiberii principis arx*," but this was no special characteristic of the Villa Jovis. "*Scias non villas esse sed castra*," said Seneca of the luxurious villas on the coast of Baïæ; it was as if the soldier element of the Roman nature broke out, even amidst the patrician's idlest repose, in the choice of a military site, and the warlike strength of the buildings he erected on it. Within, however, life seems to have been luxurious enough. The ruins of a theatre, whose ground-plan remains perfect, show that Tiberius combined more elegant relaxations with the coarse revels which are laid to his charge. Each passage is paved with mosaic, the walls still retain in patches their colored stucco, and here and there in the small chambers we find traces of the designs which adorned them. It is, however, rather by the vast extent and huge size of the substructures than by the remains of the house itself, that we can estimate the grandeur of the Villa Jovis; for here, as at the Baths near the Marina, the ruins have served as quarries for chapels and forts and every farmhouse in the neighborhood. The Baths stand only second in grandeur to the Villa itself. The fall of the cliff has torn down fragment after fragment, but the half of an immense calidarium still stands like an apse fronting the sea, a grand sea-wall juts out into the waves, and at its base, like a great ship of stone in the midst of the water, lies, still unbroken after eighteen hundred years, the sea-bath itself. The roof has fallen in, the pillars are tumbled from its front, but the high walls, though undermined by the tide, still stand erect. On the cliff above, a Roman fortress, which must have resembled Burgh Castle in form, and which has since served as a modern fort, seems to have protected the Baths and the vast series of gardens which occupied the whole of the lower ground beneath the Stair of Anacapri, and whose boundary wall remains in a series of some twenty almost perfect arches.

As we have said, however, we cannot attempt to describe the Roman remains of Capri in detail. Their importance has long been understood by the archaeologists of Italy, and something of their ruin may be attributed to the extensive excavations made by the government a hundred years ago. But far more of the terrible wreck is owing to the ravages of time. With the death of Tiberius Capri sinks

suddenly out of sight. Its name had in fact become associated with infamy, and there is no real ground for supposing that it remained as the pleasure-isle of later Emperors. But the vast buildings can only slowly have mouldered into decay; we find its Pharos flaming under Domitian, and the exile of two Roman princesses, Crispina and Lucilla, by Commodus, proves that Imperial villas still remained to shelter them. It is to the period which immediately follows the residence of Tiberius that we may refer one of the most curious among the existing monuments of Capri, the Mithraic temple of Metromania. Its situation is singularly picturesque. A stair cut in the rock leads steeply down a rift in the magnificent cliffs to the mouth of a little cave, once shrouded by a portico whose fragments lie scattered among the cacti and wild thyme. Within, the walls are lined with the characteristic reticulated Roman masonry, broken chambers and door-ways on either side are blocked by *débris*, and two semicircular platforms rise one within the other to a niche in the farthest recess of the cave, where the bas-relief of the Eastern deity, which is now deposited in the Museum at Naples, was found by the first excavators. Beside it lay a stone with a Greek inscription, so strangely pathetic, that it must tell its own tale: "Welcome into Hades, O noble deities!—dwellers in the Stygian land!—welcome me, too, most pitiful of men, ravished from life by no judgment of the Fates, but by a death sudden, violent, the death-stroke of a wrath defiant of justice. But now I stood in the first rank beside my lord! now he has reft me and my parents alike of hope! I am not fifteen, I have not reached my twentieth year, and—wretched I!—I see no more the light! My name is Hypatus; but I pray my brother and my parents to weep for wretched ones no more." Conjecture has coupled this wail of a strange fate with the human sacrifices offered at the shrine of Mithras, and has seen in Hypatus a slave and favorite of Tiberius devoted by his master to the Eastern deity; but there is no ground whatever for either of the guesses. Such as it is, however, the death-cry of Hypatus alone breaks the later silence of Capri. The introduction of Christianity was marked by the rise of the mother church of San Costanzo, whose inner columns of giallo antico and cipollino were torn from the ruins of the Baths hard by, and from this moment we may trace the progress of destruction in each monument of the new faith. The sacrarium of San Stefano is paved with a mosaic of marbles from the Villa Jovis, and the chapel of St. Michael is erected out of a Roman building which occupied its site. We do not know when the island ceased to form a part of the Imperial estate, but the evidence of a character of Gregory II, overlooked by the local topographers, show that at the opening of the eighth century the "*Insula Capræ cum monasterio S. Stefani*" had passed like the rest of the Imperial property in the South to the demesne of the Roman See. The change may have some relation to the subjection of Capri to the spiritual jurisdiction of Sorrento, of whose bishopric it formed a part till its own institution as a separate see in the tenth century. The name of "the Bishop of Quails," which attached itself to

the prelate of Capri, points humorously to the chief source of his episcopal income, the revenue derived from the capture of the flocks of these birds who settle on the island in their two annual migrations in May and September. From the close of the ninth century, when the island passed out of the hands of Amalfi, it has followed the fortunes of the mainland; its ruin seems to have been completed by the raids of the Saracens from their neighboring settlement on the coast of Lucania; and the two mediæval fortresses of Anacapri and Castiglione, which bear the name of Barbarossa, simply indicate that the Algerian pirate of the sixteenth century was the most dreaded of the long train of Moslem marauders who had made Capri their prey through the Middle Ages. Every raid and every fortress removed some monument of the Roman rule, and the fight which wrested the isle from Sir Hudson Lowe at the beginning of the present century put the coping-stone on the work of destruction. But, in spite of the ravages of time and of man, enough has been left to give a special archæological interest to the little rock-refuge of Capri.

THE LADY EDITH.

BY M. F. T.

She walked in the moonlight pale and wan
 Under the castle's steep,
 And turned from the glance of the gray-haired man
 Who watched where the ivies creep.
 The Lady Edith, the dame who loved,
 But hid under cover her heart;
 Who pouted in scorn when his faith she had proved,
 And tore all his heartstrings apart.
 She was the child of a noble race,
 A soldier's orphan he,
 But the soul spoke out in the frank, pale face,
 And the heart beat hopefully.
 She smiled and brought to her feet the youth
 She lured but to destroy;
 For her words were death to the soul of truth,
 And a blight to the heart of joy.
 He died—'tis the old tale told anew—
 He died for the siren's sneer;
 But the smart of conscience bitter grew,
 And she sank with the waning year.
 And so, in the moonlight wan and pale,
 She walks through the darkened hours;
 And there sounds from her tower a saddened wail,
 And a sighing among the flowers.

WHAT THE JESUITS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

On August 15th, 1534, was laid the foundation of one of the greatest scientific and literary bodies which have ever existed.

On the morning of that eventful day, while the deep, dark shadows of tower, and spire, and cathedral dome were falling on the deserted streets of Paris, and a silence, as of the tomb, gave unmistakable evidence that the voluptuous citizens were buried in sleep, seven men might be seen moving on processionally towards the heights of Montmartre. There was a something about them which would immediately attract the attention of a close observer. They looked like persons who had formed some resolution involving great responsibilities, and difficulties of no ordinary kind; but their calm, grave, yet determined looks, and that air of confidence in some secret aid, known only to themselves, which was stamped upon their countenances, bespoke them just the men whom one would select for some weighty enterprise. With slow but firm step they climb the Martyr's Mount—they enter a subterraneous chapel, venerated as the spot where St. Denis gave his blood for Christ—and while worldly Paris was still asleep, they kneel in silent prayer. It was a scene which Raphael would have loved to paint. The darkness of the chapel was relieved only by the lights which flickered on the altar and around the Martyr's shrine, and the solemn stillness was unbroken save by the devotional sigh or muttered prayer, which might now and again escape from the lips of those seven motionless adorers. Let us sketch them hurriedly as they kneel, while one of the party is preparing to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

The man who seems to be their leader, and to whom they pay unequivocal signs of respect, appears to be somewhere about 50 years of age. He is of middle stature. There is an indefinable something about his appearance, which bespeaks him of noble birth; and there is a fiery glance in his eyes, which, even subdued as it now is by religious feelings, proclaims him a man of daring spirit and inflexible determination.—It is *Ignatius of Loyola*, grandee of Spain, whilom courtier, and officer in the army of his Imperial Majesty, Charles V, but come to swear allegiance to-day to a mightier sovereign.

Who is that other worshipper—he with the finely-proportioned figure, and the bright, laughing eye, and the clear, soft complexion? That is *Francis Xavier*. In his veins, too, there runs the bluest of patrician blood, and in a short time his fame

and name will be echoed, trumpet-tongued, not alone in Europe, but by the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Hoang-ho, and in the distant islands of Japan. Near him kneel two others—they seem mere boys. One cannot have counted, to judge by the number, more than twenty; the other, perhaps, some seventeen or eighteen summers; nevertheless, there are clear traces of high intellectual power already developed on their countenances. They are *James Laynez* and *Alphonsus Salmeron*, who will yet make Europe ring with the fame of their learning. There is another in the group whose appearance strikes us peculiarly, from the fact that, though his companions have an unmistakably aristocratic air, he seems of decidedly plebeian origin—that is *Bobadilla*. He is of low extraction, to be sure, but so were the Apostles. *Bobadilla* possessed, however, in an eminent degree, virtue and genius—traits which birth cannot confer, and we shall hear more of him anon. Next to *Bobadilla* kneels *Simon Rodriguez*, a Portuguese gentleman; and if outward looks can be a true index of inward feelings of the soul, then we must unhesitatingly pronounce *Simon Rodriguez*, of *Azevedo*, a saint. Of the one of the number now remains unnoticed—it is *Peter Faber*, a Savoyard, the only priest among them, and he is just approaching the altar to offer up the unbloody sacrifice. The other worshippers, dead to every earthly thought, attend during the celebration of the tremendous rite with reverence and marked devotion; they receive the Holy Communion from the conse-

crated hands of their companion *Faber*, and then, prostrate before the Sacred Host, they all seven vow to God to place themselves at the service of the Supreme Pontiff, to be by him employed in whatever capacity he might judge most conducive to the advancement of religion, and the good of the Church.

Such was the origin of the celebrated order of the Jesuits; and that vow pronounced in the little Chapel of Montmartre, 337 years ago, if it has brought confusion and constant defeat into the camp of the enemies of religion, has wrought almost incalculable good, not alone for the Church, but also for the cause of science, letters, and civilization.

It has been so ordained by Providence that in every reaction against the Church, a power should be found within the Church's own fold, more than capable of counteracting the evil, and of turning the tide of victory in her favor.

Perhaps the most terrible religious revolution which has ever occurred within the wellnigh nineteen centuries of the Church's existence, was the so-called Protestant Reformation. That rebellion was hatched in the brain of proud, ambitious, and licentious men—men gifted by God with more than ordinary talents, which, however, they abused to overthrow, as far as in them lay, God's power on earth. In so doing they were aided and abetted by the great ones of the world, who could not brook the restraint which Divine law would place upon their conduct. They were, also, favored by the avarice of lordlings, who sought to supply purses emptied through extravagance, by converting into them those treasures which

the piety of their ancestors had consecrated to the service of God. They found easy dupes among an ignorant peasantry, who might have been easily persuaded to adopt *any* religious views, when put before them by men who would not scruple to impose upon their credulity, and to stir up within them a spirit of fanaticism by means of that wild, impassioned oratory which the first heralds of Protestantism could use with such effect.

The motive power and guiding spirit of Protestantism was *intellectual pride*. An Augustinian friar, believing himself to be the most distinguished preacher in Germany, fancied that a slight was put upon him when his Dominican brother was called upon to occupy the pulpit on a remarkable occasion. It was the old sin—“*Eritis sicut Dii* ;”^{*} and this infection of intellectual pride caught hold of almost all the followers of Luther and Calvin. They proclaimed the dawn of a new era of progress and enlightenment, when the human mind disenthralled would lord it over the antiquated doctrines of the fishermen of Galilee; and a few half-educated Germans and Frenchmen would overthrow those doctrines which had been received and approved of by Tertullian, and Origen, and Cyprian; by Leo and Augustine; by Basil, and Gregory of Nazianzen; by the Greek philosophers of the Arco-

pagus, and the wise old Roman Senators, sitting beneath the shadows of the Capitol, in the Forum;—by what there was of sterling intellect, and public worth, and private virtue in three portions of the globe for 1,500 years.

It was a bold venture, this, on the part of the so-called reformers, to throw down, if we may use the phrase, the glove of intellectual challenge to Catholic Christendom. But Catholic Christendom, nothing daunted, accepted the challenge, and God raised up, in the persons of the Jesuits, men who could take up that glove and fling it back, with tenfold vigor, in the faces of the wretched miscreants who would rend the seamless garment of Christ. God raised up an Order, which was to be a living witness, that as the Roman Church is the *sole depositrix* of the Redeemer's doctrine, so she is the *only* herald of *true* enlightenment and civilization, and can at any time produce, from within her fold, men who, in the varied departments of science, and literature, and art, are able to hold their own against the world.

The men so raised up to combat the religious revolution of the sixteenth century were the *Jesuits*. To use the truthful and eloquent words of Bahmes: “The spirit of the coming ages was essentially one of scientific and literary progress. The Jesuits were aware of this truth, they perfectly understood it. It was necessary to advance with rapidity, and never to remain behind. This the new institute does; it takes the lead in all sciences, it allows none to anticipate it. Men study the oriental languages; they produce great works on the Bible;

^{*} It is a remarkable fact, that as the first rebellion of creatures against their Creator was the result of intellectual pride, so all, or nearly all, the rebellions against the teaching and authority of the Church—God's representative on earth—have arisen from the same cause: so fell, in days gone by, Tertullian and Origen, Arius and Eutyches, Luther and Calvin, Voltaire and the infidels of the eighteenth century, not to mention, in our own times, *De Lamennais*, *Pasquella*, *Père Hyacinthe*, and the most recent of heretics, *Dr. Döllinger*.

they search the books or the ancient Fathers, the monuments of tradition, and of ecclesiastical decisions: in the midst of this great activity the Jesuits are at their posts; many super-eminent works issue from their colleges. The taste for dogmatical controversy is spread over all Europe; many schools preserve and love the scholastic discussions; immortal works of controversy come from the hands of the Jesuits, at the same time that they yield to none in skill and penetration in the schools. The mathematics, astronomy, all the natural sciences, make great progress; learned societies are formed in the capitals of Europe, to cultivate and encourage them; in these societies the Jesuits figure in the first rank. The spirit of time is naturally dissolvent; the institute of the Jesuits is interiorly armed against dissolution; in spite of the rapidity of its course, it advances in a compact order, like the mass of a powerful army. The errors, the eternal disputes, the multitude of the new opinions, even the progress of the sciences, by exciting men's minds, give a fatal inconstancy to the human intellect—an impetuous whirlwind, agitating and stirring up all things, carries them away. The order of the Jesuits appears in the midst of this whirlwind, but it partakes neither of its inconstancy, nor of its variability; it pursues its career without losing itself, and while only irregularity and vacillation are seen among its adversaries, it advances with a sure step, tending towards its object, like a planet which performs its orbit according to fixed laws. . . . In consequence of the discovery of the new countries in the east and west, a taste

for travelling, for observing distant countries, for the knowledge of the language, manners, and customs of the recently discovered nations, was developed in Europe. The Jesuits, spread over the face of the globe, while preaching the Gospel to the nations, do not forget the study of the thousand things which may interest cultivated Europe, and, at their return from their gigantic expeditions, they are seen adding their valuable treasures to the common fund of modern science." *

And yet, it must be ever borne in mind that science and literature are by no means the *primary* objects proposed to themselves by the Jesuits. The society of Jesus is not, and was never intended to be, either a scientific institute, or an academy of men of letters. It is nothing more or less than a Religious Order, in which the members, beside their own individual sanctification, aim at preaching the Gospel to unbelievers, inculcating the practice of its maxims on those who believe, and assisting all towards the attainment of eternal life. These are the primary ends of the society; and if it has cultivated science and literature with almost unprecedented success, it was only because its members judged these to be, under existing circumstances, highly efficacious *means* towards the achievement of that *end* for which the society was instituted.

We propose to treat, in a series of papers, these literary and scientific labors of the Jesuits. We should wish that it were in our power to do so in a single notice, but the spirit of research among Loyola's learned children has been so extensive, their studies so

* Balmes, *European Civilization*, chap. xlii.

varied and profound, their acquirements so rare and so brilliant, that more space is required to chronicle their labors than could reasonably be afforded in a single, or even many numbers of the Record.

However, before we attempt this task, which we have proposed to ourselves, we had better reply to a not unreasonable objection—"Have not the Jesuits," it will be said, "been often and triumphantly defended; why then ask us to pore over your prosaic pages?" We freely admit that the Jesuits have been ably defended, and that, by writers in comparison with whom we are but "lispering babes." Some members of that illustrious order have been themselves apologists for their brethren. French infidels of the eighteenth century have more than once spoken in their praise. English High Churchmen and Presbyterians of the Kirk have vindicated their honor and integrity;* but, above all, the most enduring monuments of the services which they have rendered to religion and civil-

* It may not be out of place to cite here one or two testimonies regarding the literary merits of the Jesuits. We make our selection from *hostile* authors, and we do so merely *en passant*, as we shall frequently produce similar ones, in the course of these papers.

D'Alembert, surely no friend of the Jesuits, writes these remarkable words:—"Ajoutons, cas il faut être juste, qu'aucune société religieuse, sans exception, ne peut se glorifier d'un aussi grand nombre d'hommes célébrés dans les lettres. Les Jesuites se sont exercés avec succès dans tous les genres: éloquence, histoire, antiquité, géométrie, littérature profonde et agréable, il n'est presque aucune classe d'écrivains ou elle ne compte des hommes du premier mérite."—*D'Alembert sur la destruction des Jesuites*.

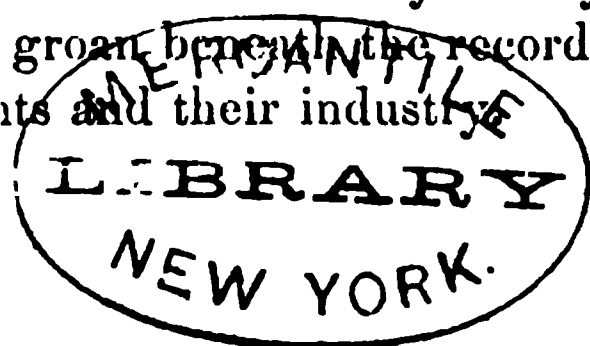
Bacon pays the following high tribute to the Jesuits as a teaching body—"Ad pedagogiam quod attinet brevissimum foret dictu; consule scholas Jesuitarum: nihil enim quod in usum venit his melius."—*Bacon de augmento scientiarum*, lib. vii, cap. iv.—And the Protestant Historian *Prescott*, though violently antagonistic to the Jesuits as a religious body, is forced to confess that they have rendered distinguished services to the cause of

ization, to science, and letters, and art, must be found in the savage, untutored hordes brought through their influence under the regulation of civilized life—the wild prairies cultivated under their direction—the mighty rivers traced to their source and navigated under their superintendence—the untold mineral wealth of countries, almost unknown, explored under their guidance, and by their skill—and, more than all, the countless millions dwelling in the shadow of death, brought, through their agency, under the sweet yoke of Christ: these are testimonies, stronger than written words, to the zeal, the energy, the self-sacrificing devotion, and the brilliant talents of the Jesuits. But though such testimonies be eloquent, they entirely fail to conciliate the nineteenth century in favor of the Jesuits. The Jesuits are supposed to be the great prop and mainstay of Papal power, and hence the world—the heretical, the infidel world—will persist in saying to them *Maranatha*. By a decree from Florence, the Infidel Government of Italy has robbed them of

science and literature. "But amidst many bad consequences," he writes, "flowing from the institution of this order, mankind, it must be acknowledged, have derived from it some considerable advantages. As the Jesuits made the education of youth one of their capital objects, and as their first attempts to establish colleges for the reception of students were violently opposed by the universities in different countries, it became necessary for them, as the most effectual method of acquiring the public favor, to surpass their rivals in science and industry. This prompted them to cultivate the study of ancient literature with extraordinary ardor. This put them upon various methods for facilitating the instruction of youth; and by the improvements which they made in it, they have contributed so much towards the progress of polite learning, that on this account they have merited well of society. Nor has the order of Jesuits been successful only in teaching the elements of literature: it has produced, likewise, eminent masters in many branches of science, and can alone boast of a greater number of ingenious authors than all the other religious fraternities taken together."—*Prescott, Charles V.* Book vi.

ir colleges; and that magnificent institution, the Roman College, which numbered in the past, and counts at present, so many men of brilliant intellect and world-wide fame within its walls, is now a government office, in the possession of a few miserable Piedmontese officials. The late Communist Government of Paris, following in the footsteps of its Italian brothers, also expelled the Jesuits, and has added one more glaring outrage by murdering, with the martyrdom of the late Archbishop of Paris, hundreds of Loyola's sainted children. At the present moment the Jesuits are more or less persecuted in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in Austria, and in France. Decrees of banishment are pronounced against them—legal restrictions of

quite an exceptionable character are imposed upon them; fines and confiscations fall fast and heavy on them; and all this has been done in the name of liberty, fraternity, and equality, in the name of progress, civilization, and enlightenment. Out upon *such* progress! Shame upon the shameless miscreants, who would prate of civilization amidst the smouldering embers of the fairest city in the world, reduced to ruin by their hands; who would hold up to scorn, as the enemies of enlightenment, the most learned body of men that has ever existed; who treat as ferocious wild beasts the men who have made the shelves of every library in the world groan beneath the records of their talents and their industry.



MYTHS OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

Some time since an article appeared in the pages of the MONTHLY entitled "Indian Legends," and presenting a selection of the best-known fables of the American aborigines. The traditions cited were those of the great Delaware nation, which has since been broken up and incorporated into one or other of the Western tribes. While these are very generally known and admired for their singular poetry and fanciful richness, we think they are equalled by a number of very beautiful myths handed down by the Southwestern Tribes, and which at the present day are told in the cabins of civilized, farm-cultivating Choctaws and Chickasaws. Four years ago Mr. Charles Lanman published a collection of Indian myths told him by Peter

Pitchlynn, chief of a Southern tribe. From these we select a couple, which strike us as having a peculiar resemblance to our own Scriptural history. These Choctaw Indians came originally from Mexico, and it is probable that they, in common with other nations more civilized than the ordinary red men, preserved the story of the world's great punishment in the days of Noah. The native Peruvians, whom Pizarro's followers conquered, had a legend which closely resembles those of our Southern Indians.

The Choctaw tradition of the overflowing waters corresponds with our own account of the Deluge. It is as follows:—

The world was in its prime. The tiny

streams among the hills and mountains shouted with joy, and the broad rivers wound their wonted course along the peaceful valleys. The moon and stars had long made the night skies beautiful, and guided the hunter through the wilderness. The sun, which the red man calls the glory of summer-time, had never failed to appear. Many generations of men lived and passed away. But in process of time the aspect of the world became changed. Brother quarrelled with brother, and cruel wars frequently covered the earth with blood. The Great Spirit saw all these and was displeased. A terrible wind swept over the wilderness, and the *Ok-la-ho-ma*, or red people, knew that they had done wrong, but they lived as if they did not care. Finally, a stranger prophet made his appearance among them, and proclaimed in every village the news that the human race was to be destroyed. None believed his words, and the moons of summer again came and disappeared. It was now the autumn of the year. Many cloudy days had occurred, and then a total darkness came upon the earth, and the sun seemed to have departed forever. • It was very dark and very cold. Men lay down to sleep, but were troubled with unhappy dreams. They arose when they thought it was time for the day to dawn, but only to see the sky covered with a darkness deeper than the heaviest cloud. The moon and stars had all disappeared, and there was constantly a dismal bel- lowing of thunder all round the sky. Men now believed that the sun would never return, and there was great con- sternation throughout the land. The great men of the Choctaw nation spoke despondingly to their fellows, and sung their death-songs, but those songs were faintly heard in the gloom of the great night. Men visited each other by torchlight. The grains and fruits of the land became mouldy, and the wild animals of the forest became tame, and gathered around the watch-fires of the Indians, entering even into the villages.

A louder peal of thunder than was ever before heard now echoed through the firmament, and a light was seen in the north. It was not the light of the sun, but a gleam of distant waters. They made a mighty roar, and, in bil- lows like the mountains, they rolled over the earth. • They swallowed up the en- tire human race, and destroyed every- thing which had made the earth beauti- ful. Only one human being was saved, and that was the mysterious prophet who had foretold the calamity. He had built a raft of sassafras-logs, and upon this he floated above the waters. A large black bird came and flew in circles above his head. He called upon it for help, but it shrieked aloud, and flew away and returned no more. A smaller bird, of a bluish color, with scarlet eyes and beak, now came hov- ering over the prophet's head. He spoke to it, and asked if there was a spot of dry land in any part of the waste of waters. It fluttered its wings, uttered a wail, and flew directly towards that part of the sky where the newly-born sun was just sinking in the waves. A strong wind now arose, and the raft of the prophet was rapidly borne in that direction. The moon and stars again made their appearance, and the prophet landed upon a green island, where he encamped. Here he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep,

and, when morning dawned, he found that the island was covered with every variety of animals, excepting the great *Shakanli*, or mammoth, which had been destroyed. Birds, too, he found here in great abundance. He recognized the identical black bird which had abandoned him to his fate upon the waters, and, as it was a wicked bird and had sharp claws, he called it *Tulluh-chitto*, or Bird of the Evil One. He also discovered, and with great joy, the bluish bird which had caused the wind to blow him upon the island, and because of its kindness to him and its beauty, he called it *Puch-che-yon-sho-z*, or the Soft-voiced Pigeon. The waters finally passed away; and in process of time that bird became a woman and the wife of the prophet, and from them all the people now living upon the earth were descended. And so ends the story of the overflowing waters, in which the reader must have noted the strong resemblance to the Scriptural account of the Deluge.

There is a tradition among these Indians about their origin, which may have been derived ages ago from the story of the Israelites' wanderings in the desert and their journey to the Promised Land.

The southern Indians when they came upon the earth journeyed northward. They had sprung from a large sea which lay afar off, and above which the sun stood straight in the heavens. At first they settled along the shore and obeyed a mighty chief who gave them grounds to hunt upon, but who was bold, imperious, and tyrannical. At length they resolved to depart and seek for themselves other habitations.

"The name of their principal chief

or prophet," to give Mr. Lanman's version, "was Chah-tah, and he was a man of great age and wisdom. For many moons their bodies were strengthened by pleasant breezes, and their hearts gladdened by perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and the dead bodies of old women and little children, one after another, were left upon the shore. Then the heart of the prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff which he carried in his hand, and which was endowed with the powers of an oracle, he told his people that from the spot designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But, before entering upon this part of their journey, he specified a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the meantime, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing and performing their national rights.

It was now early morning and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mists rested upon the sea, but the beautiful waves melted upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the prophet planted was found leaning towards the point in the north, and in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. Their journey lay across streams, over hills, through tangled forests, and over immense prairies. They now arrived in an entirely new country; they planted the magic staff every night with the utmost care, and arose in the morning with eagerness to ascertain the direction in which it leaned. And thus had they travelled many days when they found themselves upon the margin of an *O-kee-na-*

chitto, or great highway of water,—the Mississippi River. Here they pitched their tents, and, having again planted the staff, lay down to sleep. When morning came, the oracle told them that they must cross the mighty river before them. They built themselves rafts and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of rare beauty, where the trees were so high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of all kinds and the sweetest of fruits were found in great abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever seen, and so large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their bodies with new strength. So pleased were they with all they saw, that they built mounds in all the more beautiful valleys through which they passed, so that the Master of Life might know they were not an ungrateful people. In this country they resolved to remain, and here they established their government, and in due time made the great mound of *Nun-i-icai-ya*, near the headwaters of what is now known as Pearl River in Mississippi.

Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its hunting-grounds extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their fathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth. Thus, from the body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks or Muscogees, the Shawnees, and the Delawares. And in process of time the Choctaws founded a great city, wherein their aged men might spend their days in peace; and, because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city *Yazoo*, the meaning of which is, "Home of the people who are gone."

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.

In a rather heated discussion, one evening, of an insanity case, the alleged lunatic having been placed in an asylum by his wife and friends, a gentleman said to a lady who did not believe that the unfortunate man was insane, "What do you say, madam, to his lying down on his back in the barn-yard, and allowing hens to feed off his body?" "All you can make of that," responded the lady, "is that, like many other married men, he was hen-pecked."

NEED ONE HURRY?

Although the sun rises and sets daily with some show of regularity, and the seasons succeed each other in the same order with which they began, each showing some anticipation of the one that is to come, as well as reminiscence of the one that has just departed, there is, nevertheless, a feeling that lurks very generally in the human mind that the world is coming to an end. It has lurked there, certainly in all historic time, and the fables which prehistoric times have told had this moral; it has blazed out now and then into a fire of burning expectation and dread; and in every generation there are men and whole classes of society to whom the coming end is the stimulus to action, or the paralyzer of honest work.

Now there is no great, comprehensive, or penetrating impulse moving men and generations, which has not its miniature presentment in the petty ways of life; and the strong hope which made the horizon luminous to the Apostle, and caught up his daily life into the sweep of heroic action, is parodied in the flicker of some phantom future which makes ordinary mortals discontented with the present, and turns their daily work into an unseemly push and incontinent hurry. Something is coming,—be it Saturday, or pay-day, or the annual balance-sheet, or the visit of a relation, or a journey, a marriage, a birthday, an anniversary,—the end of the world in which we are dwelling for the time is at hand; then is to begin something new; some

changed circumstances, a fresh day, a new week, a new account, different society, a new start in life, a settlement, a beginning after the end.

It is impossible for one to sit down to think at all of what enters into the motive of his life, without seeing how very large a share new beginnings have in it; how constantly he looks to the end with reference to the beginning that is to come after. The point at issue is not how to eradicate hope, small or great, from one's life, but how to get rid of this perpetual hurry and drive, this galloping to the end of a journey, only to mount a fresh steed and gallop on the next stage, the clatter of the horses' hoofs becoming an accompaniment to all one's thoughts. There is certainly something ignominious in the confession which people are constantly making, that they have no time to do this or that needful thing, and that they shall breathe more freely if they can once clear their desk, or finish this job, or wipe out this obligation. One comes to feel that Time has been borrowed from, and that one's notes are perpetually maturing, while one makes a vain effort to cancel them by giving fresh notes. We turn round in a helpless sort of fashion, and berate the age we live in, with its whizzing locomotives, and its clicking telegraphs, as if the punctuality of railroad trains and the instantaneousness of despatches were not the very friends and servants of honest leisure.

It would be idle to lay down a set

of rules by which one might hope to exorcise this evil demon of haste and unrest, but one would take much pains if he could hope to persuade the unhappy man of hurry that the fault was all his own, and lay in the very spirit with which he set about his work; that, in short, hurry was an evil spirit, to be exorcised by whatever power is mighty enough to control it. It is among men of business that it shows itself most clearly, while it is most offensive when displayed in the life of men of thought. Business and hurry, so far from being necessary partners, are opposed to each other by the most violent contrast. It may safely be said that the most successful men of business are the least hurried, for hurry is an open transgression of the law of order, and order is the foundation-stone of a business house. And there we touch the secret of a leisurely life, one which has free play, without this incessant push from behind. He who orders his life, and refuses to be carried along by the nearest current; who holds his purposes as sacred, and does not lightly allow himself to be turned from them; who has the will to refuse work, in spite of that most intolerable complaint, the suspicion of being a shirk,—it is he who can hope bravely to live a life of leisure. Is it not pitiable to see one, who, through his very anxiety to do every thing which circumstance seems to lay on his broad back, comes to be the very thrall of circumstance, and starts at every shadow which seems to whisper that he is not faithful? He wears his life away to a fretful existence, in the vain attempt to leave nothing undone, when it would have been nobler to leave

much undone which he has done ill. He disappoints his masters by the excess of his endeavor, yet none is so disappointed as himself, for the solace of having tried to do what one has not done is a mockery. It is doing which brings comfort.

Along with the spirit of order which leads one to arrange his work so that it shall not be always at his heels, and the courage which makes him refuse to do what he cannot do well, though he be suspected of shirking,—that most hateful thing to his soul,—there is also the element, which indeed is but the spirit of order and of courage combined, of resolute reserve of leisure. Forster, in his account of Dickens, has touched upon the fundamental weakness of that sad life, the absence of any "city of the mind," to which he could flee for refuge from the incessant pressure of the actual and real upon him. It is, we hold, a necessity for every man of business to have and guard jealously some period of each day which shall be consecrated to leisure,—the leisure of books, or of gentle society, or of nature, or of worship. The last is essential; the others are grateful aids. In this shelter he has a chance to set his watch by the heavenly bodies, and when he issues forth, into whatever thicket of men or affairs he may plunge, he will at any rate be himself and not the slave of necessity. There is no need of hurry, for hurry is at variance with freedom; and the need that men have is of freedom. So it comes to pass that, in a hurrying age, the man of leisure is the man of hope, and the end of the world to him is the opening of fairer prospect for that which even now lies in his grasp.

IN THE LABORATORY WITH AGASSIZ.

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and, finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "very well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this *fish*," said he, "and look at it; we call it a *Hæmulon*; by and by I will ask what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object entrusted to me.

"No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of

ground glass stoppers, and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious; and though this alcohol had "a very ancient and fish-like smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed, when they discovered that no amount of eau de cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting-fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal, sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze

at my mute companion. Half an hour passed,—an hour,—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face,—ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters' view,—just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with an infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish—it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

“That is right,” said he; “a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked.”

With these encouraging words, he added,—

“Well, what is it like?”

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill-arches and movable oper-

culum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment,—

“You have not looked very carefully; why,” he continued, more earnestly, “you haven’t even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!” and he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the professor’s criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, toward its close, the professor inquired,—

“Do you see it yet?”

“No,” I replied, “I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before.”

“That is next best,” said he, earnestly, “but I won’t hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish.”

This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be; but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite

as anxious as I, that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased "of course, of course," repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically—as he always did—upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

"That is good, that is good!" he repeated; "but that is not all; go on;" and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had,—a lesson, whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the professor has left to me, as he has left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we cannot part.

A year afterward, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts upon the museum blackboard. We drew prancing starfishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawfishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes. The professor came in shortly after, and was as amused as any, at our experiments. He looked at the fishes.

"Hæmulons, every one of them," he said; "Mr. — drew them."

True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but Hæmulons.

The fourth day, a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume, and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories!

The whole group of Hæmulons was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal organs, the preparation and examination of the bony framework, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them.

"Facts are stupid things," he would say, "until brought into connection with some general law."

At the end of eight months, it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups.

A MAN advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of ^{all} new medicine—and adds ^{on} the ^{other} side, "will prove highly lucrative by time, undertaker!"

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

We are glad to see that some secular papers are beginning to perceive of what stuff the catchwords of the day are made. A writer in the Editor's Table of *Appleton's Journal* pens a very just attack on the blatant demagogues who bandy the terms "broad and liberal" about, as if this couple of adjectives gave people an infinity of concern. This is what he says:—

"Cant has a good many *aliases*, the most potent of which just now are current phrases about the 'broad and the liberal.' To emphasize the meaning of these significant words, and be entirely in accord with the spirit that utters them, we ought to use capital initials, and write Broad and Liberal.

"Broad and Liberal are two words usurped by everybody who has an idea that he has discovered a new measure for the universe; who thinks he has broken down some old, well-fixed social barrier; who imagines that, by a sort of free-and-easy license, he has established his supremacy over those who recognize restrictions, and are governed by definite principles. The air with which these words are usually appropriated, the assumption of dispassionate judgment and mental largeness which they imply, challenge a critical inquiry into the qualities of mind they often really express.

"It may be asserted, with at least approximate truth, that nothing is so intolerant as tolerance. Those who make boast of their large and unprejudiced views, who claim that they have escaped the yoke of dogma and the restrictions of social authority, are very prone to indulge in a lordly and scornful contempt for everybody who does not accept a similar license of opinion. In the very assertion of liberal and broad views they often exhibit an extreme narrowness; and, in making their own opinions the standard by which to judge

the mental capacity of others, they show little they understand what true breadth of intellect and judgment is.

He is not broad and liberal who simulates limitations; who imagines that,

by rejecting all authority and emptying his mind of all beliefs, he has advanced to a greater altitude of mental survey and knowledge. License to think as one pleases, and do as one pleases, may be advocated by people of the most limited intellectual range, may be carried out by those who are utterly incapable of comprehending the real breadth and measure of teachings, the restrictions of which they rebel against. A man may become indifferent to the right or wrong of opinion, careless of evil, tolerant of vice and wrong-doing, and yet all the while be as narrow-minded a fool as the world can show. Another man may have very decided convictions, be utterly hostile toward evil, and yet possess, in truth, a very broad and liberal spirit. Liberality and breadth consist in the comprehensiveness with which we study and measure a theme, and may exist as notably in discovering necessary conditions as in realizing extent. They are manifested also in the charity with which the acts and utterances of others are judged, in the hospitable tolerance which, while adhering to our own convictions, we extend to the ideas and views of other people.

"But this charity and tolerance must necessarily be limited to those things not in themselves pernicious. Indifference to evil, or indifference to those things which the best judgment of mankind considers evil, arises, if not from viciousness, at least from shallowness of mind. The comprehensive intellect that traces evil to its remote consequences, that measures all the extent of its injury, is tolerably certain to be filled with unqualified hostility toward it; while some petty brain, incapable of seeing whence a thing tends, what its significance is, how much mischief it directly and indirectly is accomplishing, is so far enamored of its own apathy and dullness of insight as to give them the high names of liberality and breadth. This sort of liberality and breadth is very common. We may find it abundantly with all the self-indulgent class; it is a pet with those who are

es to vices, with those who do not care
omit their actions by moral obligation.
doubt, very earnest exponents of it can be
ad within our prison walls."

Mass was celebrated on the Sunday after
ter in the Albany Penitentiary for the
time since the erection of that building.
choir from the Cathedral attended on
occasion, and the singing and music
e of the first order. The prisoners were
attentive during divine service, and
ly pleased at having the benefit of Mass.
r for Randall's Island.

here are sixty Circles of the Catholic
on in France, counting among their
ber 6,000 workmen. At the Con-
s of the Catholic committees of France,
ch was held last month, all the directors
hese Circles were present, and 400 dele-
s from the workmen. The prin-
es of membership are, first, prayer and
esion to the Catholic religion; and,
ndly, the participation of the working-
in the management of their respective
les. Among the speakers on this occa-
was Captain Count De Mun, who led
pilgrimages of workmen last season.
is aide-de-camp to General Ladmirault,
ernor of Paris. On the 15th of April,
immense concourse of the members of
e Circles met at the Church of St. Ger-
n l'Auxerrois, to receive the papal
ediction, given by his Eminence, Cardi-
Chigi, on the eve of his departure
a France. When the cardinal left the
reb, at the conclusion of the service,
whole space between it and the Louvre
crowded with workmen, who filled the
with enthusiastic shouts of "*Live Pius*
th."

he bishops in session at Fulda will issue
int pastoral to the Roman Catholics of
many.

he pope, receiving a deputation from
Roman nobility, said: "The demonstra-
of Sunday last was a spontaneous and
nificent act of the people. The counter-
onstration of Wednesday was the im-
is and miserable work of the sons of
ness."

The pope added that he had received a
letter urging him to quit Rome because his
person was not safe; but he declared "he
would remain here as long as God per-
mitted."

The college commencements of the past
week, while affording reporters an opportu-
nity to perform some peculiar feats in the way
of descriptive writing, have a grave sugges-
tiveness for a thinking mind.

The educational institutions of the country
turn out an annual quota of from ten to fifty
graduates. What is to become of these
young men? Are they likely to apply the
knowledge they possess to proper purposes,
or, indeed, will the chance of so applying it
occur to them? These are questions which
need consideration. The graduate who
leaves his Alma Mater with the mistaken
conviction that his acquirements will carry
him at once into a position of honor and com-
petence, has a great many trying disappoint-
ments to encounter. At this time, especially,
when the professions are overcrowded, and
what we might term polite callings have so
many waiting to adopt them, the graduate
who is going forth to compete with men of
larger experience, if not of equal attain-
ments, should hesitate before hurrying into a
sphere where his talents may never attain
appreciation.

Quarrels arise at home when the husband
blames his wife for his own faults; and the
wife, the husband for hers; and for other
reasons which I need not mention.

The *chief error on both sides is obstinacy or
self-will*; for an obstinate head and a sharp
tongue render the heart bitter and sullen.
There may also be a neighboring devil, who
fans the coal into immense flames. These
quarrels never occur without scandal and
irreparable harm; therefore, there must be
some way of preventing such outbursts.
My old neighbor John recommends the fol-
lowing receipt:

"Avoid obstinacy, and lock your mouth
to prevent it from uttering sharp and cruel
words; and remember to practise charity all
the more, if it is wanting on the other side.
'Lock your doors and windows by time,
that Satan may not find entrance.'"

CATHOLIC ITEMS:

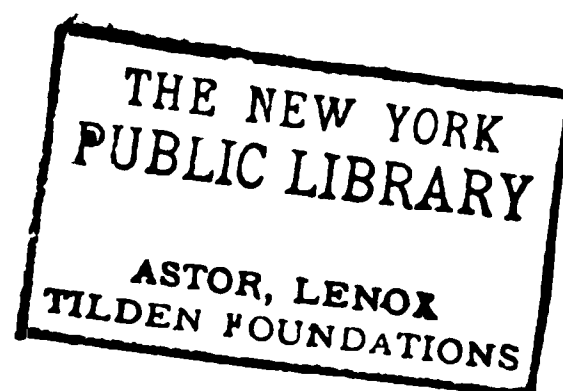
TRANSLATION OF RELICS.—On May 25, there assembled in Paris a vast concourse of people, to assist at the solemn translation of the relics of a martyr, St. Gencrosus, sent by the Holy Father to the Workingmen's Club at Mont Parnasse. A Triduum in honor of the occasion commenced at eight o'clock in the evening. All the workingmen's clubs of Paris sent representatives with their banners. The saint's body was borne in triumph, with tapers and palms, to the chant of litanies alternating with military music. Mgr. de Ségur presided at the ceremony. He addressed the assembly. He contrasted the honors decreed to a martyr in the early ages with this sad anniversary of May 24, which reminded them that in the Church the blood of martyrs never ceased to flow. Mgr. de Ségur recalled to his deeply-moved audience the fact that it is the duty of all to hold themselves in readiness for martyrdom, and to be witnesses of the truth by their life, and, if necessary, by their death. All the young workingmen pressed closely around the orator, and showed themselves profoundly moved by his penetrating words. A solemn benediction concluded the ceremony.

SAINT DOMITILLA.—On May 19, the Romans celebrated, for the first time in more than a thousand years, the feast of St. Domitilla and of Saints Nereus and Aquileus, in the basilica recently discovered on the estates of Mgr. de Mérode, at *Tor Marancio*. The discovery of this basilica was one of the most interesting of the many made during the reign of Pius IX. The exiled patriarch, Mgr. Hassoun, Mgr. de Mérode and other prelates, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice at the very spot where stood the ancient altar; and the Chevalier Rossi illustrated, as the Italians say, the basilica, in telling to the visitors the story of the various phases of this monument and in explaining the inscriptions.

A TRUE AND GREAT CHARITY.—The *Monde*, May 24, tells us of a charity sermon to be preached on Tuesday, May 24, Feast of Pentecost, by Father Dulong de Rosnay, in aid of the work of First Communion and of orphan apprentices. This work provides for unfortunate children, whom the lack of all means of subsistence or the negligence of parents has deprived of the benefits of learning the Catechism and of schooling, and who have not been able to make their first communion. The Charity lodges, provides for, instructs, and clothes them at least for three months out of the twelve, sometimes for six; enables them to make their first communion; places them out as apprentices, and watches over them during their apprenticeship. Since its foundation, in 1866, the society has gathered together more than a thousand orphans, many of whom were more than fifteen years of age, and some of them not baptized even.

BARON MENEVAL.—Baron Meneval, formerly ambassador at Munich, and now one of the most zealous members of the French clergy, has just been elevated to the dignity of domestic prelate to his Holiness. His Eminence Cardinal Chigi has been pleased to convey to him in person the brief conferring on him this dignity. Baron Meneval abandoned the diplomatic career in 1860, to enter upon his ecclesiastical studies at Rome. It is said that he will go to Rome to thank the Holy Father in person for the favor which has been granted him. He is an old pupil of the French Seminary there, where he received the priesthood.

OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.—His Eminence the Cardinal-Vicar published an invitation [*invito sacro*] for the Feast and Triduum of the Most Holy Virgin, Help of Christians, on which occasion the Romans recited prayers in reparation for the outrage perpetrated in the Holy City by the opening of the General Assembly of the Italian Freemasons.





Washington Irving

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

Some artist, gifted with a fertile imagination, has grouped together our most prominent writers in a popular engraving known as "Our Great Authors." Most of the gentlemen pressed into service stare blankly at us from the picture and seem conscious of their uncomfortable positions, but the face of the host, at whose mansion these literary worthies are supposed to be assembled, possesses at least the one merit of attempting to express the genial character of its owner. And though there may have been little authority for depicting such an assemblage of his brother-authors at Sunnyside, we can readily conceive how Washington Irving attracted around him a notable circle of kindred spirits. The author of the "Sketch-Book" is one of the favorites of literature. He seems to have so closely identified his nature with his writings that we are not content to extol him as an author alone, but associate with him those generous qualities of mind and heart that call for our admiration and respect. Such being the fact, no apology can be needed for recalling the events of his life to the memory of

our readers, and this we have endeavored to do, briefly, in the following sketch.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, in the month of April 1783. As a boy he was brave and generous, full of the spirit of drollery, and haunted at times with dreams of travel and adventure. "How wistfully," said he, "would I wander about the pier heads in fine weather and watch the passing ships bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after the lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!" Such desires are common to most boys, but in Irving's case they were an indication of an active imagination and poetic fancy that should one day delight the world. Washington Irving may be classed among the self-educated, for he left school when he was sixteen years of age and never entered college. While he was at school his progress was far from noticeable, except in the one branch of composition; and it is related that he turned this accomplishment to good effect by writing his comrades' essays in return for their working out his

"sums." When he was sixteen he entered a lawyer's office where he diligently employed himself in storing his mind with the beauties of literature, and neglected the proper pursuits of his intended profession. Indeed he was glad of any excuse to escape from the uncongenial atmosphere of the law, and we find him making long excursions up the Hudson river, imbibing a love of the noble stream and its surrounding scenery that was afterwards expressed in many of his best sketches.

His first appearance in print was at the age of nineteen years, and consisted of a series of humorous articles, published in the *Morning Chronicle* under the name of "Jonathan Oldstyle." These efforts attracted considerable attention, and were widely copied in the papers of the time. Early in life he had given evidences of consumptive tendencies, and in his twenty-first year these became so alarming that he was compelled to undertake a voyage to Europe for the recovery of his health. Arriving in France, from thence he journeyed through Italy and Germany, enjoying the intercourse of the choicest social circles, and making friends everywhere by his cordial demeanor and happy disposition. In Rome he met Washington Allston; and that artist so infused Irving with the enthusiasm of art that, for a time, he, like other authors, contemplated turning painter. But, fortunately, a good author was not to be spoiled in a bad artist. Irving soon perceived the true bent of his ability, or, at least, his unfitness for the profession of his friend. After a residence in Paris of four months and a stay of nearly equal duration in England, he returned to New York. At

twenty-three years of age he was admitted to the bar, though, as he admits, "sadly deficient in legal lore," and with no intention of practising. In connection with his brother William and James K. Paulding, he now commenced the publication of a periodical known as *Salmagundi*, which lasted for one year and consisted of twenty numbers. The articles were witty and satirical and were received with great favor. Though looked upon by Irving in later years as juvenile productions, they were indicative, in style and treatment, of the peculiar characteristics of his genius. There can be found in these papers descriptions of manners and persons, that will bear comparison with his later works. Next appeared from his pen that droll chronicle of Diedrich Knickerbocker, which has made memorable for all time the good old days of the Dutch dynasty in New York. Who that has read of them can ever forget the grave, stolid Mynheers who smoked away at their long meerschaums, in a sublime silence that would have delighted the heart of a Carlyle? Here is a description of one of the Dutch governors:—

"The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined to attempt and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom, which was wisely ordered, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and

very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short but sturdy, in proportion to the weight they had to sustain ; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament ; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple."

For some years after the appearance of "The History of New York" no work of importance was produced by Irving, though he contributed many reviews and biographical sketches to a publication which he edited—the "Analectic Review." He had not yet assumed authorship as a profession, and entered with his brothers into a business undertaking which, after occasioning him much trouble and anxiety, turned out a failure. This may be said to have been the turning-point in his career. The demands of his business enterprise having called him to England, it was there, after the failure of his projects, that he resolved to embrace literature as his work in life. The result of this determination was the appearance of the "Sketch-Book," which at once established his reputation as an author. It is hardly necessary at this late day to dwell upon the merits and beauties of these sketches. They hold a distinctive place in the literature of the world, and, as word pictures of familiar and homely scenes, they stand unrivalled. Perhaps the best test of their worth is the fact that, despite the vast abundance of sketchy literature we have now-a-days, they

still preserve for us their original freshness and interest.

We cannot find a more unpretentious yet more beautiful type of womanly devotion than Irving describes to us in "The Wife." Sterne might have given us the sentiment of the picture, but its lingering sweetness and earnest impression would have been lost if drawn by his trifling pen. And that other short sketch that tells the sad story of the betrothed of Robert Emmet! It is simplicity itself ; but there is a touching pathos in Irving's relation of the poor girl's sorrow, that will long linger in our memories. Contrast the oftentimes stupid twaddle of those we now rate as our humorists, with the descriptions of incidents and characters interspersed throughout those sketches, and you will have a conception of the elements constituting true humor. Ichabod Crane, schoolmaster and would-be gallant, is not to be forgotten when you hear of him, thus :—

"The cognomen of Crane was not inappropriate to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame hung loosely together. His head was small, and flat at the top, with huge ears, large, green, glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield."

And Rip Van Winkle!—what shall we say of him? Many thousands of people have heard of him through a play, and, shiftless vagabond as he is, he has taught them a lesson not all unprofit-

able. We are indebted to Washington Irving for a creation which has given the stage one of its purest and most beautiful dramas, and which has inspired a representation of poor, frail humanity (calling alike for our smiles and tears) unrivalled in the annals of the theatre. Of all Irving's writings the "Sketch-Book" will remain the most enduring and popular, and deservedly so.

"Bracebridge Hall" is hardly more than a continuation of the "Sketch-Book," and contains many pleasant pictures of English life and manners. We think our readers will be pleased to read the following extract from Jack Buckthorne's autobiography, describing a visit to his mother's grave:—

"I sought my mother's grave. The weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave and read, over and over again, the epitaph on the stone. It was simple, but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain. My feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sank upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom, of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate

and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. 'Oh, my mother!' exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass on the grave; 'oh! that I were once more by your side, sleeping never to wake again in the cares and troubles of this world.'"

The "Tales of a Traveller," the "Life of Columbus," the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and the "Alhambra," were published in succession, though with long intervals of time between them. Irving, like most authors, found the task of composition an irksome one, and he laments, at times, that the distractions of pleasure and of social intercourse should interfere with his literary plans. After seventeen years' absence from his native land he returned to New York, to be lionized and *fêted* as an author who had honored his country and gained a respect for her literature, hitherto denied. Not long after his return appeared his "Tour on the Prairies," the result of an excursion to the Far West, and this was followed by "Astoria," which the London *Spectator* pronounced "the most finished narrative that ever was written, whether with regard to plan or execution."

Irving built for himself a pretty cottage (afterwards developed into a snug mansion) on the banks of the Hudson, and this country seat was aptly named "Sunnyside," considering the happy temperament of its occupant. Here he passed the most contented and peaceful years of his life; and it is pleasant to note his eagerness to get back to his "own bright little home, and leave behind him the hurry and worry and flurry of the city." It was in this favorable seclusion that he prepared the

articles collected under the title of "Wolfert's Roost," as also the "Life of Goldsmith." He was about commencing a long-contemplated life of Washington when his retirement was interrupted by his appointment as Minister to Spain, an honor tendered him at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. He had been before solicited to accept a place in the cabinet of President Van Buren, and was offered the nomination for Mayor of New York city, but had rejected these and other similar overtures, as he felt himself disinclined to enter upon a political career. This dignity he, however, accepted, as it was conferred upon him entirely independent of partisan considerations, and, indeed, to the author of the "Alhambra" Spain must have offered prospects for a congenial residence. Irving acted as American Minister at the Spanish Court for three years, and was then recalled by his own desire.

Once more installed at Sunnyside, he resumed the preparation of his "Washington," and had hardly more than finished the last volume when, according to his own presentiment, he died in harness. He had enjoyed the ripe age of seventy-six years. Irving never married. The only woman he ever loved, died in her eighteenth year; and though he carefully refrained from any parade of his affection for her memory, we may accept it as an explanation for his bachelor life.

It was Washington Irving who first gave a practical answer to the sneer of English critics — "Who reads an American book?" Before his time our literature, like our country, was in the first stages of infancy; and it is not to

be wondered at, that crude efforts and weak imitations formed a large portion of our literary productions. A new era was opened in our history when Irving brought the vivacity and freshness of his nature into our literature, and made it reputable at home and abroad. There are, perhaps, no national peculiarities to mark him as a distinctively American writer, but the quality of his genius is undoubtedly original. Whatever may be said of some of his earlier works, no charge of servile imitation can be urged against his more matured efforts. Irving has been compared with Goldsmith, but only in a certain sense can the comparison be justly made. The two men resemble each other in so far as they were true to the humanity in themselves and about them.

While the American people preserve a taste not entirely corrupted by sensation and superficiality, they must continue to enjoy the writings of Washington Irving. There are higher works of literature than he has opened for us, but in his own province he is inimitable. It often happens in our lives that, weary of the harshness and turmoil of the world around us, we long to refresh our minds with the pure, innocent humor that calls for no sterner verdict upon the foibles of our fellows than a kindly smile. Again, there are moments when our hearts expand with tenderness; when, though we are not prepared to probe deeply the darker tragedies of human sorrow, the warmth of our pity and sympathy goes out to the unfortunate and suffering ones of our race. It is in such moods we can best appreciate the genius of Washington Irving.

JOHN JAYCIE.

M A X I M U S .

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fall has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THE SEASIDE GRAVE.

My autumn vacation in 18— was spent at the little seaside hamlet of Ballyshingale, one of those out-of-the-way nooks on the southern Irish coast, whose title to the prefix "Bally" consists entirely in being the site of a coastguard station with a few cottages—inhabited by a poor but industrious population—scattered near. I had dreamed away the greater part of my vacation, when one dull, cloudy, and rather windy day I made an excursion along a portion of the rocks I had not previously explored. It lay beyond the coastguard station, near the western limit of the bay, far removed from any other habitation. The cliff was there less practicable than elsewhere, and the absence of any path made its exploration toilsome and difficult; but its very inaccessibility was the strongest incentive to the inquisitive climber. I had been more than an hour scrambling from ledge to ledge, and was beginning to tire of the exertion when, on rounding a projecting point, better than half way from the base of the cliff, there was suddenly revealed to me a sequestered nook—a natural grotto, with a level floor of shingly soil a few yards in extent, embayed amongst steep and partially overhanging rocks, whose sides were garnished with verdant moss and seaside creepers.

Near the inner side of this picturesque nook was a long, low mound, which at once arrested my attention. A grave in such a place! The mound was the size of an ordinary grave, which might have been of recent date, for, save in one spot, the vegetation was still scant. The creepers descended from the rocks above, in graceful festoons upon its bosom; and near what I supposed to be the head, rich in contrast with all around it, flourished a thick cluster of shamrocks! Nature had only decorated the humble tomb, but there was in its simple garniture a mute, poetical eloquence which no effort of man's hand could rival. My curiosity thoroughly aroused—and yet it was a better feeling than mere curiosity that prompted me—I determined to seek a solution of the mystery from old Ben Sparling, a kindly, honest old salt amongst the coastguards, for whom I had conceived a strong liking, and in whose company, listening to his quaint yarns, some of my pleasantest hours had been spent.

It should here be stated that at the period of my story the Fenian panic was on the wane. The true character of the landing at Helvick Head had become known, and it was plain to everybody that the plans of the I. R. B. were, for a time at least, exploded.

Still, great vigilance was practised by the authorities, and along the seaboard a sharp lookout was kept for all "suspicious craft." On the evening following my discovery, old Ben was on the lookout duty, and when I sought him, I found him, armed with revolver and cutlass, pacing the rough path at a part of the western cliff which commanded a good view seaward; and from time to time, scanning the horizon for approaching sails. This occupation was by no means lively, and although the rules of the service forbade his holding conversation with any civilian while on duty, the temptation of getting a patient listener for his endless stories, and the additional inducement of a swig from a flask of good brandy, proved too strong for his scruples, and I soon had him yarning away in full swing.

Having brought him by degrees to the point upon which I wished to question him, I told him of what I had found, and my anxiety to obtain some explanation of the mystery. For a moment he regarded me with a quizzical leer; and then, having taken a long lookout to the sea, shut his glass with a bang and remarked:—

"Well, bu'st my binnacle!"—Ben had an odd style of swearing even for an old sailor—"bu'st my binnacle, if you newspaper chaps ain't rum uns! Now who'd a' thought o' your finding that little hiding-place—a spot as not even yonder landsharks 'as a suspicion on, though they've been all their lives 'ere. But, there, it's your business, you know, allus a spyin' an' a taking hobversations, as one might say. Not that it's so long there neither," he added, musingly. "It's only jest—but that would be tellin' ;

and I don't feel as I ought to blab 'ith-out the horders o' my superior hoffer, considering it's a state secret, as one might say, an' if it got into the papers—as 'twould be sure to, if you once got 'old on it—we'd never 'ear the end of it." I assured him that he might rely upon my observing the strictest secrecy in relation to whatever he might choose to communicate to me, at least until I should either have his leave to divulge, or have ascertained that he was no longer in the service. Being again seconded effectively by the brandy flask, we soon smoothed away the difficulty, and Ben then recounted to me the story of the isolated grave and its tenant, which, for the sake of brevity, I translate from his rather discursive vernacular:—

It was not many weeks from the time of which he spoke that Ben was on lookout duty, on that some spot, one dark, still night. His attentive ear caught, as he thought, a faint sound of splashing water, wafted towards him by the first gentle breath of a sou'-wester. A moment later the same sound broke again upon his ear—this time with greater distinctness. It was plainly the splash of muffled oars in the bay below, and close in shore, too. Ben had but time to rise to his feet when it was followed by the dull grating of a boat's keel upon the strand, directly beneath him, accompanied by the subdued murmur of men's voices.

He gave the challenge, and awaited a reply. No answer came. Twice he repeated the demand, but still no answer; and then he fired in the direction from which the sounds appeared to have proceeded. The report brought his comrades, led by their officer, from the sta-

tion, and, directed by Ben, they descended towards the beach. As their footsteps sounded upon the strand, several shots flashed out from the darkness, not more than twenty yards distant; and guided by the indication thus afforded, the coastguards fired a return volley, and drawing their cutlasses, rushed towards the supposed invaders. A brief but desperate struggle followed, made more fearful by the darkness. Save by the flash of their weapons it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and neither party had even the advantage of knowing, with any degree of accuracy, the strength of their opponents. The fight lasted but a few moments, and ended—Ben said—in the strangers being driven back to their boat, which was then hurriedly pushed off, and the sound of oars was once more heard on the surface of the bay. Not all the party, however, escaped. The retreat of two was cut off, and with one of these Ben entered into a hand-to-hand conflict, in the course of which he was certain he inflicted with his cutlass a large gash upon his adversary's face, for, by the light of a pistol shot, he saw that blood flowed copiously from it. Both the strangers made a desperate resistance, but soon saw the folly of attempting to hold out against such fearful odds. After rapidly discharging their revolvers, they retreated up the cliff with a facility and rapidity that suggested previous acquaintance with the locality. The coastguards did not attempt to follow, but contented themselves with sending a shower of bullets after the climbers, and were then marched back to the station-house.

The whole affair occupied, Ben said, scarcely as much time as it had taken

him to relate it, and, as they were returning along the strand, a blue light flared up in the offing (probably as a signal to the retiring boat), and by its light were revealed a trim, rakish brigantine, already getting under weigh, and a long boat approaching from the land, with as much rapidity as three oars could impart to its motion. Pursuit was considered out of the question, and the officer of the coastguards, having doubled the watch, ordered the other men to their quarters. Early next morning a small party, commanded by Ben, was sent to search for the two fugitives.

For some time, although blood marks were frequent on the rocks, the search was fruitless; but at length Sparling, having reached an unfrequented part of the cliff, slightly in advance of his party, found, in the recess I have above described, the lifeless body of a young man. He had been a handsome, manly fellow, perhaps twenty-five years old, tall and fair, roughly but becomingly attired, and wearing long military boots which reached to the knees. A sword lay by his side, and in his belt was a discharged revolver. With a shout Ben summoned his party, but before they arrived he had time to snatch up and thrust into his pocket a leathern pocket-book, which lay on the ground close to the corpse. On examination the poor fellow was found to have received several wounds, any one of which might have caused death. An effort seemed to have been made—perhaps by his companion—to stanch the hemorrhage; but life must have ebbed rapidly, for he was evidently several hours dead. The body was interred where it was found, half the

officer then laid upon all the men a strict injunction to be silent concerning the events of the preceding night and that morning's discovery. Their duty, of course, was to obey without asking wherefore; "and," added Ben Sparling, "'twould jest sarve me right, darned old fool as I am, for prating like this to you if I was to be paid off, after my six an' twenty year on sea and land, with a screw o' tobacco or tharabouts."

I repeated, with all possible earnestness, the assurance I had already given him, of my perfect good faith, and I think succeeded in quelling his apprehensions. Of the dead man's companion, he said, nothing more was ever heard, and already the occurrences of that eventful night were beginning to fade from their remembrance, under the extinguishing influence of enforced silence.

I confess I was sceptical as to the authenticity of Ben's narrative. The cotters at the other end of the bay, he told me, had but a vague suspicion that something unusual had occurred in the neighborhood, and one or two confessed to having heard shots through their sleep; but the whole transaction had passed too quickly to attract any of them from their cabins, and they obtained no information concerning it from those who were its only witnesses. The presence of that isolated, nameless grave was some corroboration of the story, but still far from conclusive, and I mentally cast about for some means of testing its truth. A good idea!

"But the pocket-book?" I said. "You told me you found a pocket-book as 'de the dead man. What has be-thero'f it?"

"It's on, aye; there you've it," was

his reply. "And, indeed, I'm glad you've minded me on it; for more'n once I have wished myself well clare' that same precious packet, that's been a burnin' my pocket, as one might say. These seven or eight weeks I've 'ad it stowed away 'ere," and he dived his hands into a deep inner breast-pocket. "I would 'ave rid myself of it long ago—for I've sometimes thought as it may get me into trouble if 'twas know-ed I 'ad it—and p'raps I couldn't do better, as I think you're a sort o' chap a fellow may trust—p'raps I couldn't do better'n give it to you—allus remem-berin', ows'ever, your promise to 'old your gab till you gets leave."

"By all means," said I, "let's have it."

"Stay a bit," added he, "there's another condition—that you delivers, at the fust hopportunity, the letter you'll find in it; which most likely, though I can only make out some of it, the poor fellow above there," with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the grave, "would be glad should reach them as he intended it for."

Rough old salt that he was, Ben failed to hide a touch of feeling which this reflection infused into his words. I felt that he inwardly honored the man who had battled so bravely for life, and that if no other requiem had consecrated his grave, a brave man's end was hallowed at least by the sympathizing admiration of one honest heart. Having extricated it with some difficulty, Ben handed me the pocket-book, wrapped in a piece of oiled skin; and as it was now getting late, and the relief might be expected shortly from the station, I shook my old friend warmly by the hand, and once more assuring

him that he might depend upon me implicitly, I hurried away to my lodging in Ballyshingle. Upon examining the pocket-book I found its contents were of a miscellaneous nature, but the most interesting was certainly the letter old Sparling had spoken of. It was enclosed in an envelope, bearing the superscription, "Mrs. E.—L—, Hawthorn Cottage,—town, Co. Limerick," and as the envelope was not closed I opened the letter, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—At last we have embarked upon that enterprise which has long been the dearest object of my hopes, and the proudest purpose of my ambition. What may be the issue, Heaven only knows. But our cause, at least, is just and honorable, and even should we fail, we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we struck a blow for the dear old land. I write this in the faint hope that, should any disaster befall us—which Heaven avert!—some one who has experienced as I have, the tender and trustful love of a good mother and a noble-hearted darling sister, may forward it to you, as assurance that you need not blush, however much you grieve, for the fate of, dear mother, your affectionate son.
"R— L—."

Poor fellow! His half-expressed fears had found a sad realization. He had returned to the "dear old land" only to find a tomb, and now he slept in the rocky bosom of the land he loved, unwept by kindred—mourned only by the "sad sea wave" which had borne him to his doom! With a feeling almost of reverence I restored the letter to its cover, and put the

packet carefully away in my portemanteau. During the few remaining days of my stay at Ballyshingle I paid several visits to the patriot's grave, and endeavored, as far as possible, to render it more worthy of the dead.

You may be sure I lost no time in executing my commission of delivering the letter. Business led me, immediately after the termination of my holiday, to that part of Limerick to which it was addressed. I had some difficulty in finding poor L—'s friends, for they had changed their abode, but I was ultimately successful. I found them—mother and daughter—kindly, respectable people—worthy, in short, of him whose untimely end it was my sad errand to announce to them. It was a heartrending scene, too sacred for description. He had evidently been all their hope, and his fate was the ruin of all their earthly aspirations. A few commonplace words of condolence were all I could utter. My promise of secrecy to Ben obliged me to keep even from them the melancholy satisfaction of knowing how their lost one had died, and where his ashes lay. More than once I felt strongly tempted to tell the whole story; but I kept my word, and merely informed them that a friend, into whose hands the latter had accidentally fallen, had entrusted it to me for delivery. And then, unable longer to endure the sight of distress which I could not alleviate, I hurried away.

* * * * *

A week had not elapsed since the event last recorded when, having been called thither by professional duties, I was returning per the night mail train from Waterford. More than half the

distance to the Junction had been accomplished, when the train was moved to a siding for the purpose of shunting wagons.

Drowsiness was beginning to steal upon me, when, as I gazed vacantly towards the far end of the compartment, a face suddenly appeared outside of the window, peering cautiously into the carriage. For a minute it seemed to scan me as I lay stretched upon the seat, wrapped in my rug; then the face was withdrawn, and, in a moment after, the door stealthily opened, and the owner of the face silently entered. His dress was rough, and seemed a compromise between that of a sailor and of a soldier, with a dash of civilian through it, while about his throat was wrapped a large muffler which partially concealed one side of his face.

He was drenched from head to foot, and, when he had closed the door gently behind him, removed his cap and wrung the rain from it with his large bony fingers. Thoughts of robbery and violence shot across my mind, and I was rising in some alarm when my visitor begged of me—in tones which were certainly not those of a villain—not to disturb myself, nor be under the least apprehension. Half assured, I did not rise above a sitting posture, but continued to watch closely the movements of the stranger. After one or two commonplace remarks, the stranger told me he was on his way to the County Limerick, and needed some one to assist him in finding a family who resided there, but whose address he had lost. I inquired who they were. Judge of my astonishment when he mentioned the names of the very mother and daughter to whom I had—not a

week before—been the reluctant bearer of dismal tidings! While he spoke, the warmth of the compartment induced him to loosen the muffler about his neck, and, as he changed his position for a moment, my attention was arrested by a dark seam across his left cheek, now for the first time disclosed to view. Naturally my thoughts reverted to old Ben's story of the fight at Ballyshingle, and as naturally I remembered that, according to his narrative, one of the men who had failed to return to the boat had been seriously wounded in the face by his cutlass, and had then fled no one knew whither. My strange companion observed me start when he mentioned Mrs. L——'s name, and, seemingly uneasy under the steady gaze with which I regarded him, hastily replaced the muffler which had fallen from his face. We both sat silent for a moment, puzzled how to proceed, but an idea just struck me then, which suggested a means of solving any doubt as to the identity of my new acquaintance. Striving to appear self-possessed, I said I had known some persons of that name in the county—in fact had recently visited them, and thought I could give him their address. As I spoke, I drew from my breast-pocket the memorandum-book of poor L——. It was now the stranger's turn to start.

"That book," he said hoarsely. "How came you by it?"

"It was given me by a friend," I replied, "not long since, when——"

"And the letter—it contained a letter," he exclaimed with spasmodic eagerness. "Speak, speak, for Heaven's sake—where is the letter?"

There was no longer room for doubt. He must be the companion-in-arms of

poor L——, whose mother and sister were now plunged in deepest grief at their dear one's loss. I told the stranger that the letter had been duly delivered, in accordance with the wish of the poor fellow who had written it. With a deep groan my companion sunk against the partition, as if overcome by some terrible announcement. After an interval of utter prostration he recovered, and I then assured him of my deep concern for his distress, and my anxiety, if it were in my power, to act his friend. He said he thought I was sincere, and— even though it virtually placed his life in my hands—he felt constrained to confide in me. How shall I describe the new, heart-sickening surprise, mingled with remorse, which fell upon me when I learned that he who now addressed me was R—— L—— himself! The pocket-book was his, and so was the letter I had delivered. He supposed that they must have fallen from his pocket in the darkness when he bent over his dying companion on the wild rocks of Ballyshingle; and now his dear mother and sister were mourning him as dead—perhaps had already sunk under the weight of their supposed bereavement! I could but assure him of my deep sorrow for the misery I had unwittingly occasioned, and my readiness to make the only atonement possible, by conducting him at once to the place where I left his mourning relatives. The remainder of our journey was occupied by a comparison of notes concerning the affair at Ballyshingle, and L——'s proceedings since then. He told me he had been six years in America, and had entered heart and soul into the perilous enterprise which had the freedom of his dear Ireland for

its object. In that aim he was supported by the generous sympathy of his mother and sister, who, he added, were chiefly dependent upon him since his father's death. The rest I already knew. His account of the fight on the strand differed from that given by Ben, only as to its results. He admitted his own party had suffered severely, but he also assured me that more than one of the coastguards had fallen—a circumstance which probably went far to account for the anxiety of the officer to keep the occurrence from being generally known. For three weeks after the occurrence, the serious condition of his own wounds had obliged L—— to take advantage of the humble but generous hospitality of a poor family who resided not far from the bay, and then he set out in search of his poor mother and sister. Fearing arrest, in the then unsettled state of the country, he could only venture out by night. He had endured much fatigue and privation, and had several times narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the patrols; but his anxiety to reach home without delay was his chief concern.

The rest of my story is soon told. We found the widow and her daughter sadly bowed down, no doubt, but the restoration of him whose loss they were lamenting, soon healed their grief; and I had the satisfaction of seeing complete happiness reëstablished in a home to which I had, only a week before, been the messenger of the keenest sorrow. The family soon emigrated to America, and I have an invitation to join them there, of which I may some day avail myself.

I have since visited Ballyshingle, to find it picturesque and peaceful as

ever; but poor Ben was no longer there—he had died, I was told, the winter following my first holiday visit—and with him had departed, for me at least, half the attraction of the place. Otherwise it was unchanged, and still the bold Atlantic wave and wild sea-breeze sighed in concert a lament for him who slept in THE SEASIDE GRAVE.

SOME WORDS ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

It is encouraging to note the continued success of the Temperance movement which, in its latest phase, has outstripped any previous efforts in the same direction. The task of protecting society from the evils of intemperance has been undertaken with an energy and earnestness that promises to accomplish more permanent results than have been heretofore obtained from mere temporary agitations in behalf of the cause. A union of effort and a system of organization, until now wanting among Temperance leaders, have been nearly perfected; and, what is better still, these leaders have taken a firm stand against the violent fanaticism so often and so mischievously identified with their cause. The fallacious reasoning that would denounce as a crime the proper use of a thing, proper in itself, because there were some who abused its use, has been distinctly repudiated, and the claims of the Temperance movement to the support of all right-thinking men have been placed upon an intelligent basis. The peculiar tactics of the women-crusaders have accomplished some good, in so far as they have publicly exposed the inutility of such spasmodic antics, and demonstrated that the unruly appetites of men are not to be ordered and restrained by merely sensational agitation. Archbishop Purcell recently spoke some plain words on this subject, and excited the impatient wrath of that class of self-elected reformers, whose mission in this world seems to be the falsifying and distorting of every principle they assume to advocate.

But while it is well that this wholesale denunciation of the temperate use of liquor should be confuted as erroneous and heretical doctrine, there is reason to fear that the true grounds upon which the cause of *Total Abstinence* rests may be ignored or only half understood. For the wretched victim of intemperance there are the grace of God, prayer, and the sacraments, to release him from the influence of his base appetite; but if to these he adds the shunning of the occasions of sin—that is, if he entirely deserts the bar-room, and ceases to drink intoxicating beverages at all—he has won a triumph over

himself and heeded the Scriptural warning, "He that loveth danger shall perish in it." It is not, however, the importance of Total Abstinence to the reformed drunkard, that needs insisting upon here. This is too evident and too generally recognized. But the support the Total Abstinence movement should receive from those who do not need it for their own safety, is, perhaps, not so well understood as it might be. When we consider what a curse this craving for intoxicating liquor has inflicted upon the world, when the misery and crime following in its path confront us in our daily experience, is it too much to expect that we, who are free from this degrading passion, should help the unfortunates among our fellow-men out of their bondage? And how can this be better done than by the influence of our example? If we will deny ourselves what is at best but a petty gratification, and become total abstainers from the use of liquor—though this measure may not be needed to protect us from our own passions—it will encourage others to resist cravings which require all their strength and resolution to put down. It seems like the veriest commonplace to call attention to this aspect of the Temperance question, but observation has convinced us of the necessity of so doing.

We are all ready to die for our religion, and some of us are anxious to fight for our country; but when we are asked to live and make our lives an example to the weak and erring ones of our creed and race, we have little more to offer than fine words. Indeed, the attitude of some well-meaning people towards the Temperance move-

ment is not a little supercilious. They regard it in the light of a good thing for the victims of intemperance, for the poor and uneducated, but, further than that, their interest and sympathy do not go. This cold-heartedness is only another illustration of the fact, that there is but the smallest modicum of heroism to be found in the world. Men like to be credited with high and generous motives; but place some little act of self-sacrifice within the easy scope of their every-day lives, and their selfish nature at once asserts itself.

Successful as it is and has been, the Temperance movement has not yet assumed the importance such a cause as it demands. Many priests and laymen have thrown themselves, heart and soul, into the work, but they need a larger number of intelligent and educated helpers to second their efforts. The Temperance movement should be regarded not only as a means of regenerating the intemperate, but as an instrument to elevate the character and education of the people. What there remains to be done in this direction can be easily conceived by any one familiar with the routine of Temperance organization, and who is aware of the indifferent influences occasionally brought to bear upon some of the many societies. It is not to complain unreasonably that we say this, but because we feel that the mission of the Temperance Society might be made a higher and a wider one, without any deviation from its original and vital purpose.

We have intended merely to suggest a thought on this question, and that thought is, that, whoever would be interested in and useful to the Temperance

movement, his interest and usefulness must be *inside* not *outside* of it. It is of little avail to clap a drunkard upon the shoulder and advise him to desert his fatal habit. If we will cease drinking ourselves, even though there be no poison in the cup for us, we will have done him a real service and proven our interest in his welfare.

We are aware that some of our readers may deem these hurried words of ours wasted on an insignificant subject

which had better been left to the eloquence of the Temperance orator. But, for all that, we have thought no more proper place could be found than in a Catholic magazine, to brush aside the vain longings and sentimental aspirations of would-be heroes, and to show to our fellow Catholics of education and culture a noble field for the exercise of their generosity and manliness.

FRANCIS X. DESMOND.

A Catholic man may sin, like other men; he may be false in every relation of life; he may be false in the domestic circle; he may be false socially; he may be false politically; but one thing you may be sure of—that he either does not go to confession at all, or, if he goes to confession, and comes to the holy altar, there is an end to his falsehood, there is an end to his sin; and the whole world around him, in the social circle, the domestic circle, the political circle, receives an absolute guarantee, an absolute proof that that man must be all that I have described the Christian man to be—a man in whom every one, in every relation of life, may trust and confide. This is the test. Do not speak to me of Catholics who do not give us this test. When a Catholic does not go to the sacraments, I could no more trust in him than in any other man. I say to you, do not talk to me about Catholics who do not go to the sacraments. I have nothing to say of them, only to pray for them, to preach to them, and to beseech

them to come to this holy Sacrament, where they will find grace to enable them to live up to the principles which they had forsaken. But give me the practical, intellectual Catholic man, the man of faith; give me the man of human power and intelligence, and the higher power, divine principle and divine love. With that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world.—*Father Burke.*

It is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.

THE AVOWAL OF ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENNA.

My heart is not mine any longer,
I confess it to you, dearest friends ;
I love, and no love could be stronger,
For my Loved One the whole world transcends—
My heart is not mine any longer !

'Tis useless to dwell on her beauty,
She has utterly conquered my heart—
To praise her I feel is my duty,
But her fairness excels all my art—
'Tis useless to dwell on her beauty.

I cannot endure life without her,
Nor the length of the night and the day—
'Tis life to be thinking about her,
So I love her, and live in that way—
I cannot endure life without her !

My study is only to find her—
Unto this all my powers are trained ;
My hope is that she will be kinder ;
My mind and my will are enchained—
My study is only to find her !

For her, then, my whole soul is yearning—
After God she has now all my love ;
'Tis a bright and pure flame ever burning,
'Tis a true vow recorded above—
For her, then, my whole soul is yearning !

So, now, need I name this fair Maiden,
And say, Mary the Mother of God ?
My bosom at last is unladen—
She should have every drop of my blood !
So, now, need I name this fair Maiden ?

TRUTHFUL STATESMANSHIP.

[Alumni Oration delivered at Manhattan College.]

I would feel more at ease were I here to speak in terms of eulogy upon the statesmanship of a century, so bold in enterprise, so active in achievement. But I am only to unsay what gifted tongues have spoken and fluent pens have writ, to deny the statecraft of the age its boasted length of foresight and honesty of purpose, to denounce it as unwise, unlawful, and unjust. Perhaps the charge is hasty. Perhaps the facts will not support me in making it. But the history of the world is an open book which will not puzzle or mislead when you study it with your reason and not with your prejudices. And that history is in our day the most substantial protest that can be offered against the perfidy of cabinets, the iniquity of government, and the falsehood of diplomacy.

Survey the field of European politics for the last ten years, and mark how few are the measures which truthful statesmanship has dictated.

I mean the statesmanship which secures a country's interests without violating its pledges with another, and into which venality and the claims of party do not enter. I mean the statesmanship which scorns to hide baseness behind an empty pretext, and dares

not to parade infamy upon the statute-book.

And where are we to look for such? Not to the Diets of Europe, for it is deception in the guise of shrewdness which there prevails. Not to American cabinets, for venality there flaunts its tinsel in the light of day. And are they of the past then—the severity of principle, the dignity of life, the sensitiveness of honor, which became the parliaments of men so well? Have the virtues which graced the Capitol gone over the Tarpeian rock, that a decade of continental History appears thus so barren in all that is good, and so largely abounds in all that is evil? We had fancied that the science of government, relieved of the restraints of privileged classes, would have turned to use the ripe experiences of the past, that, tainted by no courtly arrogance and disfigured by no vestige of prejudice, diplomacy would have assumed a liberal and equitable aspect. How aggravating is it, then, to see this statesmanship from which we had hoped so much, pursuing its purposes through devious and occult ways, and ruthlessly assailing the barriers of Justice and Right! How sad to see it violating the covenants it was to guard from encroach-

ment, and demeaning itself with vulgar subterfuge and deceit! The chivalry of the past has indeed gone down under the car of Progress. The high conceptions of duty which marked the deliberations of the old Roman forum, have become lax and sluggish in the modern cabinet. Where are the perfection of law, the dignity of politics? Look at the Judge—his ermine is drabbled with the mire of venality; and at him, the senator, whose brow bears the laurels of debate, and who holds in charge the holiest trust his country can confide—even he does not disdain to stoop to the pitiful arts of the trickster.

We look upon these things with our own eyes in a land whose infant virtues we had thought would grow to manly stature, and we hear them whispered to us from beyond the seas.

Where, then, can the truthful statesman be found? Did I ask the Englishman, he would mention Gladstone and Disraeli. Did I ask the Austrian, he would refer me to Beust. The German no doubt would point out Otto von Bismarck.

Permit me to say; I deny these men no intellectual power, I assert no deficiency of talent. But it is not in the narrow span of intelligence alone that truthful statesmanship lies. There is something needed beyond activity of brain and breadth of knowledge to constitute it. Choose me what minister you will, endow him with the noblest powers of mind and tongue, give him the finest culture of the academics, cast his actions in the most heroic mould, but, without an upright purpose and an honest heart, his fame ere long shall pale, and the chaplets infatuated opinion

may wreath for his forehead, will wither in the light of an early day. View the men I have mentioned by this standard, and see if their dimensions will not dwindle. One is the hack of a faction; another, the tool of a court; the third, the slave of an idea. And how ductile is the honesty that can be drawn around the deceits of an Irish University Bill, how brittle the truth that plies the logic of the Prussian Reichstag! And whence came this spirit of falsehood which has broken through the walk of old-time practice and openly dictates to courts and cabinets? Where was its nativity? What air nourished its growth?

Look on the page of later-day history, and you can follow it back fifty years to a cradle in the chamber of the French deputies.

There the scheme which lingered in the chambers of Napoleon's mind found expression in the memorable declaration, "Italy shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic."

There was a certain pith and epigrammatic force in the saying. It flew from tongue to tongue. It was caught up to inspire an anthem of the people, it became the war-cry of Mazzini, and again the catchword of Emmanuel. Besides it represented an idea—the idea of Italian unification; the idea which became the policy of Cavour; the idea that has contributed, more largely than any other cause, to defile with lies the faith of Europe's cabinets.

You know the consummation to which it led. How, in the face of Heaven and in violation of the eternal principles of justice, the Pontiff was stripped of his

power, the Church robbed of her inheritance. You have heard the crafty pretexts, the specious wiles, behind which the despoilers intrenched themselves. Yes; and you have seen proven on the plains of Italy what was demonstrated in the purlicus of Paris, that no slave is so very a slave as he who is the bondsman of license.

Well, be it so. Italy is free they say. Free? Ay, but she writhes in the embrace of the phantom she has invoked, she is immolated on the altar of her own adoration. Answer me you who read the story of the suffering land, do you recognize the cry of joy which hailed the triumph of unification, in the wail that rises from the valley of the Apennines? Do you hear it in the cry of the dying—yonder at Parma, yonder at Modena, till it comes quivering from out the very shadow of the Roman walls? The steams that rise from the Campagna as from a charnel-house, but a week ago enfolded, God knows how many wretches starving by the wayside; and even now the cellars of the ghetto hide from sight a misery that shuns the light of day. Crime, too, urged by want forsakes its lurking-places for the highway; and the dagger which rusted in the sheath of the Carbonari, now glitters in the hand of the brigand. Oh, what a commentary on the short-sightedness of false statesmanship is this! How plainly does it show that the scourge which a God wielded of old to pursue into captivity an unfaithful people, has not in the flight of time lost a single thong. The germ of the day's untruthful statesmanship, then, is found in Bonaparte's scheme which became Cavour's policy,

and in the fulness of time was sown through the councils of Europe. Yes. But you ask, Have the days of truthful statesmanship then departed? Have we *none* to set the erring world a model? I know of one—there may be more—but I know of one who has been steadfast to his trust when dangers threatened, who has abided at his post unappalled by clamors, and unshaken by affliction. I mean him, the de-throned but ever glorious Pontiff of the Vatican. The world does not call him statesman, for it looks upon him as it does upon his history, and sees only the prelate's cope, and not the ermine which it covers. But if the part of a true statesman consists in devotion to country, fidelity to the people's weal, and a strict observance of international courtesies, to whom, I ask, does the name more truly belong than to Pius?

I do not see in all history any picture so touchingly sublime as that of this old man shorn of his temporal rule, yet standing like the angel of Eden on the threshold of faith, and beating back the doubts and chimeras that gather to assail it. You, student of classic lore, you, too, who explore the records of the past, go back with me through the ages. Select me your models of Grecian and Roman virtue, choose me the grandest characters of the Empire's day, point out the loftiest types of a later chivalry, and show me the man who can compare with this captive Pope in the majesty of his example and the enduring merit of his works. To him alone as Head of a teaching Church, can society look for salvation. And in an age when scientists lay profane hands on the most cherished traditions of the past, when the regions

of the stars are explored and the bowels of the earth are searched for proofs to confound the word of God; when philosophers, with a supremely democratic contempt of ancestry, pluck up the genealogical tree and set a monkey at the roots, Heaven knows we need some barrier against an ill-defined "march of progress." Remember how grave the trusts are which rest upon us, and which, in days like these, we never can discharge. We are a link in the order of time, between a past which we know only by the glimmer of its embers, and a future of which we know nothing. To the one, we are amenable for the just application of its lessons; to the other, we owe the value of our example. How is this? We have discharged our duty to neither; we are hardly acquitted of a single trust. Tell me, then, have those buried multitudes lived and taught in vain? will these coming generations have to upbraid our century for the falsehoods they have penetrated, or curse it for the errors it has transmitted to them?

With the people of to-day do those issues rest. Accept they may, the awful responsibility of sending a thousand lies shrieking down the ages, and they may leave standing as many infamous precedents for injustice to shield itself behind, but it will be with the assurance that the obloquy, which always follows crime, will in time rest on them. Their authors may repent the errors of untrue statesmanship and untrue science. Regret them, they must. But there is only one way left to repair them.

As the sacred fires of old when extinguished could only be rekindled by the great source of light, so banished truth can only return at the bidding of its author. When the nations humble themselves before the altar of Him we call "Father," when statesmen and philosophers submit their calculations to His wisdom, and cast from them their vanity of intellect, then and no sooner may we look for knowledge in the councils, and justice in the cabinets, of men.

J. B. FISHER.

St. Francis loved animals to such a degree that his habitual tenderness towards them attached them to him, and gave rise to numerous miraculous legends pictured in many of the Catholic Churches. He believed that all created things had derived from God a portion of the same divine principle by which he himself existed, and, acting upon this belief, he was in the habit of calling everything brother and

sister. When walking he was careful not to tread upon any insect in his path, and would even pick them up and remove them to a place of safety, lest others should crush them. It is recorded of him that birds built their nests in his cell, and fearlessly picked up crumbs from his table; that when he walked in the fields sheep and lambs flocked after him, and hares and rabbits jumped upon him and nestled in his bosom.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, ANTWERP.

“What is the long Cathedral glade,
But Faith that in the structur'd shade
Herself embodies to the sense,
Leaning upon Omnipotence ;
And Holiness ennobling thought,
Into a living temple wrought ?
There Strength and Beauty spring to life,
In contests of harmonious strife ;
With blended glories high aloof,
Embracing on the gorgeous roof,
Till standing 'neath the giant throng
The soul expands, and feels her strong
With more than doth to man belong.”

The first object that attracts the eye of the traveller approaching Antwerp, is its famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. And of all the monuments which stand throughout Europe as grand evidences of the faith and devotion of their builders, there is none more majestic nor more suggestive to the beholder than this stately edifice, which ascends up from the level plain into the air as if it would bring heaven into direct communication with earth.

The history of this cathedral is an interesting one. Away back in the early ages of Christianity a picture of the Blessed Virgin was found upon the spot where the Cathedral now stands. The faith of the men of those times was deep and reverent, and they accepted the discovery of the picture as a sign that heaven would be pleased to have erected there a lasting memorial to the

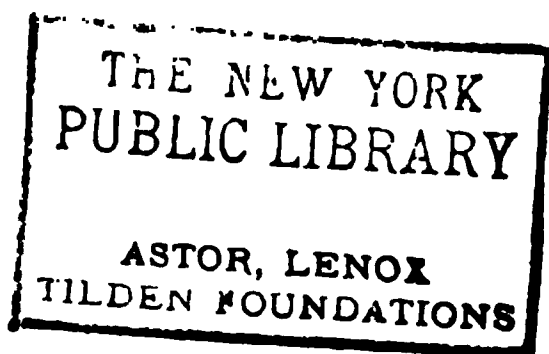
Mother of God. A modest chapel first marked the spot, which, through the piety of the surrounding inhabitants, was improved and embellished until, in 1094, it was transformed into a collegiate church by Godfrey of Bouillon. About the middle of the 13th century it was rebuilt, and was regarded as one of the noblest triumphs of Gothic architecture. In 1521 Charles V laid the corner-stone of a new choir, and in 1533 the cathedral was destroyed by fire, only the choir and tower escaping. It was again rebuilt and has existed to the present time.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is five hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifty feet in breadth. The roof is supported by one hundred and twenty-five pillars, giving to one entering the edifice the appearance of a forest of architecture. The principal nave has double aisles, and there are six other parallel naves. The Gothic cupola which rises over the centre of the transept is in harmony with the general design of the structure, and adds to its dignity and impressiveness. The tower of the cathedral is its most notable feature, and has excited the enthusiasm of many travellers. It rises nearly four hundred feet above the level plain, and in all its details is a marvel of sim-



Cathedral of Notre Dame, Antwerp.

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plicity and beauty. It is made up of several kinds of stone and decorated with ornamental work, which becomes finer and more delicate approaching the summit. Charles V said it should be preserved under glass; while the first Napoleon, with the same appreciation of its beauty, and regretful no doubt that he could not carry it off to France, compared it to Mechlin lace. When one beholds it tapering up arch above arch, not in solid masonry, but pierced with innumerable openings through which the clear blue sky is seen through the Gothic net-work of its minarets and spandrils, the most enthusiastic words of praise do not seem extravagant. The top of this tower is reached by a stairway of over six hundred steps, and, the eminence once gained, the beholder commands an extensive survey of the surrounding country. Within the tower there is a chime of ninety-nine bells controlled by a finger-board, which, under the touch of the skilful master, sends a sweet harmony out upon the air. An ingenious mechanism similar to that of cylinder organs moves the hammer that strikes the bells, and so a hymn or popular air announces the hour and the divisions of the hour.

The interior of the cathedral was once profusely embellished with rich ornaments and precious treasures, but the wars and the last revolution despoiled it of many of these. Three great masterpieces of Rubens remain, however, to attract the lovers of art—the Descent from the Cross, the Raising of the Cross, and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. There are also some quaint carvings of Verbruggen's, and some later productions in this

art which well repay the attention of the traveller.

A host of memories clusters in and about the Cathedral of Notre Dame. On the spot where it now stands many a time knelt Godfrey of Bouillon and asked God to help him in his heroic purposes. We can well conceive that, kneeling before its altars and in the shadows of its many arches, the painter Rubens followed the Sacrifice of the Mass and pictured in his mind the awful reality it commemorates till, in the ardor and intensity of his soul, he went forth to reproduce upon the canvas the closing scenes of man's redemption. There, too, at the foot of the altar, the Bollandists sought that light and inspiration which shines out upon the pages of their writings, and which has given to the world that great monument of literature, the *Acta Sanctorum*. Opposite the cathedral, in the square, stands the railing designed by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith and painter of Antwerp.

The Cathedral of Antwerp has passed through many vicissitudes. Civil and religious wars, invasions and revolutions have surged around it, at times destroying many of its treasures and threatening it, with total destruction. Beneath the shadow of its cross to-day all is not peace. Belgium is Catholic at heart, but the movements warring all through Europe against the Church of God have not spared her people.

There is a pestilent so-called Liberal party in Belgium, only awaiting the opportunity to sack and destroy churches and cathedrals, as did their barbaric compeers centuries ago. But let us trust that from this majestic pile devoted to our Lady, there goes forth

an influence of strength and inspiration which enters the hearts of the children of the Church, and nerves them to face unflinchingly the assaults of their enemies. No better rampart against the advancing columns of unbelief than the House of Prayer. No more fitting place to gird up the soul to meet the emergencies of the hour than in a glorious old cathedral, full of the ennobling traditions of the past, breathing holy inspiration and hope for the future.

ALFRED YOUNG.

WASHING UP AND WASHING DOWN.

Thus to a king, one day, who all the time was grumbling
 His subjects would not mend (himself meanwhile not humbling),
 Said his chief counsellor and fool, when asked by him,
 What made him look to-day so gloomy and so grim—
 Said he : The cause is this : I bade the maid who washes,
 Scrub down the palace steps with water and with ashes.
 The stupid jade, instead of doing as I told her,
 Washed up the steps, not down, for which I had to scold her ;
 For on the lower step, her senses might have taught her,
 Would run from those above a flood of dirty water.
 And so I said to her, Your labor is in vain :
 You have to mop each step over and o'er again !
 I said it several times (my words were vain as air),
 Beginning from below you'll never clean one stair.
 I say again, If thou wouldst make the steps all shine,
 Scour downward from the top. O King, begin with thine !

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

AMERICAN SAINTS.

The canonized saints or beatified servants of God who lived or labored in America, are :

1. Blessed Ignatius Azavedo, of the Society of Jesus ; born at Oporto, in 1527 ; put to death for the Faith at sea, with thirty-nine companions, in July, 1570. Beatified by Pope Pius IX, in 1854. He labored some years in Brazil and was returning to it.
2. Saint Louis Bertrand, of the Order of St. Dominic ; born at Valencia, in Spain, January 1, 1526. He labored for several years in New Granada and Venezuela.
3. Saint Philip of Jesus, of the Order of St. Francis ; born in Mexico ; crucified in Japan, Jan. 3, 1597. Canonized by Pope Pius IX, in 1862.
4. Blessed Sebastian de la Aparicion, of the Order of St. Francis ; born at Gudina in Galicia, 1502 ; died at Puebla, in Mexico, Feb. 25, 1600. Beatified by Pope Pius VI.
5. St. Torribio Mogrobejo, Bishop of Lima ; born in Leon, Nov. 15, 1538 ; died March 23, 1606. Canonized in 1726.
6. St. Francis Solano, of the Order of St. Francis ; born at Montella, in Andalusia, in 1549 ; died at Lima, June 14, 1610. Canonized in 1726.
7. St. Rose of Lima, of the Order of St. Dominic ; born April 20, 1586 ; died Aug. 24, 1617.
8. Blessed Peter de Zuniga, of the Order of St. Augustine, Mexican ; martyred in Japan, Aug. 17, 1622.
- 9 and 10. Blessed Charles Spinola and B. Jerome de Angelis, of the Society of Jesus, who had both labored in Brazil and Porto Rico ; martyred in Japan, Sept. 10, 1622.
11. Blessed Bartholomew Laurel, of the Order of St. Francis, a Mexican ; martyred Aug. 14, 1627.
- 12 and 13. Blessed Bartholomew Gutierrez and Blessed Francis of Jesus, of the Order of St. Francis ; martyred Sept. 3, 1432. The former a Mexican, the second a missionary in Mexico. Beatified in 1867.
14. Blessed Martin Porras, of the Order of St. Dominic ; born at Lima ; died Nov. 4, 1639. Beatified by Pope Pius VII.
15. Blessed John Massias, of the Order of St. Dominic ; born in Estremadura, in 1585 ; died at Lima, Sept. 17, 1645. Beatified by Pius VII.
16. Blessed Mariana de Paredessy Florez, born at Quito, Oct. 31, 1607 ; died in 1645. Beatified by Pius IX, in 1853.
17. Blessed Peter Claver, of the Society of Jesus, born at Verdu, in Catalonia, in 1581 ; died at Cartagena, New Granada, Sept. 8, 1654. "Apostle of the Negroes." Beatified by Pope Pius IX, in 1848.

THE FOOL OF LABOUDIE.

Some people are all hand, and some all heart. The first do, and the others feel. The one is always at work—laboring, creating, producing; the other spends his life in deploring the miseries of humanity, its sufferings, its wrongs; but there he stops. The same in private life: a man of hand supports his family, gives them good beef and mutton, dresses them well, and proves that he loves them by making them happy; the man of heart feels intensely if they are sick, has tears for the slightest ill that happens, deplores their want of luxuries and necessities, sits by his chimney-corner and talks, but does nothing; proving, after all, that he loves but himself. He is the most amiable man in the world, a general favorite in society, and, outwardly, an affectionate father and husband; but his children are half-starved, and his wife goes about in an old gown, which the man of hand's wife would give away to some beggar, to whom it would be useful and welcome. Not that we object to heart—far from it. A man cannot have too much feeling if he allies with it the head to conceive and the hand to execute. A man wholly without heart is a monster; and the great defect of Napoleon's character was, that, with a mighty head and stupendous hand, he had scarcely any heart. It is the union of hand and heart, with a head to guide both, which makes a man a useful member of society.

Ernest Delavigne was the oldest child of a widow. His father had been a superior farmer of considerable property, and had died, leaving the land to his wife and son. But Ernest, though fond of the country, aspired to be something better than the peasantry around him. He lived in a locality where ignorance prevailed over knowledge, where bad roads and impenetrable bogs retarded the progress of civilization, and where the people were in that happy state of ignorance which prevailed over most parts of Europe some two hundred years ago; where agriculture caused twice the labor and gave half the returns which it afforded to the more enlightened, and where few but the clergy ever yet attempted to penetrate the crust of barbarism which generally prevailed. Ernest had been educated at a town-school, and, when a young man, completed his education at a provincial college. Though acquiring all the general knowledge which was conveyed by the professors, he devoted himself particularly to chemistry, as applied to agriculture, and to the formation of new aratorial instruments. He returned home at twenty-

one, full of magnificent projects. He would effect a revolution in the land, he would open a course of lectures, he would teach them the advantage of the new instruments of draining, of manuring; and, above all, he would effect a complete alteration in the dwellings—close, dirty, unwholesome, and comfortless now. Admirable and praiseworthy notion was that of Ernest Delavigne. We shall see how he carried it out.

Ernest had, as he thought, a very plain way before him. He set up as a lecturer, with the honest design of instructing his less intelligent neighbors.

Unfortunately, however, nobody went to his lectures, and all his solicitations met with a polite but peremptory rebuff. The people, in fact, liked their own way best, and would believe nothing to the contrary on mere hearsay.

He was generally spoken of as a fool for his pretensions—the “Fool of Laboudie.”

The manner in which Ernest was treated at length induced him to abandon all attempts at reformation, and he betook himself to Paris, a somewhat wiser man. Experience had cooled his ardor for improving mankind. Arrived in Paris, he took up his lodging in the Quartier Latin, and went to see M. Benoit, a notary in high repute with the old aristocracy, who confided to him the management of their pecuniary affairs, with a confidence and security which spoke volumes for his honesty and honorable character. He received M. Ernest kindly, listened to what he had to say patiently, and then gave him advice. He approved of his selecting medicine as a profession, and promised, if it pleased him, to introduce him into

good society, that the intervals of time between his studies might be well spent. Ernest accepted gladly, and at once began the study of his new profession. It suited his character, his feeling for suffering humanity, to be the healer of the sick; and the prospect of associating as a student with the upper classes of society was pleasant and agreeable. He went to public lectures, he read hard, and in the evenings he visited one or two *salons*, which were freely opened to him on the recommendation of M. Benoit.

He found this way of passing his time vastly agreeable. He liked the conversation of ladies, for they, as he abstained from politics, sympathized with his views, approved of his humanitarian principles, and proved always an attentive audience. One evening he was speaking of his old and favorite topic—the introduction of agricultural improvements into the country, when a young girl joined in the debate.

“O, monsieur,” she cried warmly, “I am happy to meet with some one of my way of thinking. I lived in a country district which is very much behind the age, and I am deeply anxious to see these improvements adopted.”

Ernest was delighted, and after a few minutes he addressed his whole conversation to Mademoiselle Louise de Redonte. He found her, to his astonishment, learned in all farming details, though a year younger than himself; aware of more improvements in machinery than he had ever known the and deeply conversant with a regular was necessary to the comfort determined being of both men and animals farmers and of, ed in agriculture. Before improvement all that the evening Ernest was benefit of and well. makes employ to the end in low

French novelist would tell us that he had met his destiny. At all events, he considered himself fortunate to have fallen in with so charming a person, who joined to great beauty and accomplishment a taste for his favorite subjects of thought and talk.

Ernest and Louise met continually, and each day they renewed their intimacy. They talked together, they danced together, and before the end of three months the young man scarcely missed an evening at the house of Madame de Lastange, where she resided when in town. People at last began to insinuate to the old lady that the friendship of the young people was rather warmer than should properly exist between a student in medicine and a rich heiress. A few days after this Ernest missed Mademoiselle Louise de Redonte from the evenings of Madame de Lastange, who, without the least change in her manner towards him, informed him that she was gone to the country to her uncle, where, indeed, she spent the greater part of the year. She was a kind-hearted woman, and by this separation simply wished to spare both the pain which she thought must ensue if their affections became engaged. Ernest felt very dull—the charm of the soirées was gone. He did not cease to go, however, because it was probable that he might again see her there, but his visits became less frequent, and thus the season ended.

During the long summer months that and the Ernest continued the study of wholly wil- ion. He wrote to his mother and the gr-ould not come that year to character wa because his disgust at his head and stu, so great he could not

bear to meet with them. Besides, he wished to continue his studies, which would suffer by interruption. But he did not now devote himself to his books with half the zest with which he had begun. His thoughts were far away in that country region, wherever it was, where Louise resided, and he thought the summer never would end. To distract his attention, he varied his reading, added novels, poetry, and history to his scientific books; and thus, with many a yawn, and many a longing, and many a weary hour, the time passed, and when the *salon* of Madame de Lastange again opened, Ernest presented himself the very first evening.

Louise de Redonte was there, more lovely than ever, and she welcomed the young man, as he eagerly advanced to greet her, with a smile which filled him with rapture. Madame de Lastange looked on in some alarm. Louise was in mourning—she had lost her uncle nearly six months, and she was rich in the extreme. She was surrounded at once by a perfect host of suitors, but she gave encouragement to none. Ernest still continued her favorite companion, to the great annoyance of the mass of young men about town, who would have been delighted to have given her their name, and to have spent her hundred thousand francs of annual income. Still no one looked upon the intimacy of Louise and Ernest as anything likely to end seriously. The crowds of suitors who filled the *salons* of Madame de Lastange supposed that the young lady was a clever person, and showed a preference for the conversation of the medical student—an individual she could not marry—simply that she might look round un-

observed and unsuspected and choose for herself.

"My dear Louise," said her friend one day to her, "how much longer do you mean to keep the men in suspense? There are more than a dozen dying for love"——

"Of my château and cash," replied Louise, laughing; "but I am quite sure I shall see them all as rosy as ever next season."

"Do you not, then, mean to select your future husband before you again bury yourself in your gloomy castle?" said Madame de Lastange in an alarmed tone.

"My dear madame, I am rich, I am young, I have time and independence. I shall not choose a husband until I have found a lover whose affection is real, and whom I myself can like."

Madame de Lastange mentioned several of her suitors with high praise, but Louise shook her head and found fault with all.

"I have no patience with you," cried the good lady. "You encourage that young student so much, that you have no time to judge of the merits of others. I have a great mind to close my door against him."

"My dear Madame de Lastange," replied Louise, gravely, "if you cease to receive my *protégé*, you will make my evenings very dull. I shall run to the country a month sooner."

Madame de Lastange sighed, and turned away, but she studiously avoided letting Ernest notice her annoyance; still, when the friends were together, she looked annoyed, and almost began to agree with those who supposed Louise to have some secret object in encouraging the medical student.

"Where do you intend settling on the completion of your studies?" said Louise one evening.

"In Paris, or some other large town," replied Ernest.

"In town! I thought you preferred country life," continued she, as if somewhat disappointed.

"I did once, but I have changed my mind. I originally intended devoting myself to agriculture; but now I have a profession, I prefer living in cities."

"But why?"

"In the first place, to live in the country, I should require a wife; but I despair of finding one suited to me," replied Ernest, unaffectedly.

"But what kind of a wife would you like?" asked Louise, looking at him curiously.

"May I tell you?" said he timidly, looking up at her like a child looking at his mother when asking a favor. Of course he was allowed to speak his mind; and, need we add? there was in almost no time a thorough mutual understanding.

Next evening it was generally known that Ernest Delavigne and Louise de Redonte were affianced, to the great consternation of all fortune-hunters, and the great joy of all those who sympathized with truthful feeling and sincere affection. But the *salons* of Madame de Lastange were no longer crowded; the host of interested suitors vanished.

"Do you know," said Louise one evening, as they were talking of the future, "that I mean to make a regular patriarch of you? I have determined to introduce among all my farmers and their neighbors the latest improvements, and to give them the benefit of all the

agricultural discoveries of England and France."

"It is useless making such attempts," replied Ernest, gravely, "you will but lose your temper and your time."

"Monsieur! Why you are as bad as the Fool of Laboudie."

"Hah?" said Ernest, turning very pale.

"Why," continued the merry girl, without noticing his uneasiness, "you must know that my castle is close to Laboudie."

"Oh!" replied Ernest.

"Well, there came from a neighboring town, some two years back, a young man belonging to our place, who had studied agriculture, and who desired, it appears, to reform the neighborhood. Instead of introducing the change himself, however, he tried to persuade others to do so; told the ignorant farmers of what they might do, but did not attempt to demonstrate his theories. People naturally enough laughed at his lectures—his disquisitions especially; as I am told he had land himself, and never thought of trying the sensible experiment of showing his neighbors by practice the advantages he believed, but did not know, to exist. Such well-meaning men are worse than useless; they stand more in the way of progress than the most obstinate devotee of antiquity; they are mere sentimental and not practical reformers. But why so gloomy, Ernest? Surely I have not offended you? I see you are a little unwell. Good-night. Go home to bed, and tell your old *concierge* to make you some *tisane*. It will soon be my office to take care of monsieur when he thinks proper to be ill."

Ernest took her proffered hand, shook

it even more heartily than usual, and went away. It was early, just before midnight; and as the other guests were about to depart, the *bonne* of Madamede Lastange gave a letter to Louise, who alone, in a little boudoir where she had retired, at once opened and read it:—

"I write not in anger, but in deep sorrow. I love you too much to expose you to a life of misery. You have expressed too much contempt for persons of my character not to be very unhappy when you know me better. You will doubtless find, however, one worthy of you. I shall seek, after that severe but just lesson which I have just received, to win your esteem, now that your love is impossible. Remember me kindly, if it be only because I have sufficient sense left to save you in time from everlasting unhappiness. This night, at eleven, I start for home."

"What have I done?" cried Louise. "Poor Ernest! how generous, how noble, now good! Poor fellow! how those thoughtless, bitter words must have gone to his heart! I must stop him. But, no: he is gone. Well, I must wait until to-morrow. What a night he will pass travelling! How cruel he must think me!" And away she hurried to bed, as if by so doing the morrow would come sooner.

Meanwhile Ernest, whose mind had been enlarged and elevated by more extended studies, went away on his road home, subdued, dejected, and yet not wholly cast down. He saw distinctly the truth of all that Louise had said; he perceived where his own errors lay, and determined to profit by the lesson. He arrived at home after a long journey, calm, serious, and full

of strong conviction of his own former pride, which made his present humility all the more pleasing. His mother was delighted to see him; and when he declared his intention of devoting himself in future to the farm, she was doubly pleased. He took up his former quarters, and then, after a day's rest, started for a long walk to recruit his body, somewhat enervated by study and town life. He followed the high road which led to the Château de Plouvières, along which were several small farms, and one or two very extensive ones. He walked along, his eyes fixed on the ground, in deep meditation, until he was suddenly aroused by a loud voice.

"Hollo there! Monsieur Ernest, I want to speak with you," said the very old farmer whom he had first made an attempt upon nearly two years before.

"What is it?" replied young Delavigne, raising his head a little haughtily; "what can you have to say to the Fool of Laboudie?"

"Sir," cried the other, as they approached each other, "I beg your pardon, and we all beg your pardon. But do you not see we did not understand your fine talk? and we could not believe what we didn't see. But then Mademoiselle Louise, our guardian-angel, had just finished her model-farm, and there she had all the improvements of which you told us. Well, when we saw that they were better ways than we knew of, you see we agreed to try, and I've bought a new plough—here it is—and it's a little out of order, and it's just to ask your advice about mending it that I called you."

"With pleasure," said Ernest, who

had listened to the other's words with deep interest. "Oh, it's nothing: a couple of nails and a screw are all that's wanted."

Half an hour later the defect was remedied, and the two eat breakfast together. The old man said that, if Ernest would now open his lectures, they would be well attended of an evening; and, if confined to descriptions referring to things the farmers began to understand, would continue so. The young man replied that he would make himself acquainted with what had been done, and would deliver his first lecture on the following Tuesday. Next day Ernest visited the model-farm of the Château de Plouvières. He found a considerable tract of land under cultivation. The farmers and their families felt and saw the great benefits which lay within their grasp, and, as their patrons gave them facilities for paying for all new implements by instalments, few refused to avail themselves of the opportunity. On fête days and holidays the whole neighborhood came to the model-farm, to amuse themselves by looking around; and a change, he said, was already perceptible. One house, which had been burnt down close by, had been rebuilt upon new principles with regard to comfort and cleanliness, and all were anxious to follow the example.

Ernest was more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the practical course adopted by the Count de Plouvières and Louise de Redonte. He saw clearly that if we would induce men to believe in our precepts, we must practise them ourselves; and that one example is worth a hundred expositions. He went away filled with admiration at the

nobility of character, the sound sense and wisdom of the young reformer, and with his heart doubly imbued with love for the beautiful girl. He prepared his lecture in his mind during the whole three days which intervened, and, when the hour came, entered the barn amid loud applause. The place was full. The whole neighborhood, male and female, was there. Everybody understood that the object of Ernest Delavigne had been good; and all blamed themselves for not comprehending him, though in reality the fault was with him, who had not understood the right way to proceed.

He began. In eloquent words, with deep and strong feeling, he drew a picture of Laboudie before and after the return of Louise from England; he compared in a humorous way the different line pursued by the young lady and the Fool of Laboudie; he acknowledged her means to be greater, but also allowed that he might have made his own land the model-farm by industriously devoting himself to the very course of improvement which he recommended; he called down the blessings of heaven on the lovely patroness of the locality, hardly able to restrain tears as he spoke, and then opened with his subject. He used simple and plain language; he spoke of things which all began to understand, and was listened to with deep interest and respectful attention. When he sat down the barn almost seemed about to fall, so violently did they shake it with their bravos and clapping of hands. But it was late, and most had a long way to go; so the assemblage dispersed after receiving gratefully the promise of a continuation that day week.

But one person lingered behind, and stood within the barn when all had left it save Ernest and his mother. They had reached the door before they made the discovery.

"Mademoiselle la Comtesse," said Madame Delavigne respectfully.

"Ernest!" replied she, holding out her hand.

"Louise!" exclaimed he, for he saw in the smile which accompanied the offer of her hand that she was unchanged.

"And so monsieur runs away, and I must run after him!" said Louise, taking his arm. "What think you, madame," she continued: "your son a month ago asked me to marry him; I consented, and a week ago he ran away, declaring he would not have me. Am I not very good to come and fetch him?"

"Louise! Louise!" cried Ernest passionately; "I did not think you could marry the Fool of Laboudie."

"My dear friend, my speech of the other evening only shows how wrong people are to judge from appearances. I had only heard a description of you under that name from an old servant, whose gossip I have been sufficiently punished for retailing."

"But, my son," cried the amazed mother, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"My dear madame, that we are to be married, according to the previous agreement, to-morrow three weeks," said Louise, taking her hand; "and that my husband is about to complete the work which I have so imperfectly begun."

The whole affair was the most off-hand thing imaginable. The marriage of these two clever people—each clever

in a particular way, the very difference of character being useful—created little surprise. Ernest had learned that mere personal sympathy with the ignorance or misery of our fellow-creatures is of little use, if we do not raise our hands and arms to do something; and that the true friends of humanity are those who do their utmost to diffuse knowledge, to widen the circle of man's utility, and who, by example and practice, lead the march of civilization. Every man may thus do his part in the great work of human progress. All that is wanted is the will to be useful. Ernest and Louise Delavigne were a blessing to the whole country round. Smiling meadows, neat houses, productive fields, healthy peasantry, the absence of any glaring cases of poverty, considerable elevation of mind, above that which is the ordinary lot of the agricultural laborer, are the practical results of this happy disposition of mind, which makes the richest propriétaire of Laboudie consider all around him as his children, to whom he owes a fair share of his time and thoughts. They are intensely beloved, and there are many yet unborn who will yet live to bless the pleasing union in Ernest and Louise of the hand and the heart.

THE PLOUGH.

God speed the ploughshare! Tell me not
 Disgrace attends the toil
 Of those who plough the dark green sod,
 Or till the fruitful soil.
 Why should the honest ploughman shrink
 From mingling in the van
 Of learning and of wisdom, since
 'Tis mind that makes the man?

God speed the ploughshare, and the hands
 That till the fruitful earth,
 For there is in this world, so wide,
 No gem like honest worth.
 And though the hands are dark with toil,
 And flushed the manly brow,
 It matters not, for God will bless
 The labors of the plough.

A CATHOLIC POET'S LATEST POEM.

Aubrey de Vere may be said to occupy a leading position among the poets of our time, and any production from his pen will well repay the student of literature. We think many of our readers will be pleased to read the following review, from *The Spectator*, of his last work—"Alexander the Great, a Dramatic Poem"—:

"This is a poem which ought to make a reputation. It will compare with Sir Henry Taylor's fine drama of *Philip van Arteveldt*, as well in general power as in the delicacy of the minuter elements of its workmanship. Yet, at first sight, it looks almost a hopeless endeavor to weave the rather irregular leaps of Alexander's meteoric career into a single drama. A ten years' war, in which the field of interest was always military or political and always changing, and which carried the conqueror through Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, then across Persia into India, and which, after the return to Persia, finally ended in Babylon, hardly seems to furnish the materials for the sort of poem that we connect with the drama. But the apparent difficulty of the enterprise is, when surmounted, a measure of the skill and imaginative insight of the poet; and certainly in this case the enterprise appears to us to have been singularly successful. With hardly any of the common materials of dramatic interest, without any story of love that is not of the slightest kind and absolutely subordinate to religious or political obligations, with nothing but the tale of heroic ambition for the chief subject of the tragedy, Mr. de Vere has yet not only riveted our interest on his drama from the very beginning, but deepened that interest with every Act and almost every Scene up to the truly tragic, and yet, in the truest sense, satisfying, close. To give so profound an interest to the chronicle of even so mighty a cataract of ambition as Alexander's, would have been difficult, if not impossible, but for the lights and shadows of the religious ideas which Mr. de Vere has blended with the picture of the great conqueror's career. He has taken some pains to depict not merely the growth of the insatiable pride of his hero, but the reciprocal influence on each other of that insatiable pride, and of his changing estimate of the great religions he encountered. And by making the character of Hephestion, the one friend whom he passionately loved, and at whose death his grief was almost a madness, a striking contrast to his own character of over-mastering pride, Mr. de Vere has contrived to provide us a standard with which to compare the

windling awe of Alexander's mind and the growing moral recklessness of his keen and politic sagacity. Of course the success or failure of a great dramatic conception of this kind depends wholly on the workmanship, and Mr. de Vere's workmanship is at once delicate in execution and large in plan. He has got a most vivid and powerful conception of his hero,—whether true or false, it is, except on certain questions of external policy, now of course impossible to say,—and he has shown us this character maturing before our eyes in verse of beautiful rhythm, and often of very high imaginative power. To speak frankly, we had no conception, from our knowledge of Mr. de Vere's former poems, that so much poetic power lay in him as this drama shows. It is terse as well as full of beauty, nervous as well as rich in thought. The character of Alexander grows upon us as we read, till it fascinates us by the force of the almost unerring yet half-animal intellect, and that imperious self-will which it displays. The only thing we miss that ought to be in the poem, is a fuller delineation of the passionate and single devotion to his friend, Hephestion, which is the key to the drama, and yet rather assumed than painted. The picture actually painted is rather that of an Alexander in whom no such intense personal devotion to a friend would have been possible. We know that that devotion was a matter of history; and its intensity depends an essential and critical element of the drama; and the violent passion resulting from the wound inflicted by death on that over-weening devotion is very finely painted; but the devotion itself is not shown to

us, is hardly made a visible thread in the character of the conqueror. We are told enough about it, but hardly made to see how it belongs to the character itself. In a very fine conversation, the last which takes place between Alexander and the friend who is to him what Patroclus was to Achilles, Alexander confesses,—

‘I sometimes think
That I am less a person than a power,
Some engine in the right hand of the gods;
Some fateful wheel that, round in darkness
 rolling,
Knows this—its work; but not that work's
 far scope.
Hephestion, what is life? My life, since
 boyhood,
Hath been an agony of means to ends:
An ultimate end I find not. For that cause,
On-reeling in the oppression of a void,
At times I welcome what I once scarce
 brook'd,
The opprobrium of blank sleep.’

“That, no doubt, is meant to be the picture rather of what Alexander had become, than of what he was at first. The ‘person’ in him had shrunk, the fateful instrument in him had grown. Of the ends of life and empire, of which he had some vague and awe-struck conception at the opening of the poem, he has less and less, as pride swells and reverence dwindles. But still, what he is at the close completely, he is at least in tendency at the opening; and this so much so in Mr. de Vere's picture, that we are hardly helped to understand the passionate love for Hephestion of which we are informed. We think this a real defect in the scene in which Alexander and Hephestion visit the mounds over the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, at Troy. There, at least, at the very outset of his career, Alexander should

have been allowed to betray more of his true tenderness for his friend and the ground of it. If it were, as it well might have been, that Hephestion's was the one mind which, while entering completely and enthusiastically into Alexander's grand conceptions, yet gave Alexander indirectly a glimpse of a world of sympathies and insights, into the finer shades of which he himself had no power to pierce, then this sense of dependence on his friend for access to a delicate human sphere, otherwise inaccessible to him, might have been here delineated, and the source of an almost inexplicable devotion so revealed. As it is, Alexander from the very first is so much less 'a person than a power,' that one is a little puzzled by the one thread in his character which shows him to the last not merely a power but a person. We think Mr. de Vere would have added a fresh touch to the beauty of a noble play if he had painted Alexander's need of Hephestion more carefully in the opening scenes, and let us see the subsidence of this tender and influencing human love into a mere imperious and exclusive devotion, as the play drew on. At the close of one of the later scenes to which we have already referred, Hephestion says of Alexander that the King truly 'knew him never;' and that is natural, for he is made too human in every way to be understood by a great, living organon of conquest and empire like Alexander. But we think there should have been in Alexander a greater sense of what he might gain by knowing Hephestion, a greater knowledge of the deficiency in his own mind which Hephestion could supply, *at the opening* than at the close. The violence of the convulsive and insatiable grief caused by Hephestion's death would be even more natural and intelligible, if depicted as the close of a friendship which had been becoming more and more unchastened in character and unassimilated with the King's intellectual and political life up to the end, than it is in this play, where we are not made to see that Alexander had been in any way conscious of drifting away from his former sympathy with Hephestion, as, in consistency with this picture, he must really have been, though of course without losing his love for him. This is, perhaps, the one defect of the drama, that the link of human sympathy between Alexander and his higher-natured friend is not carefully enough painted, while the contrast between them is very finely painted. But we must turn away from this minute criticism to the fine picture of Alexander's own character. In the very opening of the play, the old General, who had trained him from his childhood, thus describes the young man's genius for war and its wonderful command of detail :—

‘PTOLEMY.

He owes you much.

PARMENIO.

A realm his father owed me,
And knew it well. The son is reverent too,
But with a difference, sir. In Philip's time
My voice was Delphic on the battle-field:
This young man taps the springs of my
experience
As though with water to allay his wine
Of keener inspirations: "Speak thy thought,
Parmenio!" Ere my words are half-way out
He nods approval, or he smiles dissent.
Still, there is like him none! I marvell'd oft
To see him breast that tempest from the
north,
Drowning revolt in the Danubian wave.

in sight, instant he knew their
members ;
want, guess'd their whereabouts—how
intermediate tract—if fordable
streams—the vales accessible to horse :
like the craft of beasts remote from
man.'

Note the last line. That almost
power of intellect in a man who
angularly little of animal passion,
of the notes which run through
character. It is still more finely
set out in the scene in which
Parmenio's son, Philotas, tries to per-
suade his father to raise the standard
of revolt against Alexander, on the
eve of the madness of his ambitious
plans :

'PHILOTAS.

His greatness were his godship sane!
Note his brow; 'tis Thought's least
earthly temple:
Dark, beneath, that round, not human
eye,
glowing like a panther's! In his body
passion dwells; but all his mind is
reason,
intellectual appetite and instinct
works without a law.

PARMENIO.

But half you know him.
It is a zigzag lightning in his brain
which lies in random flashes, yet not errs :
as his victories seem ; but link those
chances,
under them a science you shall find,
which is unauthentic, contraband, illicit,
contumelious oft to laws of war.
See, that as a mistress smiles on others,
so she looks on him as duty-bound : her blood is he,
as the purple of her royalties.
Long time she frown'd : these mailed
arms
her on breast and brow for thirty
years,
Athos westward to the Illyrian coasts,
till she learn'd to love me. He too
loves me !
He is jealous of my fame.'

"How this 'zigzag lightning in his
brain' leads Alexander with unerring
precision to all that concerns the com-
mand of armies and States, all that
affects man in the average, whether
that be the heroic in character or that
"agonism of means to ends" which helps
him to master so completely the mili-
tary details of a battle or a campaign,
or the policy to be pursued towards a
vanquished people, and yet utterly fails
to guide him in that region where
something higher than political or
military sagacity holds sway, some-
thing that overrules statecraft and dis-
solves the power of armies, is very
finely brought out in one scene after
another. Take this outbreak of the
never-ending issue between Church
and State, as showing Mr. de Vere's
conception of the point where Alex-
ander's political sagacity fell short of
true spiritual wisdom. Alexander had
been developing his scheme for mak-
ing Asiatics and Greeks truly equal in
his Empire, and had maintained, with
the practised intellect educated by Aris-
totle, that this rule would give its full
influence to the keen Greek brain :—

'HEPHESTION.

Greek and Asian equally'd,
The Greek supremacy has died at birth.

ALEXANDER.

You see but half. Equality, when based
On merit, means supremacy of Greek ;
For mind is merit, and the great Greek
mind
In nature's right, supreme. Our Greece
shall rule
Like elemental gods with nature blent,
Yet not in nature merged.'

"To this Hephestion urges that the
Persian faith is higher than the Greek,
and yet that Alexander is not willing
to give it its equal chance :—

‘HEPHESTION.

Touching the gods, I mark in you a change:
At first you honor'd much this Persian
Faith,
A Faith that soar'd, and yet went deep,
insiting
Forever on the oppugnancy divine
'Twixt Good and Ill, unlike those nymph-
like Fancies
That, draped in Faith's gravé garb, yet
loosely zoned,
But glide above the surfaces of things,
And tutor us with smiles. That time is past.
Egyptian rites and Asian still you honor,
Persia's distrust.

ALEXANDER.

The man that empire founds
Must measure all things by the needs of
Empire:
This Magian Faith will prove refractory:
That truth it claims to hold, and hold
alone,
Burns in its eye, and eyes of them that
serve it,
A portion of their never-quenchèd Fire:
Its spirit is the spirit of domination:
I'll own no Persian worship.

HEPHESTION.

Is this just?
You smile on Persia's court, upon its camp,
Its nobles, and its merchants, and its peas-
ants;
Upon the noblest thing it hath you frown.

ALEXANDER.

'Tis so. I ever make my choice of foes
Not less than friends. I know this Faith
must hate me.
Like it there's none: the rest at heart are
brothers:
Their priests alike contented to be ruled,
Their rites not hard to reconcile."

"Here we see Alexander's mind
shrinking from admitting even the
possibility of that loyalty to absolute
and eternal truth which it is so incon-
venient for statesmen to encounter, and
against which so many strong govern-
ments have been shivered. It is the
growth of his overweening pride and
ambition which steels him against a

creed whose sublimity he had at first
willingly recognized. Nor is the Per-
sian religion referred to, merely intel-
lectually painted. The very beautiful
and delicate women of the drama are
introduced on purpose to show us how
near to the religious sentiment of Chris-
tianity the Persian light-worship, and
faith in the eternal conflict of good and
evil, might have been able to carry a
naturally devout mind.

"Again, Mr. de Vere skilfully avails
himself of a tradition of Josephus that
Alexander, when in Palestine, visited
Jerusalem, as an excuse for supposing
that he was there told by the high
priest of Daniel's prophecy as to his
divine task, and that for a time he
partially recognized the moral limits
imposed on him by Providence, till in
the pride of his conquests he learned to
think his power all but limitless, and
not given him from above, but self-
created. This is, of course, a mere
poetic device for delineating more in
detail the character of Alexander's
pride and its tendency to grow into
self-idolatry, as Mr. de Vere conceives
it. But it is a truly poetic device, for,
as it is managed, it introduces a new
atmosphere of religious awe, not only
into the career of conquest itself, but
especially into the noble death-scene;
and though it can hardly be said to
rest on a historical basis, this is emi-
nently such a device as a great drama-
tist would not scruple to use who wished
to bring out his conception of the
spiritual flaw in the great conqueror's
character. Thus, as Alexander conquers
kingdom after kingdom, the faith in
all beings really above men, by whom
human power is given and from whom
derived, begins to vanish from his mind,

till he produces to his friend, first, a bold theory of the natural selection of gods from heroes, and afterwards this Macedonian equivalent for the 'agnostic' position of the great Secularists of to-day:—

'ALEXANDER.

This only know we—
We walk upon a world not knowable
Save in those things which knowledge least
deserve,
Yet capable, not less, of task heroic.
My trust is in my work : on that I fling me,
Trampling all questionings down.'

"Yet Alexander's mind reverts to the superstition of his descent from Jupiter as he lies dying,—a legend he had once laughed at,—and he bids Ptolemy bury him in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. There is no anachronism in such seeming anticipations of the controversies of to-day, except the anachronism inherent in the educated reason of all time, which is always strangely reverting to the past and strangely anticipating the future:—and, indeed, in no time was reason more educated than in that of the great pupil of Aristotle who ploughed up the civilizations of centuries with so mighty a hand, that the problems discussed by his master must have taken a strangely concrete form in his imagination.

"Nothing is more beautiful in this play than the contrast between the night-scene in which the quasi-Christian aspirations of the Persian princess Arsinoe, whom Alexander marries, are presented to us, and the night of frustrated passion in which Alexander's own great career ends. The delirium of his last fever, the fierce dreams of failure by which he is haunted, the blood-red sunset of his life at Babylon,

are put in close connection with the yearnings of Arsinoe for some revelation of milder and diviner light than even that of her own early faith; and the effect of the parallel between the scene of tender and wistful trust, and that of the fitful and moody struggle of a powerful spirit against fate, is exceedingly striking. We must give the dream in which Alexander's mind paints for itself the auguries of a wasted career of conquest:—

'PTOLEMY.

Immortal gods !

To this high sufferer grant the balm of sleep !

ALEXANDER.

Sleep ! Can you guard me 'gainst ill dreams
in slumber ?

I'll tell you one. I died ; and lay in death
A century 'mid those dead Assyrian kings
In their old tomb by yonder stagnant lake.
Then came a trumpet-blast that might have
waked,

Methought, a sleeping world. It woke not
them.

I could not rise ; I could not join the battle :
Yet I saw all.

PTOLEMY.

What saw you, sire ?

ALEXANDER.

Twelve tents,
Each with my standard. On twelve hills
they stood,

Which either on their foreheads blazon'd
wore,

Or from my fancy's instinct took, great
names,

Cithæron, Hæmus, Taurus, Libanus,
Parapomissus, and huge Caucasus,

With other five, and Athos in the midst.

Then from my royal tents on those twelve
hills,

Mail'd in mine arms, twelve Alexanders
crown'd,

With all their armies, rush'd into a plain,

Which quaked for fear, and dash'd across
twelve floods,

Euphrates, Issus, Tigris, Indus, Oxus,

And others with great names. They met—
those Twelve—

And, meeting, swelled in stature to the skies,
 And grappled, breast to breast, and fought,
 and died,
 Save four that, bleeding, each on other
 stared,
 And lean'd upon their swords. As thus
 they stood,
 Slow from that western heaven which domes
 the accursed—
 Rome's bandit brood—there moved a cloud
 night-black,
 Which, onward-gathering, master'd all the
 East,
 And o'er it rain'd a rain of fire. The earth
 Split, and the rivers twelve in darkness
 sank ;
 The twelve great mountains crumbled to the
 plain ;
 The bones of those twelve armies ceased
 from sight.
 Then from the sun that died, and dying
 moon,
 And stars subverted, fell great drops of
 blood,

Large as their spheres, till all the earth was
 blood ;
 And o'er that blood-sea rang a female cry,
 "The Royal House is dead." "

"Let us add that one or two exquisite lyrics are interspersed in the drama, and that the most beautiful and musical paraphrase of the psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,' which we ever read, is contained in it. Mr. de Vere has produced a play which ought to insure for his name a permanent place among the more refined and intellectual of our dramatists. Popular, *Alexander the Great* will hardly be. But it is, nevertheless, the work of a true poet and of a fine artist, in whom there is nothing vulgar, and nothing weak."

DAILY WORK.

In the name of God advancing,
 Sow thy seed at morning light ;
 Cheerily the furrows turning,
 Labor on with all thy might.
 Look not to the far-off future ;
 Do the work which nearest lies ;
 Sow thou must before thou reapest,
 Rest at last is labor's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
 Toil is meant for Christians now ;
 Let there be, when evening cometh,
 Honest sweat upon thy brow ;
 And the Master shall come smiling,
 At the setting of the sun,
 Saying as he pays thy wages,
 "Good and faithful one, well done !"

MY FIRST RIDE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the beginning of 1870, I made a voyage to South America, to pay a visit to an old school-fellow, who had taken to sheep-farming in one of the "up-river" provinces of the Argentine Republic. My friend, Grey, was to have met me at Monte Video, and taken me back with him to his *estancia*, several hundred miles away in the interior; but when I arrived at Monte Video, I heard, rather to my dismay, that a revolution had broken out up the river, and that Grey would certainly be prevented from coming down, and that I should probably find it very difficult, if not impossible, to get up to him.

In my ignorance of the ways of the country, I did not much enjoy the idea of making my journey into the wilds without a companion; but, after having undertaken a sea-voyage of seven thousand miles, neither did I feel inclined to return without accomplishing my object; so I transferred my luggage from the *Patagonia* to one of the river-boats, and steamed for two nights and a day up the river Uruguay. On the second morning of our voyage we anchored off a few white houses, scattered about among the stunted scrub that fringes the river. The captain thought it was doubtful if we should be allowed to land; however, we did so, without opposition, and indeed without seeing

more than two or three boys, who came down to stare at us, and one of whom I persuaded to show me the way to the *fonda*.

The first sight I saw on landing was a white horse lying dead, with a cavalry saddle on him, and a bullet-hole in his cheek. The town was like a city of the dead; every door and window shut, and not a soul in the streets; only here and there, on one of the flat roofs, a man might be seen on the lookout. The walls of the houses were scored in all directions by bullets, and almost every window showed a pane or two of glass broken, and often an ominous-looking hole and white splinters in the shutter behind. At the *fonda*—though the sign still swung over the door—the door itself was closed, and no sign of life visible; but after a long parley between my guide and some one inside, I was admitted into the *pateo* of the inn, where I found a group of frightened women, Spanish Basques, passing from hand to hand a small cannon-ball, which they said had fallen into the court-yard. Being ushered into the *comedor* (dining-room), I found two Englishmen with sunburnt faces and splashed riding-boots, their revolvers lying on the table beside them, just setting to work at a late breakfast. After a little conversation, I was de-

lighted to find that they knew Grey, and would be able to tell me how to reach him. They gave a doleful account of the state of the country. The government troops had been defeated in a series of engagements, and obliged to retreat beyond the frontier of the province, while a regular reign of terror had been established by the rebels; in the towns, they were levying contributions, sacking houses, and cutting the throats of any of the inhabitants whom they chose to consider "suspected" (that is, of loyalty to the government); while in the country, armed bands were harrying the estancias, and sweeping off all the horses and cattle, for the use of the insurgent army; both in town and country, battle, murder, and sudden death were reigning supreme.

The sound of a dropping fire of musketry going on all the time we were at breakfast, served as a commentary on the information I was receiving. I told my new acquaintances of my anxiety to get out to my friend's place as soon as possible; and one of them, whose name was Fitzgerald, offered to guide me out, and to lend me a horse for the journey, if I would be ready to start in an hour's time. His own residence was, he said, only a few miles from Grey's; and both lay at a distance of about eighteen leagues from the town in which we were, so we should require to pass the night on the road. Of course, I accepted his offer gladly; and having got into my riding-gear, and left my luggage in charge of mine host, twelve o'clock found us jogging slowly up the streets of the town, Fitzgerald riding a magnificent gray horse, and I on a chesnut, rough-

looking, and awkward to mount, but, as I found out afterwards, worth his weight in gold. We got clear of the town without any molestation beyond a good deal of rough chaff as we passed some drinking-houses on its outskirts, which were all full of soldiers drinking spirits, their horses standing hobbled in groups at the doors, and their long lances leaning against the outside walls. At first, our way led over a boundless, treeless *pampa*, a rolling sea of grass, without a sign of human habitation in any direction; herds of cattle and horses were scattered about, and flocks of ostriches, disturbed by our rapid approach, went striding away before us. I could see no landmark of any kind to guide our course, but Fitzgerald rode confidently forward. He had pushed his horse into a gallop when we first entered on the open plain, and this pace we kept up without a break for the first ten miles. My horse galloped like a machine, neither pulling nor flagging, nor looking to right or left, but rising and falling over the long swells of the prairie with an even monotonous stride, that soon brought me into a dreamy state, in which I fancied myself back again on board the *Patagonia*, and out of sight of land. The perfect silence, broken only by the swish, swish of the horses' feet through the long grass, like the lap of smooth water against a vessel's bows, aided the idea; and once or twice a solitary horseman in the distance, galloping steadily and silently on his course across the ocean of grass, seemed like a passing ship gliding by.

I was awakened from this reverie by an exclamation of relief from Fitz-

gerald as he pulled his horse into a walk, and exclaimed, "There's the pass;" and away on some lower ground in front of us, I saw a clump of trees, which marks the ford of the first river we had to cross. We rode slowly through the shallow ford, and up a sandy track on the other side, which led through a thick wood of coral trees, while under them cactus and prickly pear made an impenetrable barrier on either side. Suddenly I heard a clank of steel, and turning my head, I found a lancer riding close at my elbow: he had come up unheard over the soft sand. He was wrapped from the throat to half way down his long riding-boots in a heavy black poncho; he wore a slouched felt hat, round which there had once been a motto in gilt letters; and between hat-brim and poncho collar there scowled the most villanous black face I have ever had the fortune to see, in a rather varied experience. He was armed with lance and sabre, and a huge bell-mouthed *trabuco* hung in front of his saddle; the rowels of his iron spurs were full six inches in diameter, and his sabre clanked against them at every stride of his horse. Being a Guacho, it is needless to say that he was well mounted, and sat his horse as if he were part of him. He looked us all over attentively for an instant, and then spurring his horse before us, he lowered his lance, and barred the way, at the same time shouting a few words in Spanish, which had the effect of producing the appearance of a band of about twenty more ruffians, if possible more ill-looking than the first, and dressed and armed in the same way. They seemed to have sprung from the earth. A moment

before, there had not been a living thing visible in any direction, and now we were the centre of a circle of lance-heads, with which, to judge by the countenances of their bearers, we were not unlikely soon to form an intimate acquaintance. I shall never forget the scene: the sandy slope up from the bright water flashing over the ford; the bright blue sky above, seen through the glorious crimson masses of the coral flowers over our heads; and the sombre green of the walls of prickly pear which shut us in on both sides; while above and below us our captors sat dark and silent on their horses, scowling as only South American Guachos *can* scowl. At last one, whom I took to be the chief, from his carrying a silver-mounted revolver instead of a lance, rode a pace or two forward, and, addressing himself to me, demanded to know who we were, whence coming, and where going.

I answered as well as I was able in my imperfect Spanish. The next question was: "What force of the Blancos are there in town, and who commands them?" The word "Blanco" puzzled me, for I had forgotten for the moment that the two political parties of the country divided themselves into "Blancos" (Whites) and "Colorados" (Reds). So I turned to Fitzgerald for an explanation; but the chief did not seem to approve of our speaking together, and with an ominous click of his revolver lock, he ordered me to address him only. I therefore tried to explain to him how utterly ignorant I must necessarily be of the state of a country in which I had only arrived a few hours before for the first time in my life; but he evidently disbelieved

me entirely, and flying into a furious passion, his finger trembling with rage on the trigger of the cocked revolver, he put the muzzle within a yard of my mouth, and ordered me to answer at once without further prevarication, or he would fire down my throat. Meantime, one of his men, looking up for a moment from the cigarette he was lighting, said in a matter-of-course sort of tone, with just a slight tinge of impatience in it; "Mate-lo no mass?" (Why don't you just kill him?) and his comrades gave an approving grunt. I thought my last hour was certainly come; I could see the bright rifling of the pistol-barrel as it wavered about unsteadily, close to my face, and my interrogator's hand shook so, that I was persuaded, whether by accident or intention, another moment or two must see the last of me. I remembered afterwards that none of the thoughts of home and friends which men generally describe as having flashed through their minds on similar occasions, occurred to me, but only a line of poetry that I had been reading shortly before:

The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;

Touched; and I knew no more.

I remember also wondering whether I should know anything after the hammer touched the cap. Of course, all passed in an instant, but it seemed to me that I had been reflecting in this way for some minutes, when Fitzgerald, who had hitherto been silent, in obedience to the chief's orders, broke out into a vehement speech, too rapidly spoken for me to be able to catch the whole sense of it, but to the effect that I was really not endeavoring to

conceal my information, but that I did not possess any, and that, incredible as it might appear, I had actually lived all my life in a country so barbarous, that the very name of Blanco was unknown there. This, and much more, Fitzgerald poured out with great fluency, and no doubt in language the best suited to the comprehension of this guerilla chief. At any rate, the effect was good, for he slowly and surlily enough put back his pistols in the holster, to my immense relief.

But our troubles were not over yet, for he called forward one of his men whose horse seemed dead beat, and after speaking a word to him, he turned again to Fitzgerald, and ordered him curtly to dismount and unsaddle. Fitzgerald began a few words of protest, which were quickly cut short by a poke in the back with the butt of a lance from a trooper behind him, so he was obliged reluctantly to get off, and exchange the good gray horse for the broken-down trooper. My chestnut, I suppose, owing to his unpromising appearance, escaped notice. After this, our enemies drew together, and put themselves in motion towards the ford; while we lost no time in pursuing our way, thankful at having escaped so easily, though Fitzgerald lamented his favorite gray horse, and cursed the one he was riding and the guerilla leader alternately for the rest of the day.

We had intended to have ridden about ten leagues that day, to an estancia where Fitzgerald was known, and could make sure of a welcome to dinner and bed for the night, completing our journey to Grey's on the following day. This programme, however, was completely disarranged by

Fitzgerald's new mount, who, after the first league or two, could not be induced to gallop, so that, in spite of our best efforts, sunset found us plodding through an apparently interminable forest, with no prospect before us but that of camping for the night without food or shelter, and making the best of it. Just as we were preparing to dismount, Fitzgerald caught sight of a number of horses standing at the other end of a long, open glade, in a way which convinced him, experienced bushman as he was, that they had been recently unsaddled, and must belong to some guerilla party, such as that which had stopped us in the morning. We held a consultation, which ended in our agreeing that anything was preferable to camping without food, so we rode straight along the glade till we were near enough to distinguish a dark group of men behind the tethered horses. Then Fitzgerald halted, and shouted in a stentorian voice, "Ave Maria!"—the proper way of making known one's approach to a dwelling or assemblage of people in that part of the world. This caused an immediate excitement. We saw the men standing to their arms, while two, seizing their lances, vaulted on horseback, and came galloping towards us. Arrived within a short distance, they halted, and challenged: "Stand! and give the password!" Fitzgerald answered at length, telling our story, and begging to be allowed to camp with them for the night. One of the men then shouted back to the main body; and on receiving an answer, invited us, civilly enough, to advance and speak to the *capitan*.

The capitan, a tall, handsome, gray-haired man, whom Fitzgerald immediately recognized, and addressed as Don Beltran, received us courteously, and informed us that his men had just killed a bullock, and supper would be ready immediately. He then ordered two of the soldiers to unsaddle and tether out our horses; while the rest of the party, who seemed to be about as numerous as our friends of the morning, were busy collecting wood, lighting fires, and preparing to roast some huge pieces of beef. These were soon pronounced to be ready; and Don Beltran, producing from his holsters a bottle of cognac and a paper containing salt, drew a long dagger from behind his back, and set us an example by cutting an enormous slice off one of the pieces on the fire, and attacking it, literally, "tooth and nail." We followed suit with our sheath-knives; the men, meantime, at their fire a few yards away, making merry with plenty of rough jokes over their meal—the red firelight showing off their swarthy faces, burned almost black by exposure, and their magnificent white teeth. Our supper concluded with a long pull at the brandy-bottle; and then we lighted our pipes, and the capitan his cigarette, and he gave us an account of all the marchings and countermarchings, surprises and skirmishes, he had been engaged in for the last month or two, since he had been detached with his party. He finished by assuring us that we might sleep in all security that night, as there were none of the insurgents left in that part of the country. Fitzgerald told him of those we had met a few hours before, but he said he had intelligence of their movements, and knew that they were making their

way in the opposite direction. So, after smoking one more pipe, we turned in. The men were already sleeping soundly, stretched about in all directions round the remains of their fires, wrapped in their ponchos, and lying on their saddles. The capitan had taken possession of a little deserted woodcutter's hut, barely large enough to shelter one man; and Fitzgerald and I, collecting our saddles and rugs, made ourselves comfortable at a little distance, against a sort of thick hedge made by a mass of passion-flowers and other creepers tangled together between some tree-stems, and affording a capital shelter from the wind.

I went to sleep the moment I lay down, and slept till daybreak, when I was awaked by a stir in the camp, and found every one awake and preparing to saddle. Not being obliged to get up, I lay still, and watched them moving about in the dim light. Most of the horses had been brought up from where they had been tethered the night before, and some few were already saddled; while of the men, some, hardly awake, were lazily stretching themselves, or struggling into their long boots; some trying to wake the embers of last night's fires; some were collecting arms and accoutrements, preparatory to saddling; and some struggling with refractory horses. Don Beltran himself stood in the entrance of the hut where he had slept, giving some orders to an old sergeant who stood before him, his saddled horse standing hobbled a few paces away.

I was lying, half-awake, watching all this scene, so new to me, fresh from the peaceable conventionalities of Europe, when a dull, heavy, measured

sound began to make itself heard in my left ear, which was next the earth. It impressed me strangely—I don't know why—and I took the trouble to turn over and ask Fitzgerald what on earth it was. He was more sleepy than I, and only said: "Oh, thunder, I suppose. Don't bother, that's a good fellow." But next moment he leaped up, wide enough awake: "It's a charge of cavalry. Get up, man, for God's sake! the Blancos are on us!" and as he spoke, he dashed head foremost through the mass of passion-flowers behind us, while the forest echoed suddenly to a confusion of such sounds as I pray I may never hear again as long as I live. First, the thunder of the Blancos' horses, as they raced at full speed up the long smooth glade we had ridden down so quietly the night before; and then altogether burst out the yells of the lancers, as they dashed in among the unprepared men, sitting and lying about on the ground, as I have described them, and lanced them without resistance; and the screams of the wounded and dying, as, thrust through by the lances of the foremost, they fell helplessly under the hoofs of the rear rank; and shots and blows, and oaths and groans, and wild shouts, with the shrill neighing of some of the horses, still tethered in the distance, heard over all, made up a babel that even now I don't like to think of.

It was over in a moment. The surprise was complete. The few who were near their horses at the time, vaulted on to them, and escaped at once into the thickest of the forest, without a thought of fighting; those who were unprepared fell at the first onset, as I

have said. I saw Don Beltran rush out of the hut as the first of the advancing lance-heads became visible through the trees, shouting to his men; "Rally, my children. It is impossible that you will let yourselves be cut down without an effort!" The thunder of the charging horses' feet drowned his words—none heard him or attended to him. The old sergeant turned and ran for his horse; he would not wait to unbutton his hobbles; but drawing a sharp knife from his back, he slashed through the tough hide, and vaulted up. Before he was well in the saddle, his spurs were in the horse's sides, and he disappeared in an instant among the trees.

Meantime, the gray-haired old captain ran forward, waving his sword; five lances rode at him in a cloud of smoke and dust; in an instant he was down, dead, lanced through and through in twenty places. He was the last of his party; and two of the conquerors, dismounting, went around their dead and dying enemies, daggers in hand, and grasping them by the beards, drew back the heads, and cut the throats of all, one by one.

Up to this time, all had passed so suddenly that I had hardly realized what a tragedy I was witnessing, but this dreadful ending to it, while filling me with horror, reminded me that my own position was probably none of the safest, standing as I was in full view of these barbarians. I looked to see what had become of Fitzgerald, and presently saw his face looking out from among the creepers. He made a sign to me to pass the horse-gear in to his hiding-place; and we hid it and ourselves in

the thickest of the undergrowth, where we lay quiet for about an hour, while the soldiers rifled the dead bodies of everything of any value that was on them, and examined the captured horses, turning adrift the worst of them. Two men strolled down together to take a look at my chestnut, which was tied to a tree not far from where we were hidden, and one remarked to the other that the horse was not good for much, but that the halter and lasso were worth taking. He took them accordingly, letting the horse go loose; but, contrary to my expectation, the animal, instead of galloping away, only moved a few steps, and then began to feed again quietly; so that, as soon as the party had drawn together and marched, Fitzgerald and I emerged cautiously from our hiding-place, and found no difficulty in catching him; then we girthed a saddle on to him, and I mounted, Fitzgerald jumping up behind me, and directing my course through the wood. We were both anxious enough to leave such a scene of horror; and carefully turning away our faces from the ghastly remains of our entertainers of the night before, we went crashing at a gallop through the underwood, the chestnut going as willingly and strongly under the double load as he had done under my weight alone on the previous day.

We arrived at our destination in the course of the morning, without any further adventure; and the welcome I received went far towards making up for the disagreeables I had encountered on the road; but I shall not easily forget my first ride in South America.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The Catholic women of a small town in Germany recently sent to their bishop an address breathing so heroic a spirit of devotion and loyalty to the faith, that it will deserve mention here. Reverting to the latest Prussian legislation against the Church, which threatens to result in the banishment or imprisonment of every bishop and priest, and the occupancy of their sees and parishes by apostates, these noble women assure their bishop that, whatever trials they may be called upon to endure, they will remain firm and true adherents of the Church:

“We promise your lordship most solemnly that if ever it should come to pass that the school be no longer guided by duly appointed priests, so that religious instruction and education should thereby suffer, we will ourselves all the more carefully instruct the little ones in the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Church and in the love and loyalty due to our Holy Mother.●

“If ever that bitter time should come when our Roman Catholic priests will be hindered in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries and the preaching of God’s Holy Word in the churches, our houses shall become temples dedicated to the holy service of the Almighty.

“If everything round us should tend to vilify God and His holy Commandments, we with silent perseverance will labor to bring up our young children even as the Christian mothers did, in the early centuries of Christianity, so as to be ready to seal their faith with their very blood.

“Finally, if ever anything should be demanded from us which is inconsistent with the rights of the Church and her divine teaching, your lordship may rest assured that, with God’s holy grace, we will choose imprisonment and banishment, nay, even

death, rather than fall away from the faith of our forefathers.”

These are no mere formal words. They speak the spirit and resolution of fourteen million German Catholics who cannot be awed into base submission by the menaces of Bismarck. Whatever new and harsher measures we may expect from the enemies of religious liberty in Prussia, we may feel confident that the Catholics of that country will meet every fresh act of oppression with renewed firmness and determination. And the issue of the struggle is not at all uncertain. Bismarck may succeed in cruelly harassing our brothers in the faith; but that he will ever make them traitors and apostates, or cause the Church to bend to his will, is as unlikely as that the promises of God should fail of their fulfilment.

We trust none of our readers will quarrel with us for so frequently calling their attention to the records of this German persecution. Our thoughts cannot dwell too often upon the events now transpiring in Germany; for, unless we fully realize the intent and effect of the Bismarckian legislation against the Church, we cannot sympathize as we should with the noble stand taken by our fellow-Catholics in that country. Indeed it may be said that American Catholics are somewhat slow to recognize the importance of this contest between the Church and the State. And yet its significance concerns not Germany alone, but the whole civilized world. We are approaching a momentous era in the religious history of mankind. The despoliation of the Pope—this warfare in Germany against the Church, which has already placed Catholic Austria on the side of the

foes of God and man—the persecutions in Switzerland, Russia, and elsewhere—all these are but the mutterings of a storm which threatens to burst over the entire world. Protestantism is fast merging into infidelity. Indeed, they are now so closely identified that it will soon become impossible to distinguish between them. God or no God—that is the issue soon to be sharply defined. And we Catholics of America cannot congratulate ourselves that we are outside the influence of this inevitable struggle. The onward movement of the world towards a solution of vital problems must bring us with it; and it rests with us whether we shall listlessly flow down to destruction, or do our part in directing the stream into the channels of safety and truth. We cannot afford to look with unconcern upon the brave struggle of our brethren in Germany. It is not the future of a single Empire that depends upon the issue of the battle in which they are engaged. The cause of Christian civilization is at stake. The whole fabric of society is threatened, and it is soon to be decided whether the world is about to enter upon a higher and truer stage of progress, or whether it will revive the worst features of the ages of barbarism and darkness.

We would call the attention of our readers to a remarkable sermon (fully reported in the *Boston Pilot* of June 27th) delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Conroy, on the occasion of the dedication of the Irish Catholic University to the Sacred Heart. The policy lately adopted by our Catholic papers of devoting a considerable portion of their space to lectures and sermons, is an admirable one; but it is not often they present to their readers a discourse so deserving a permanent place as a standard piece of pulpit oratory, as the one in question. We had marked several passages, but can find room for only a single extract. After noticing the various attempts made to establish a University in Ireland, attempts which the Irish people successively rejected; first, as an overture made by Catholic England to her conquered victims; then, by Protestant England as a menace to the faith she had betrayed, and lastly and recently, as a measure to foist infidel and godless teaching upon the people

of Ireland, the reverend orator describes how his countrymen, rejecting these advances of their enemies, have at last built up for themselves a noble institution of learning stamped with the genius of their religious and national character:—

“But at length another fair and graceful vision of a University meets the gaze of Ireland! No stranger this one, but the bone of our bone, and the flesh of our flesh; no follower of false religions, but beautiful with the beauty of the holiness of the sacraments, keeping, amid the fullest treasures of science, the true faith; with the blessing of Peter on her brow, and the sweet name of Mary, the seat of Wisdom, engraven upon her heart; no slave of infidelity, but with the faith and the love of Jesus Christ glowing in her soul, and boldly proclaiming to the world that though now-a-days Christ is to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, to her He is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Like some royal bride bearing in her bosom the hopes of empires, this Catholic University carries within it the best—I had almost said the only—hopes of Catholic Ireland. It is the visible symbol of principles which are essential to the life of Christian liberty in this country. It is a protest against the tyranny which would violate the sacred rights of parents to control the education of their children. It is a protest against the tyranny that would refuse to the Church the exercise of her heaven-given prerogative of guarding the faith of those who call her the mother of their souls. It is a protest against the mutilation of education by banishing from the schools the knowledge of God and of the supernatural order. And it does more than protest against what is wrong and false; it asserts what is right and true. It asserts that faith and reason are not necessarily foes, but rather twin lights of various orders to conduct man to the knowledge of the truth. It asserts, with the Vatican Council, that the Catholic Church, far from opposing the highest culture in human arts and learning, promotes it and helps it on. It asserts, with the same council, that the Church does not forbid the sciences to follow, each in its sphere, its own proper principles and its own proper method; that she holds the liberty of so doing to be one of the just liberties of

science ; but that it must not be abused for the destruction of Christian faith. It asserts the just claim of the Irish Catholic to all the educational privileges and helps that are given to others. On it depends the future of Ireland, for the education given to this generation of Irishmen will color for centuries the history of our country. Towards this University Ireland's spirit of faith turns in love ; and this is the offering which on this day she humbly presents to Jesus Christ. Can we conceive of a nobler act of national faith ? The Catholic University is the fruit of Ireland's fate ; gathering up in itself all of good that has been purchased by the sufferings of three hundred years."

Mr Ruskin, replying to the request of a Glasgow lecture committee, takes occasion to denounce in his characteristic way the popular system of lecturing. He says :—

"I find the desire of audiences to be audiences only, becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to hear—nobody to read, nobody to think ; to be excited for an hour—and, if possible, amused ; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills, and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day. It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome ;

your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity."

There is a great deal of truth in this, but Mr. Ruskin ignores the other side of the question. The general desire for the popularizing of knowledge by means of lectures is an evidence that the number of people, who have been educated up to the point of being at all interested in the beauties of literature and art, or in the discoveries of science, is continually increasing. Mankind cannot all be made scholars and thinkers in a day. It should be a cause for congratulation that the popular inclination tends towards extracting not only improvement but relaxation and recreation from those higher subjects hitherto monopolized by the favored few. And in proportion as this education of the popular taste becomes more general, superficially inclined though it be, so the body of careful students and profound scholars will be enlarged. Allow that this generation is partial to mere smatterings of knowledge. That is, at least, one stage beyond the indifference of ignorance. It is an evidence of intellectual activity which assures us that succeeding generations will, in the natural order of things, become more exact and more thoroughly educated. We are not of those who belittle the influence of the lecturer as a popular teacher. It is, indeed, to be regretted that we often hear from the lecture platform false and dangerous principles propagated ; but there, too, as in all other human means of directing men's minds, truth may be heard and be made to prevail.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By B. A. M. Philadelphia : Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. 1874 :

Not an exhaustive book, but certainly a suggestive one. To those who have been following with interest the discussion lately broached in *Brownson's Review*, and elsewhere, as to the needs of our Catholic Colleges, it would seem that a knowledge of one of these needs has induced the author to publish this work. Side by side with the teaching of religious doctrine, we have been dosing our Catholic students with courses of literature based upon the current secular—that is, pagan—standard, and have almost, if not entirely, neglected to impress upon their minds the immutable truths and principles underlying literature as well as all other departments of human knowledge. The work before us is an intelligent effort to correct this error. It goes over a wide field, indeed; but the scholarly ability of the author, and the earnestness with which he enters upon his task, render it easy to follow him. He divides his book into three parts : Principles and Facts ; Theory ; Practice. Under the first head we have Literature defined and its fundamental principle stated ; its origin and its relation to language and to architecture illustrated. The law of literary epochs is laid down, and the influencing agencies in Literature are traced to their source. Chapters are devoted to the important subject of the bearing upon literature of the three great forms of unbelief—Positivism, Evolutionism, and Hegelism. Under the second head, there are chapters on the Beautiful in Literature and the Conservative Principle of Literature. The third part consists of two fine papers upon the Literary Artist and Literary Morality.

One or two specimens of the author's style and tone of thought may be appropriate. The contrast between the perfection of man's powers in the garden of Eden, and what is now known as human genius, seems to us finely expressed in the following paragraph:—

“Prior to the fall, there was no need of a written literature. All man's powers—his will, his intelligence, and the affections of his soul—were so blended together in a harmonious whole, that, in the simple intuition of nature, his insight would have been frequently as deep as that which to-day is the result of discursive reasoning; and the only approach to literature would have been the endless song of praise ascending from each individual—a varied hymn, as the warblings of the feathered tribe are varied—to the Creator of all the beauty and loveliness of which he was the eloquent admirer. Tradition and history he would have remembered without the use of letters. It is a defective intelligence that calls for such aids. Discussion is more a result of our weakness than of our strength. What we comprehend thoroughly we least question. Genius, in its noblest and purest flights, approaches this condition of intelligence, though in a one-sided way. Its characteristic consists in its possessing deeper insight and a greater power of expression than other minds. In the light it throws upon the subject, there is grasped a better comprehension of it than men previously possessed. The subject becomes simplified. Less words are required to explain it. From genius we can form a faint idea of how deeply unfallen man must have seen into the secrets of nature. His was no one-sided view, for all his faculties were in complete harmony.”

The one feature that, above all others, en-

titles an author to our attention, is epitomized in this passage:—

“When an author throws his whole soul into a subject, he is most forcible. The most soul-stirring passages in literature are the result of a play of feeling, a personal reminiscence, an overflow of sensibility. There is in the reading of such passages the electric influence of soul upon soul, the source of sympathy between author and reader.”

The writer says these true words about an evil from which our own Catholic literature is not entirely free:—

“Writers of poetry and fiction seem to forget this elevated character of love, and give the sacred name to blind passion. They spin a thread of fate from the fiction of their brain, and weave it about their characters, and call it destiny or elective affinity, as though every individual were not responsible, and the master of his own choosing; and thus they sow broadcast the seeds of free-loveism, again abusing the sacred name. They deck up monsters of vice in all the fascinations of youth, beauty, engaging manners, and splendid fortune; they

— ‘make madness beautiful, and cast
O’er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue of words,’

and represent such creations wading through crime to the enjoyment of earthly happiness, and call on the reader to sympathize with them in adventures and sufferings brought upon them by their own vicious ways. The reader does so; and from sympathy he passes to liking, and from liking is soon involved in like deeds. Say he does not fall so low; still, the reading of such works blunts his finer feelings, prepares him to consider unmoved, perhaps, even complacently, crimes, the bare mention of which should have been a horror to him, and thus suppresses the growth of his better nature. It especially destroys genuine sentiment.”

“There is too much of the lackadaisical in our modern literature. Life is reduced to a sentiment; love is a sentiment; religion is a sentiment; and often God is regarded as an object of pious sentiment. This is sentimentalism. The offspring of exaggerated and unnatural feelings, it fosters them in the reader of delicate sensibility to the ruin of all human impulses. He becomes unreal. His heart grows hardened. It may seem para-

doxical, but it is true that sentimentalism hardens the heart.”

We must thank the author of this volume for having added a contribution of permanent worth to our Catholic literature. Readers of culture and education cannot but enjoy his scholarly and comprehensive views; and we feel confident that to higher students in our colleges his work will prove eminently valuable.

SNATCHES OF SONG—By Mary A. McMullen (“Una”).—Published by Patrick Fox: St. Louis. 1874.

To many readers of Irish and Catholic newspapers the name of “Una” must be familiar. From time to time poems have appeared from her pen, breathing an earnest spirit of nationality, and occasionally marked by higher flights of religious thought and inspiration. Some of the best of these are in this collection, and we can recommend her volume of verses as deserving a place in the family library.

THE NEW MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART. Compiled and translated from approved sources. Kelly, Piet, & Co., Publishers: Baltimore.

Anything calculated to extend the devotion to the Sacred Heart deserves the warmest commendation. Such is the aim of this manual which, in its meditations, prayers, and litanies, preserves a tone of deep and fervent piety. It cannot but help those who use it to better appreciate the all-embracing love of our Saviour, and to identify with their daily actions the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

We are glad to notice that the Catholic Publication Society is about to issue a new series of Catholic School Books, intended to rival in excellence those used in any of our public or private schools. There is no reason why Catholic publishers should not give us text-books fully up to the latest and most improved standards, and we trust that the effort of the Publication Society to accomplish this will meet with encouragement and support.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The Catholic Indians in Washington Territory number about 6,000.

THE *N. Y. Freeman* says of Macoupin, N. J., that for the last three-quarters of a century, and long before they enjoyed the ministrations of a priest, no night has ever passed when the Catholics of this village did not assemble together to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin.

The *Toledo* (Ohio) *Review* says: "There are over 3,000 Catholic children attending Catholic schools in Toledo."

The oldest Catholic priest in North America is now stationed at St. John's Church, Frederick, Md.,—the Rev. John McElroy, S. J. He is 98 years old, and was ordained by Archbishop Carroll 60 years ago. He some time since became blind, but by an operation his sight was restored.

The *Buffalo Catholic Union* states that St. Stephen's Hall is the name which will be given to the magnificent hall of the Young Men's Catholic Association of that city.

Father Damen, the greatest missionary priest in the United States, has baptized over 4,000 converts with his own hands, during his missionary life of thirty-two years, and perhaps as many more were baptized by other priests as the result of his labors.

The *Key West* (Fla.) *Dispatch* says: "On Cozumel Island are yet to be seen the walls of the first church ever built on the continent

of North America. Cortez, before his conquest of Mexico—say about three hundred years ago—built his first place of worship on this beautiful island. The foundation and walls are yet partially preserved; each side has an elevation of some ten feet. The altar is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of chaparral; and all about and even inside these ruins are ancient and modern tombs where patriarchs rest."

A Methodist minister of Boston, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, in a sermon on Catholicity in America, said:—"I am sorry to say, but it is true, that the Catholic people of America are the best religiously-educated people in the land, taking their religion as the right one."

Rev. Adalbert Mielcuezny, who arrived in New York from Poland some two months ago, has been authorized by Archbishop McCloskey to organize a congregation of Polish Catholics. With this view he has rented a large room at No. 51 Pike street, and hopes soon to be able to provide a suitable place of divine worship for his fellow-countrymen.

Careful readers, says the *Newark Citizen*, will notice that of late many men distinguished by ability and local position have entered the Catholic Church in America. In England and Prussia a similar movement among the cultured class has continued with little intermission for ages past. The latest news we hear is that General Joe Lane, who ran for Vice-President in 1860, still living in Oregon, has become a convert to the Catholic Faith.

The *Boston Pilot* says: "The *Independent*, in calculating the Catholic population from the number of its clergy, is kind enough to allow us two or three millions more than we ourselves claim. We think, however, our contemporary may be right. We have long considered the Catholic estimate as much too low. The *Independent* says:—

" 'Allowing 2,500 people for each priest, the Catholics count twelve millions and a half of people; and, allowing 1000 seats for each church, and giving each church three worships or 'Masses' each Sunday, they make the great multitude 14,400,000. The Catholics have these two ways for counting their own ranks, but all such estimates are obviously untrustworthy. It is not likely that the children of the Pope in this country exceed 9,000,000, and certainly that is a vast multitude. ' "

The Bishops of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church are awake to the demoralizing influences of State education, and express their views with singular clearness: "We do not hesitate to avow that we regard the education of the young as one of the leading functions of the Church, and that she cannot abdicate in favor of the State, without infidelity to her trust and irreparable damage to society. The reasons for occupying this ground, which inhere in the very nature of this interest, and in the relation of children to the Church, are all intensified by the antagonisms of modern science, and the outcasting of the religious element from all the school systems fostered by State legislation."

The *Weekly Register*, of London, the oldest Catholic paper in England, has passed into the hands of Mgr. Capel, and has been thoroughly reorganized.

The British Alliance is considering the propriety of advising that the next general Conference of the Evangelical Alliance be held in Rome! God save the holy place from this "abomination of desolation."

The Oratorians have determined on building a magnificent new Church on the fine site of the present Oratory of Brompton, England. The Duke of Norfolk has prom-

ised to contribute the munificent sum of £20,000. It is estimated that the Church will cost not far short of £100,000, and will take three years in building.

A Catholic Hall will soon be erected in Liverpool. It will cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that sum, it is said, will be easily procured.

From an article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled "Recollection of Archbishop Whateley," we take the following extract:—

"Let us advert to that of a preacher even more celebrated than Whateley, who has been already mentioned, John Henry Newman, 'Father' Newman of the Oratory, as his style and title now are—a man whose subsequent theological history has made his name a household word in thousands of families in every part of Europe and America. A man more diametrically opposite in every way, save in native power of intellect, to Whateley, it would be impossible to conceive. He is, we will suppose, the preacher of the day. He is about, as everybody in the congregation, whether don or undergraduate, well knows, to enforce some point or other of the ideas and doctrines of the Tractarian movement then beginning. Mark him as he walks toward the pulpit along the narrow lane between the serried rows of 'doctors of divinity,' and 'doctors of canon law,' and 'doctors of civil law,' and 'deans,' and 'tutors,' and 'professors,' and 'masters of art,' while every eye of the rising generation in the galleries is fixed upon him. A slender, spare figure, whose academical robes are either so made—or, from the indefinable influence that a man's nature has on the appearance of his garments, so hang about him in close, clinging folds—as to produce, one knows not how, the impression of asceticism; he advances with swift, silent steps, and eyes fixed on the ground. In the pulpit the time occupied by the preacher in silent prayer is rather long. Then, rising, his face is for the first time seen by the congregation—a face not readily to be forgotten, with slender, finely-cut features, and an appearance of emaciation, from which the attention of his hearers is drawn off by the eye beaming with intellectual power, and

the noble and lofty but not broad forehead above it."

The number of Catholics in the new British Parliament is much larger than in the last, or, as far as we can find, in any former Parliament since 1829. Irish Catholic constituencies choose Catholics and Protestants impartially—an example which the bigotry of England and Scotland is too obstinate to follow. It is a noteworthy evidence of the influence already developed by the Catholic Union of Ireland, that, in the late elections, thirteen of their members and every other candidate approved by them have been elected to Parliament, so that, while the Catholics of England have not a solitary member, the Irish Catholics present a solid phalanx of fifty, pledged to support their religious and national rights.

We learn that Sister Mary Francis Clare is engaged in writing a book on the education of women, which will be published in a few weeks under the title of "Woman's Work in Modern Society." One chapter will be devoted to convent education, in which Sister Mary Francis Clare will reply to a recent attack on the system in *Frazer's Magazine*.

Catholicity is making rapid progress in Scotland. At the beginning of the present century the Catholics in Glasgow did not number more than 300, and now they outnumber any other religious body in the city.

The great Catholic Missionary Society, whose headquarters are at Lyons, France, reports 23 missionary bishops, 440 missionaries, 320 native priests, and 700,000 baptized adherents.

The well-known author of *Le Ver Rongeur*, Mgr. Gaume, has received from the Holy Father a letter which will have a special interest for all who are engaged in the education of the higher classes. We extract from it the following passage: "Therefore, let not the adverse opposition and criticism of some persons move you; because, as you say, the only object of your writings has been to defend, with regard to the question of studies, those rules which you know were approved by us; namely, that youth should

be caused to study, together with the classic works of the ancient pagans *expurgated from every stain*, the finest writings of Christian authors."

Among a population of fifteen millions, the Catholics of Hungary are in a majority of nine millions, yet they are much more limited in the practice of their rights than the people belonging to other creeds. Protestants, non-united Greeks, and Jews, manage their own funds without interference from the State; only the funds of Catholic institutions are superintended by the Government, though they belong to the Church, and are indisputable as to their origin and destination. These funds were formerly the property of the Jesuit colleges, but after the abolition of this order in Austria, under the reign of Maria Theresa, they were fixed upon for the support of the Catholic public schools. These funds amounted to a sum of six millions three hundred and sixty thousand florins, besides properties of fifty-nine thousand acres of land.

As lately as 1866 nine French missionaries and thousands of native converts were put to the sword in Corea, but it now seems probable that a revolution in the government of that country will result favorably to the cause of the propagation of the faith.

The Princess Maszimo has presented the Pope with a sum of 10,000 francs on the part of the Countess of Chambord.

As Pius IX has now entered on his eighty-third year, it may be curious to show what Popes have lived beyond that age. Boniface VIII (1294 to 1303), Paul III (1534 to 1539), Clement X (1670 to 1676), and Innocent XII (1691 to 1700),—all died at from eighty-four to eighty-six. Jean XII (1316 to 1334), and Clement XII (1730 to 1740), at from ninety to ninety-two; while Gregory IX, nephew of Innocent III, the most violent adversary of Frederick II, and who was driven from Rome several times, lived to the age of one hundred. Hitherto, in the historical period, no Pope has died between eighty six and ninety years of age, and the only one that lived beyond ninety-two years completed the century.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Dr. Chomet, a French physician, has discovered a new remedial agent in case of disease. He finds that music has remarkable hygienic effects, when properly administered. The violin, he says, has been experimentally shown capable of curing a nervous illness; and a fit of catalepsy, that defied other remedial agency, has yielded to the sound of a trumpet.

Dr. Schweinfurth, who has written the last book about Africa, tells of a forest of acacia trees he passed through. These are called by the natives "soffar," a word signifying a flute. The name is given because the acacia trees are pierced with circular holes by a small insect, and the wind, as it plays upon the openings, produces flute-like sounds. In the winter, when the trees are stripped of their leaves, and boughs white as chalk stretch out like ghosts, the wind, sighing through the insect-made flutes, fills the whole air with soft, melancholy tunes. One who has traversed these "soffar" forests on a breezy moonlight night can never forget the strange and weird effect produced upon the imagination.

The idea so long discussed of a universal written language seems about to be realized. A pasigraphical dictionary has already been issued by Messrs. Trubner, in London, edited by Dr. Bachmaier, of Munich, in which the 4,000 or 5,000 commonest words of a given language are arranged alphabetically at one end, each with its numerical equivalent. At the other end the numbers run consecutively paired with the words answering to them. The same numbers express the same ideas in all the languages. Grammar there

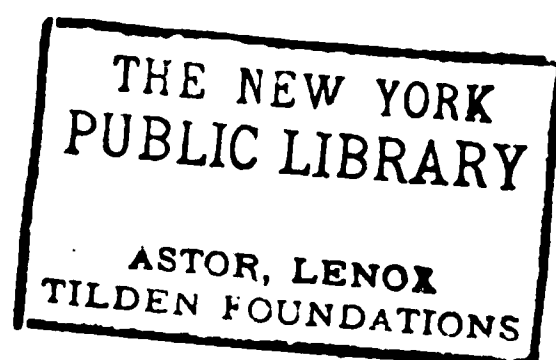
is scarcely any, and what there is is expressed in the simplest way by means of disjunctive points or dots, and lines scored over, under or through the numerical groups. Thus, 553, which means *book* in English, *livre* in French, *buch* to a German, when under-scored, denotes the plural, *books*. A through-scored verb is in the past tense, an over-scored one in the future, and so forth. Elegance and exactitude are sacrificed to utility. They are no more aimed at than in transmitting messages by the Atlantic or Indian cables. Hence, no doubt, mistakes are possible, and, without gumption on the part of pasigraphers, will scarcely be avoided.

It is the feature of extreme simplicity that marks Dr. Bachmaier's system with the stamp of true inspiration. For we find that the ingenious device of denoting notions by numbers, though original, is by no means absolutely new. Nay, it is actually of English invention, and that more than two hundred years ago. On April 30, 1657, Cave Beck, a forgotten Ipswich worthy, published at London his very remarkable work, entitled "The universal character, by which all nations in the world may understand one another's conceptions, reading out of one common writing their own mother tongue."

As an example of Dr. Bachmaier's method, we give the following letter, together with the interpretation, as made out from the Dictionary:—

"2887, 1534, 3255, 7 9, 2406, 1545, 1605.
1432, 795, 1728, 553, 1153, 709, 4293, 3240,
201, 470."

Dear Sir: When you call here I have some small book for you. Yours truly,
SAMUEL BECK.





ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.—SEPTEMBER, 1874.—No. 63.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

There should be no alloy of selfishness in the enthusiasm of the true lover of literature. One cannot appreciate, as it ought to be appreciated, the wealth of intellect which has been bequeathed to the world unless he is red with a noble discontent at the indifference of mankind to such gifts, and he feels an ardent desire that others should share in the enjoyment he receives from these treasures of literature. Something of this unselfish patience must animate the earnest admirer of the genius of Adelaide Procter. That there should be so many who know nothing of this gifted woman; that those who construct our standards of taste should hail with an acclamation not a few shallow pretensions, while her claims to a more extended recognition are silently ignored, is a perversion of criticism which would excite our indignation. But, for all, there is little warrant for such a feeling. The idols of the popular taste attract a homage which is in great measure hollow and artificial. It becomes a fashion to applaud them. Their praise soon shapes itself into a

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formula of cant, which is echoed and reëchoed by the purveyors of our current literature. If the name of Adelaide Procter is scarcely ever mentioned in our periodicals, we can at least console ourselves with the reflection that, while to the mass of readers she may not rank among those whom they must perforce profess to admire, still to not a few is she known as a woman of noble character, and as a poetess of a high order. Hers is that purer fame which enshrines her memory in our hearts, and breathes into our lives the sweetness of her song and the inspiration of her thought.

There is little to tell about her life except that, in its brief duration, a whole career of usefulness was comprised. Had she left no memorial of herself other than the influences she quietly exerted in her own sphere, that would have been sufficient to preserve a remembrance of her as one who had realized an elevated conception of womanhood. Indeed, her poems best please the reader because he must feel that they are but the reflections of a character pure and beautiful in its

womanliness, firm and steadfast in its purposes.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born in London, 30th October, 1825. Almost from her very cradle she looked out upon the world with an intuitive perception of the divine harmony underlying its visible forms. Before she was able to write herself, she had her mother to copy favorite passages of poetry; and just as other children delight in their toys, she found pleasure in the possession of these treasures of thought. There are few instances, in the history of literature, of a soul so early sensitive to the nobler impulses of life; and when we reflect how the freshness and simplicity of her childhood were interwoven with these melodies of inspiration, we can better appreciate the sweetness and maturity of thought which mark the utterances of Adelaide Procter.

The circumstances surrounding her were favorable to the fostering of poetic genius. Yet the peculiar bent of her mental growth seems to have developed itself quietly and unnoticed even by those around her. Her father, known to the world as "Barry Cornwall," had established his reputation as a poet; but the first intimation he himself had that his daughter, too, was animated by a spark from the same fire, was the appearance in print of one of her first poems. While she was yet a child, N. P. Willis paid a visit to her father, and described her as "a beautiful girl of eight or nine years, the golden-tressed Adelaide, delicate, gentle, and pensive, as if she were born on the lip of Castaly and knew she was a poet's child." Her education was a rapid stride towards the purpose of her life.

Gifted with a remarkable memory and a quickness of apprehension, she soon assimilated to herself the essential element of one study and then passed on to another. In this way she was trained in mathematics and acquired the knowledge of several languages. In the arts, too, of music and drawing, she soon obtained a proficiency which allowed an outlet for her finer tastes and sympathies. But, after all these stages of mental progress had been gone through, and after an extended intercommunion with the great minds of past ages, the true expression of her character was to find a voice in the music of rhythmic thought, and in the still sweeter accord of a life fraught with fruitful action.

Dickens pleasantly relates how Adelaide Procter first contributed, in 1853, to his journal, "Household Words." He was an intimate friend of her father's, had known her for years; and for this reason, with a delicacy and modesty, not often met with in an editor's experience, she sent him some poems under the name of "Mary Berwick." These were gladly accepted; and as the communication between her and the journal continued, Dickens soon formed for himself a fanciful history of the character and occupation of the unknown poetess. It was while on a visit to "Barry Cornwall," that he called the attention of the family to a poem by Miss Berwick in a late number of his periodical, and then learned for the first time that the daughter of his host was the lady in question. Some years before this, several poems of hers had appeared in the "Book of Beauty;" and after Dickens discovered her secret, she be-

came a frequent contributor to his journal. She also wrote for the "Cornhill Magazine" and "Good Words." In 1862 she published "A Chaplet of Verses," for the benefit of the Night Refuge in London.

But though to us these poems of Adelaide Procter's (which have been collected and are published in this country) must constitute her best biography, we must remember that she was not content to live merely in the atmosphere of the thoughts and aspirations which had given them birth. She could not isolate herself from the world of reality, and idly sing of grand conceptions of life in which she should bear no practical part. Perhaps, had she been a less nobly active woman, she would have achieved something worthier of a professional poetic reputation. It is a hackneyed mode of expression to say that Adelaide Procter's best poem was her life, but it conveys the significance of a great fact. So much of our literature is the product of vain aspiring, of spasmodic effort, and of artificially excited feeling, that we may well distrust its influence upon the world. It seems a sad perversion of genius that much of its precious wealth should be forever hidden away among the rubbish of books. And, what is sadder still, there are many of us content with the abasement of this God-given gift. We dwell in the world of sentiment that has been created for us; we are satisfied with the dainty tricking out of truths that never pierce our hearts; and we accept with complacency the knowledge that, in the lives of our literary idols, we shall fail to find any realization of their most earnest utterances. It is not so with

Adelaide Procter. The sincerity of her soul speaks through all she has written. There is an undertone of deep earnestness, of trusting faith, of womanly tenderness in her poems, that must move us to a more than critical admiration of their beauty and thoughtfulness. We read them, and we can understand why their author found life too short for the work she felt called to do. The spirit that is in these poems, stirring our hearts with sympathy for our fellows and opening to us a clearer vision of the true destiny of mankind, is the same that impelled her to devote her nights and days to the relief of suffering humanity, and that at last led her to the fountain-head of all that is true and beautiful on earth. God granted the grace of conversion to Adelaide Procter; and from the day she became a Catholic, all her aims received a new and holier consecration. To alleviate the condition of the poor, to instruct the ignorant, to rescue her fallen sisters—these were the constant efforts that made up the history of her life. Despite failing health she still labored on, until finally she became completely prostrated. Then for fifteen months she awaited with calmness and resignation the summons of God; and on the 3d of February, 1864, resting in the arms of her mother and sister, her soul passed gently away.

We shall not attempt anything more than a random selection of a few of her poems. There is a golden thread of thought connecting them all closely together, which can best be followed by a careful reading of the whole volume containing them.

In connection with the fact of her

conversion, the following poem will be read with interest as a fervent expression of elevated, religious thought. We of this world are so often proud of that which is really our degradation, that we need reminding as to the nature of our truest dignity.

"OUR TITLES."

Are we not Nobles? we who trace
Our pedigree so high
That God for us and for our race
Created Earth and Sky,
And Light and Air and Time and Space,
To serve us and then die.

Are we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the Throne;
We who can call the promised Land
Our Heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and His alone.

Are we not Kings? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of Angels wait;
And so we watch and work and pray
In more than royal state.

Are we not holy? Do not start:
It is God's sacred will
To call us Temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill:
Our very food . . . O hush, my Heart,
Adore IT and be still!

Are we not more? Our Life shall be
Immortal and divine.
The nature Mary gave to Thee,
Dear Jesus, still is Thine;
Adoring in Thy Heart, I see
Such blood as beats in mine.

O God, that we can dare to fail,
And dare to say we must!
O God, that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust,
Can let such starry honors pale,
And such a Blazon rust!

Shall we upon such Titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish by any meaner thing
The glory of our name?

How the lowliest amongst us may find favor in the sight of God, and how often, unknown to ourselves, we are enriched by the charity of the poorest, is finely told in this legend:—

The Monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,
From the abundance of his heart he spoke,
And the flame spread—in every soul that heard
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:—
The poor lay Brother, ignorant and old,
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone"—
So prayed the Monk, his heart absorbed in praise:
"Thine be the glory. If my hands have sown
The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,
It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength
Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold
Were melted at my pleading,—knew at length
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold:
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the Monk; when suddenly he heard
An angel speaking thus: "Know, O my Son!
Thy works had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,
And saints were edified, and sinners won,
By his, the poor lay Brother's humble aid,
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

The hunger of many a sin-stained
soul cries out in this appeal, which we
extract from a beautiful poem entitled
"A Beggar":—

"I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more:
From the depths of your hearts' pity let it be—
Pray for me!

* * * * *
I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day;
I am standing on your doorsteps as a Beggar
Who will not be turned away,
And the charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me!

There are two thoughts that, more than any others, reiterate themselves through the poems of Adelaide Procter—the sacredness there should be in Sorrow, and the mercifulness of Death. She does not ask us to bury our afflictions out of sight, but to find in their very sadness a source of inspiration and strength. This poem is but one of many breathing the same inspiration of Christian courage:—

A FIRST SORROW.

Arise! this day shall shine,
Forevermore,
To thee a star divine,
On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay:
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day!

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run:

But now the stream has reached
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine!

To each anointed Priest
God's summons came:
O Soul! He speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.

Then, with slow, reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days
Thou must depart.

And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes—be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day.

Nor should we reproach Death with
 ceaseless wailings. Those dear ones
 who have gone before us await our
 coming; and, with their memories in-
 spiring us forward, we should go calm-
 ly on to meet them.

"Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
 Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
 Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
 Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

Oh what were life, if life were all! Thine eyes
 Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
 Thy treasures wait thee in the far off skies:
 And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

Among her poems of the affections,
 here are many we would like to se-
 lect; for with the tender promptings of
 love she has identified thoughts and
 impulses which elevate it to a higher

plane of feeling. But one must suffice;
 and we select the following because it
 strikes us as speaking the sentiments
 of a *Catholic* woman's heart:

A PARTING.

Without one bitter feeling let us part,—
 And for the years in which your love has shed
 A radiance like a glory round my head,
 I thank you: yes, I thank you from my heart.

I thank you for the cherished hope of years,
 A starry future, dim and yet divine,
 Winging its way from Heaven to be mine,
 Laden with joy, and ignorant of tears.

I thank you, yes, I thank you even more
 That my heart learnt not without love to live,
 But gave and gave, and still had more to give,
 From an abundant and exhaustless store.

I thank you, and no grief is in these tears;
 I thank you, not in bitterness but truth,
 For the fair vision that adorned my youth
 And glorified so many happy years.

Yet how much more I thank you that you tore
 At length the veil your hand had woven away,
 Which hid my idol was a thing of clay,
 And false the altar I had knelt before.

I thank you that you taught me the stern truth
 (None other could have told and I believed),
 That vain had been my life, and I deceived,
 And wasted all the purpose of my youth.

*I thank you that your hand dashed down the shrine,
 Wherein my idol worship I had paid;
 Else had I never known a soul was made
 To serve and worship only the Divine.*

I thank you that the heart I cast away
 On such as you, though broken, bruised, and crushed,
 Now that its fiery throbbing is all hushed,
 Upon a worthier altar I can lay.

*I thank you for the lesson that such love
 Is a perverting of God's royal right,
 That it is made but for the Infinite,
 And all too great to live except above.*

I thank you for a terrible awaking;
 And if reproach seemed hidden in my pain,
 And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain,
 Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.

Farewell forever now:—in peace we part;
 And should an idle vision of my tears
 Arise before your soul in after years,
 Remember that I thank you from my heart.

As we have said, these selections are
 taken at random, and some of her most
 beautiful and thoughtful poems ha-
 been passed over; partly because
 several of them have already appea-
 red in the pages of the MONTHLY, and

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it would be impossible to represent here adequately the varying phases of thought and feeling to which she has given expression.

There is nothing startling in the genius of Adelaide Procter. Her poems are free from that grotesque straining after effect and that elaborately contrived obscurity, which the critics of the time are wont to regard with such profound respect. Yet, though she has not sung for a favored few, but appealed to the broad and generous sympathies of mankind, it is no shallow view of the world she has unfolded to us. Life was too real, too earnest for her to be wasted in constructing riddles which men might engage their idle hours in solving.

We wish our Catholic young men

and women would make themselves familiar with the noble and reverent spirit that is revealed in the poems of Adelaide Procter. Whatever taste and culture they may already possess, stands in danger of being perverted and corrupted by the current cant of literary criticism. As far as any human influence can go, it is in the inspiration of such a life as Adelaide Procter's and in close sympathy with her thoughts, that they will learn to look upon the world with a larger vision, discerning the true from the false, preparing their hearts for the trials and the sorrows the years will bring to them, and awakening within their souls a chord of that melodious harmony which underlies the Divine plan of existence.

JOHN JAYCE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion, there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

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THE ALTAR-BUILDERS.

A LABOR LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er.

Moore's Melodies.

I.

O'er Glendalough the lark sang loud
While yet the oaks and birches
Were wrapped within dawn's twilight shroud
Ere Kevin built his churches.

II.

The stillness Labor's hammer broke,
And frightened many a birdie ;
The mason's thews were tough as oak,
The builders stout and sturdy.

III.

The broad foundations deep were laid
'Mid chants of saints and sages ;
The walls o'er which they preached and prayed
Grew on Faith's Rock of Ages.

IV.

Saint Kevin saw with thankful zeal
His churches grandly soaring
To God, whose all-inspiring weal
Had blest his soul's adoring.

V.

But yet his prayers were not all peace—
Nor saved his soul from trouble ;
For daily with the work's increase
The laborers bent double.

VI.

The quarry-hewers groaned and wrought—
The godly fanes ascended,
And as the walls the heavens sought
The masons' backs were bended.

VII.

While pillars lined the holy aisles,
And arches spanned the cloister,
The sturdy men had sighs for smiles—
Their brows grew moist and moister.

VIII.

The gables rose—the towers threw
Their shade o'er lake and meadows;
And as the temples massive grew,
The builders became shadows.

IX.

The caverned crags gave back profuse
Approval to the clamor
All through the glen, from ceaseless use
Of scaffold, crank, and hammer.

X.

'Mid churches the cathedral rose,
Like bishop with his mitre
Among his priests: from untold woes
The men grew white and whiter.

XI.

As crypt and aisle and sacristy
Grew 'neath the square and trowel,
The toilers' strength went drearily
Without one word's avowal.

XII.

As through the hollow homes of pray'r
The mountain breezes crested,
The whilom blithesome builders were
Hollow cheeked and chested.

XIII.

The lakes, as though in murmurous thanks,
 Beat round their rocky edges ;
 The altar-builders on their banks
 Could scarcely raise their sledges.

XIV.

Now Kevin's soul with woe was weighed,
 Such gall it ne'er had tasted—
 To see his stalworth workers fade—
 Decrepit, wan, and wasted.

XV.

Their suffering by no plaint redeemed,
 They hewed and carved and builded,
 Till every church a charnel seemed
 To those gaunt ghosts that filled it.

XVI.

"Oh ! worn with woe, my friends," he cries,
 "To know why waste ye thus, I am ;"
 They answered : "With the lark we rise,
 And lie down with the lamb."

XVII.

By carven block, in quarry dark,
 By cross and arch, and cope and jamb,
 They said—"We weary rise with lark,
 And weary rest with lamb."

XVIII.

"O Lamb of God ! who giv'st all rest,
 Life's labor done, in heaven ;
 Give ear and hear my prayer ! Distressed
 Is thy poor servant Kevin.

XIX.

"Throughout this proud now sainted aisle,
 No martyr blood was wasted
 To spread the holy faith in Christ :
 It heard—believed—embraced it !

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XX.

“Look down, then, on these sons of toil
For that dear faith they cherish,
And let not—for their martyr-moil—
Thy altar-builders perish.

XXI.

“But banish from this holy glen
That voice of reckless rigor,
Which would abuse the faith of men
And Labor’s willing vigor.

XXII.

“O blighting type of heartless greed,
The poor man’s foul despoiler!
From you may Labor’s rights be freed,
And rest refresh the toiler!

XXIII.

“May lark above these martyr-homes
Break Labor’s sweet rest never;
And o’er these lakes, these vales, these domes,
Its throat be hushed forever!”

XXIV.

The altar-builders lived! and died
With faith in God and Kevin:
No lark o’er Glendalough’s dark side
Since woke its homes or heaven.

XXV.

And thus, O power of prayer be praised!
The Saint relieved his people;
And gave new life to those who raised
The altar, cross, and steeple!

JOHN SAVAGE.

WALTER GORDON'S VACATION.

When Walter Gordon received his two weeks' leave-of-absence from the office, there was not any doubt in his mind as to where he should recreate himself. On his last call at the residence of Miss Mary Newton that young lady incidentally remarked that she intended to spend the summer at Melton Springs, and Mr. Walter quite as incidentally replied that he, too, was thinking of going that way for his vacation. So there was hardly anything wonderful in the coincidence when Mr. Gordon, stepping upon the piazza of the Mansion House, carpet-bag in hand, encountered Miss Newton all arrayed in white and looking very pretty indeed. The meeting between them was very cordial, and stopping as they were at a large hotel where most of the guests were strangers to them, they naturally passed a great deal of their time together. Mr. Newton was an old gentleman, troubled with the gout and a not over-sweet temper, and enjoyed most of his evenings dozing on the sofa in the hotel parlor. Nothing, therefore, was more reasonable than that his daughter should accept the kind attentions of her friend. The young lady and gentleman, as they strolled arm in arm along the piazza or through the grounds, made a picture in the soft moonlight that called back the happy days of youth to many a time-worn heart.

talk the silliest kind of nonsense. However that may be as a rule, it could not apply to this young couple. The mother of Mary Newton was a Catholic, who had made the sad mistake of marrying one not of her own faith. Her husband was a hard, cold man, a Protestant merely in name, but one who ill concealed his hatred to the Catholic Church. His wife did all she could to repair the false step she had taken; and conscious that she was not destined for a long life, centred her thoughts upon the bringing up of her only child in the knowledge and practice of her faith. From her earliest years Mary seemed to comprehend the anxious tenderness of her mother, and the confidence between them was peculiarly close and affectionate. On her death-bed Mrs. Newton laid a solemn charge upon her husband that he should not interfere with his daughter's religious duties. After his wife's death Mr. Newton was a little kinder and less disposed to vent his bitterness against Catholicity, but it was the one sorrow of his daughter's life that he resolutely refused to open his heart to her in confidence. Many were the tearful prayers she offered for his conversion.

This was not the girl to fritter hours away in a foolish, stupid conversation. Hers was but an average mind, and her education had been an ordinary one;

It is a popular notion that lovers only

but the quiet womanliness of her bearing and the clear light of intelligence beaming from her eyes silenced the babble of the frivolous, and diffused around her an atmosphere of earnestness and elevated sentiment. Walter Gordon found inspiration in her words. He was better educated and knew more of the world than she; but there was a firmness in her character, and an active interest in all that is high and noble in life, which he felt wanting in himself. Among his feather-headed companions he could be as heedless as the worst of them, and wasted many a precious hour away. In the presence of Mary Newton, excited by her enthusiasm, the naturally fine qualities of his mind were brought into play, and seemed to justify the expectations which she had formed of the success awaiting him in the future.

Now I am not picturing a model young lady, all seriousness and no smiles. Mary had the merriest laugh I have ever heard. It came straight from the joyousness of her pure and guileless soul. I am inclined to fear, sometimes, that in these days we are beginning to follow the heartless philosophy of my lord Chesterfield. We have become so wrapped up in selfish interests, so careful not to let our hearts be seen, and so *blasé*, that even our children and our young women are fast forgetting the music of a laugh—they can only giggle.

Three very pleasant days of Walter's vacation had passed away. On the evening of the fourth day a grand "hop" was to take place at the hotel. That morning Mary and her father had started out on a visit to a neighboring town, but were expected to return before nightfall. After Walter had spent nearly two hours in making a

most elaborate toilet that cost him as much anxiety of mind as if the fate of an empire was at stake, he came down stairs and entered with becoming dignity the brilliantly lighted parlor. Dancing had already begun, but Miss Newton was nowhere to be seen. Concluding that she would not appear until later in the evening, he set about enjoying himself with a right good will. A couple of hours flew quickly by, and in the excitement of the dance he had forgotten all about Miss Newton. At last, exhausted, he walked out upon the piazza to breathe the cool evening air, and there at its extreme end discovered Mary, sitting quietly alone, and listening to the music that came from within.

"Why, Mary, I did not know that you had returned. Won't you dance to-night?"

"Father and I arrived an hour ago. I only came here to this cozy nook, to listen to the music."

They conversed together until the intoxicating melody of one of the Strauss waltzes floated out upon the air.

"Mary, how can you resist that? Come. Let us go in. I would very much like to dance that waltz with you."

"Thank you, Walter," she replied, "but I do not dance round dances."

"Not dance round dances? Why I enjoyed a waltz with you only a little more than six months ago at Mrs. Sheldon's reception."

"Yes, I remember; but I have changed my mind about such dances since then."

"Oh, come now! don't try to be a saint all at once. I know what priests and extra-pious people say about round dances, but then they don't know anything about the world. I thought,

better of your sense than to suppose you could have such childish scruples."

Mr. Walter Gordon was not a little annoyed, and he did not seek to conceal his annoyance. The petulance of his tone displeased Miss Newton, and she rejoined, almost indignantly:—

"Mr. Gordon, you are not the first person who has seen fit to hint that I am lacking in common sense because I will not join in round dances. I do not thank you for the expression of your opinion. I am mistress of my conduct, and mean to do what I think is right. It is true, I waltzed with you six months ago. Since then Sister Angela has spoken to me on the subject, and she placed it in such a light that I promised her never to countenance these dances again. For good reasons the Catholic Church does not approve of round dances; and I am a Catholic. That is enough for me. The least one can do for one's faith is to give up for its sake what is at best a trifling pleasure. Surely that is not much of a sacrifice to make. I am sorry to have to speak this way to you, a Catholic like myself. It would not be much to expect from you that, if you have not the courage to give up these dances yourself, you would at least allow others to follow what they feel to be their duty. I must confess I am disappointed in you."

Perhaps it would have been better had Mary not spoken these words, or at least waited until the warmth of feeling excited by Walter's demeanor had passed away. There could be no gain-saying her reply; but it was uttered in a tone rather sharp than persuasive, and its immediate effect was to render him still more unreasonable. Walter merely

muttered something between his teeth and abruptly left her. At the end of the "hop" he had waltzed and polkaed himself into a comical state of desperation. Not a very perfect young man, you see, but more than a fair representative of the kind going about nowadays.

After this there was a coolness existing between these young people. Walter, indeed, offered an apology for his rudeness; but, as he still considered himself in the right and Mary in the wrong, it was only a tame one. Another incident widened the breach between them. The Sunday morning following the "hop," as Walter came leisurely down stairs and sauntered out upon the piazza, he met Mary, returning evidently from a long walk.

"Where have you been so early?" he asked.

"Mass was said at Bernville, three miles distant, at seven o'clock this morning," the girl replied, looking him straight in the face. His eyes dropped beneath her glance, for he felt that she despised him. He had known the day before that Mass would be said at Bernville, and from slothfulness had failed to assist at it. That Sunday he did not venture to approach her, and their intercourse gradually became as constrained and formal as that existing between the other guests in the hotel.

Both were unhappy.

Mary was no devotee, in the objectionable sense of that word, but she could not respect the manliness of an indifferent Catholic. Yet she was not entirely satisfied with herself. She knew that among many weaknesses there were fine traits in Walter's character, which, by the proper exercise of the influence

she could exert over him, might be developed and strengthened. It is an unfortunate thing that, even when we are in the right, we often take the wrong way to make others follow our example. Where an earnest appeal from the heart would be effectual, we administer a petulant rebuke that only excites opposition and obstinacy. For a few days it was this feeling of stubbornness that agitated the breast of Walter. Yet he could not conceal from himself that Mary Newton's conception of duty was far higher and purer than his own; and it was not long before he felt ashamed that he should hold his faith as a Catholic by so frail a tenure. I do not say that his love for Mary—for he did love her truly—brought about his repentance; but it was her example that, first disturbing his complacency, made him look with more serious attention upon the graver obligations of life. I trust there is no irreverence in the thought that the grace of God may sometimes manifest itself through the gentle influence of a pious woman.

Walter passed many hours in fruitful self-examination. The words Mary had spoken on the night he had urged her to waltz with him came back to him, and he thought of the days when his brethren in the faith had laid down their lives rather than abate one iota of the obedience they owed the Church of God. Then tender children went calmly to cruel deaths, testifying to the faith that he now held so lightly. How mean and paltry seemed the reasons with which he had sought to evade the counsel of his pastors! How many sins had not slothfulness and indifference made him responsible for!

Do not fear, dear reader. I am not

going to make a priest of Walter Gordon, though that is the course frequently followed in a Catholic story when its hero is troubled in his love affairs and begins to think seriously. There are others in this world, besides those who have a vocation for the priesthood, with souls to save, and who must, at times, in the silence of their own hearts, think anxiously about that salvation. How much more beautiful would our human loves become, and what noble ideals of manhood and womanhood would be realized in our lives, were we oftener conscious of the eternal destiny awaiting all of us!

While Walter was for the first time in his life learning his true place in the world, Mary Newton was not left entirely to the company of her own thoughts. Her cousin George Newton had just arrived at Melton Springs, where he had come to recover from the effects of the last season's dissipation, and in deference to her father's wishes she sought to make his visit as agreeable as possible. Agreeable to her it could not certainly be, for her cousin was as stupid and conceited a young man as could be found in many a day's journey. With his hair parted in the middle, dressed with an outrageous defiance of taste, and affecting an English drawl, he cut a figure that required all her charity and good nature to look upon other than in scorn and ridicule. He, supremely pleased with himself, thought his cousin Mary—"a deuced fine-looking girl you know, but *rather* too quiet for me."

The day after his arrival he invited Mary out for a drive, and, as she could not well do otherwise, she accepted the invitation. As they were drawn up

before the hotel, she remarked that the fine pair of bays he had procured seemed unusually restless and high-spirited, but George only laughed away her apprehensions. He would like to see the team he couldn't hold in, and after they had started, his companion was treated, for a couple of miles, to a minute description of his exploits on Harlem Lane.

It was in the midst of such a conversation as this, that, from some cause, unnoticed in the excitement of the moment, his horses took fright, and after plunging and rearing became entirely unmanageable, and started off at a tremendous speed. At first he made a desperate effort to check the excited animals, but it was in vain; and losing all nerve, he let the reins be torn from his hands. Now there seemed no hope of escape from a terrible death. The speed was increased to a fearful degree. It was a lonely part of the road with only distant farm-houses here and there, and no human being was in sight. Mary Newton kept her seat firmly, a deadly paleness on her face, but the spirit of a brave and prayerful woman looking from her eyes. As they whirled by stones and fences, George held on to the wagon with a convulsive grasp. His eyes strained forth in terror, his lips tried to shriek out a cry of fear, and the whole aspect of the man was most abject and helpless. So far the horses happily had kept to the road. They might be saved yet. Just as they passed an unfenced tract of land George could not control himself any longer, and shrieking out, "Mary, jump for your life," made a desperate leap out of the wagon and fell upon the road. On went the maddened horses flying

with that brave girl to a terrible death. A bend in the road at last came in sight. Mary knew that there it wound around the edge of a steep hill, and, once there, all was lost. Breathing a prayer she shut her eyes, expecting in another moment to be dashed to pieces. But a man, with head bowed down, was walking just on the brow of the hill. The clatter of the horses' hoofs aroused him, and in an instant he had realized the danger. Just time to make the sign of the Cross and to leap out into the road. With a superhuman effort he clutched at the foremost horse, and though dragged for a dozen feet, held bravely on. God must have helped Walter Gordon that day, for it was a giant's strength he had exerted.

When Mary recovered from her swoon she found Walter at her side, his arm tenderly supporting her head. One look told him all her gratefulness; and when at last she spoke, it was to say "Thank God," with all the fervor of her soul. "Thank God" reverently echoed Walter, and then, with hearts too full for words, these two returned silently together.

George Newton took the early train for the city next morning. In reality, he was no more than a little shaken by the accident, but he had no doubt himself that the services of New York's best physicians would be needed to treat his severe internal injuries.

The Sunday morning following this adventure, a small company were assembled in the loft of a store in Bernville. In that humble place the Sacrifice of the Mass was to be celebrated. The priest had already arrived and was hearing confessions.

Among the kneeling penitents await-

ing their turn, were two friends of ours. At last, Mass commenced. There was a subdued hush of prayer among the people as they followed the priest. When the bell tinkled, most of those present approached the rudely constructed altar, and in that little band of the faithful were Walter Gordon and Mary Newton, who, kneeling side by side, received the Bread of Life together.

PHILIP MANNING.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold ;
 And one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gate of gold ;
 Away on the mountains wild and bare—
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine
 Are they not enough for Thee ?"
 But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
 Has wandered away from Me ;
 And although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed ;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry,
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track ?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice, I have found My sheep !"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

KINDNESS.

The weakness of man, and the way in which he is at the mercy of external accidents in the world, has always been a favorite topic with the moralists. They have expatiated upon it with so much amplitude of rhetorical exaggeration, that it has at last produced in our minds a sense of unreality, against which we rebel. Man is no doubt very weak. He can only be passive in a thunder-storm, or run in an earthquake. The odds are against him when he is managing his ship in a hurricane, or when pestilence is raging in the house where he lives. Heat and cold, drought and rain, are his masters. He is weaker than an elephant, and subordinate to the east wind. This is all very true. Nevertheless, man has considerable powers, considerable enough to leave him, as proprietor of this planet, in possession of at least as much comfortable jurisdiction as most landed proprietors have in a free country. He has one power in particular, which is not sufficiently dwelt on, and with which we will at present occupy ourselves. It is the power of making the world happy, or, at least of so greatly diminishing the amount of unhappiness in it, as to make it quite a different world from what it is at present. This power is called kindness. The worst kinds of unhappiness, as well as the greatest amount of it, come from our conduct to each other. If our conduct, therefore, were under the control of kindness, it would be nearly

the opposite of what it is, and so the state of the world would be almost reversed. We are for the most part unhappy, because the world is an unkind world. But the world is only unkind for the lack of kindness in us units who compose it. Now, if all this is but so much as half true, it is plainly worth our while to take some trouble to gain clear and definite notions of kindness. We practise more easily what we already know clearly.

We must first ask ourselves what kindness is. Words which we are using constantly, soon cease to have much distinct meaning in our minds. They become symbols and figures rather than words, and we content ourselves with the general impression they make upon us. Now let us be a little particular about kindness, and describe it as accurately as we can. Kindness is the overflowing of self upon others. We put others in the place of self. We treat them as we would wish to be treated ourselves. We change places with them. For the time self is another, and others are self. Our self-love takes the shape of complacency in unselfishness. We cannot speak of the virtues without thinking of God. What would the overflow of self upon others be in him, the Ever-blessed and Eternal? It was the act of creation. Creation was divine kindness. From it, as from a fountain, flow the possibilities, the powers, the blessings of all created kindness. This

is an honorable genealogy for kindness. Then, again, kindness is the coming to the rescue of others when they need it and it is in our power to supply what they need; and this is the work of the attributes of God towards his creatures. His omnipotence is forever making up our deficiency of power. His justice is continually correcting our erroneous judgments. His mercy is always consoling our fellow-creatures under our hard-heartedness. His truth is perpetually hindering the consequences of our falsehood. His omniscience makes our ignorance succeed as if it were knowledge. His perfections are incessantly coming to the rescue of our imperfections. This is the definition of Providence; and kindness is our imitation of this divine action. Moreover, kindness is also like divine grace; for it gives men something which neither self nor nature can give them. What it gives them is something of which they are in want, or something which only another person can give, such as consolation; and besides this, the manner in which this is given is a true gift itself, better far than the thing given: and what is all this but an allegory of grace? Kindness and sweetness to everything. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance. Whether

it waits on its superiors, or ministers to its inferiors, or disports itself with its equals, its work is marked by a prodigality which the strictest discretion cannot blame. It does unnecessary work, which, when done, looks the most necessary work that could be. If it goes to soothe sorrow, it does more than soothe it. If it relieves a want, it cannot do so without doing more than relieve it. Its manner is something extra, and is the choice thing in the bargain. Even when it is economical in what it gives, it is not economical of the gracefulness with which it gives it. But what is all this like, except the exuberance of the divine government? See how, turn which way we will, kindness is entangled with the thought of God! Last of all, the secret impulse out of which kindness acts is an instinct which is the noblest part of ourselves, the most undoubted remnant of the image of God, which was given us at the first. We must, therefore, never think of kindness as being a common growth of our nature, common in the sense of being of little value. It is the nobility of man. In all its modifications it reflects a heavenly type. It runs up into eternal mysteries. It is a divine thing rather than a human one; and it is human because it springs from the soul of man, just at the point where the divine image was graven deepest.

FATHER FABER.

Ambition's idols crowned to-day
 To-morrow are uncrowned:
 Their fragments are of common clay,
 Strewn on the common ground.
 But, unto monarchs of the heart,
 Are crowns immortal given:
 And they who choose this better part
 Are anchored fast on Heaven.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

The feast is o'er ! now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest ;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And, smiling, cried : " A toast ! a toast
To all our ladies fair !
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere ! "

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word ;
'And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard :

" Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head ;
" That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true ! "

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name ;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye
And lifts the sparkling cup on high :
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed—
So holy 'tis and true ;
To one whose love had longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye ;
And Stanley said : "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly, to another ;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother !"

EYE AND HEART.

[From the German.]

So many a one appears at sight
All full of love and warm of heart,
And then doth show, more closely known,
That love with him is but an art.

So many a one appears at sight
All stiff reserve and icy cold,
But keeps his heart for him who seeks
Its richest treasures to unfold.

ONE OUT OF THREE.

In the grand *salon* of an old château, not far from Dijon, there were assembled, one bright morning some five years ago, three persons. Jean and François D'Auvergne, with their sister Marie, were the sole survivors of an ancient family which, under a long-forgotten *régime*, were once known as illustrious. Their parents had died some years before, leaving no heritage to their children save a spotless name and the ancestral mansion. The noble blood of a truly great line manifested itself in the bearing of the two brothers and their sister, whose grave countenances proclaimed their meeting that morning an important one. Jean, the oldest, had one of those earnest, patient faces, whose spiritual beauty attracts and even awes the beholder. Upon the countenance of François there was impressed a nobility of soul and an enthusiasm of purpose, which told of an ambition tempered by virtue, a heroism unweakened by sentimentality. The calm, pale face of Marie shone with a pure virginal brightness, as if inspiration from heaven itself had been mirrored in her features. The tall form of the thoughtful Jean, the erect figure of the active François, and the womanly grace of their sister, made up a group that upon the painter's canvas might

well typify all the innocence and beauty of youth.

They were waiting for some one. At last a venerable priest entered the apartment, and they joyfully hastened to receive him.

"Ah, my children! forgive me if I greet you a little sadly. I meet you this morning to part from you, perhaps forever, and I cannot help regretting that it should be so. All the way from my house here I have been trying to reconcile myself, but I cannot. That you, Jean, and you, my dear child Marie, should go, I am content, because religion calls you away. But not so with François: why should he leave me? The army—a soldier's life—ah! I know these excite ambition; but here in our little village, where his childhood was passed, and where all love him so much, why should he not remain and represent his honored family?"

"Father," said Jean, "you speak well. When I shall be away from here, and, if God so favors me, a Christian Brother, I would be happy to know that my brother remains in the home of his fathers."

"And I too," urged Marie, "join with you in that wish. Oh, François! have you really set your heart upon a soldier's career?"

"My dear, dear sister, and you, father, and you, my brother, I have chosen my lot. Think you, when my brother and my sister have departed, I can stay here amid scenes that shall remind me daily of their absence, and cause me to do nothing but sigh for their love and affection? No! No! My heart clings to this beloved spot, as yours all do; but I shall go out into the busy world and do a man's part. With God's help, even among the temptations of the army, I shall never sully the honor of our name, nor cause you one moment of shame."

"Nobly said, my son; and though I thought to change your decision and have you stay with me here, yet I shall see you depart, full of confidence and hope for your future. And now, my children, let us employ well the few hours we shall be together. You go to Paris tomorrow, Jean?"

"Yes, father, I am to enter the community there at once."

"And you, Marie, you go so soon too?"

"I shall go on with Jean to Paris and from thence to the convent at M——. I have written Mother Elizabeth, my old teacher, that she may expect me tomorrow."

For hours these four talked together; the venerable *curé* loth to part with the loved ones whose lives he had so tenderly guarded—the brothers and the sister who on the morrow were to separate for the first time. Precious recollections of the past were recalled, memories of the dead came back once more, and the thousand associations that had made their daily life so peaceful and happy were related over, again and again. The minutes flew by too fast

for these pure hearts, lingering amid scenes and events that had bound them together in the sweet ties of affection and love. As nearer and nearer came the hour when this fond intercourse must end, a feeling of sadness entered their souls, binding them yet closer in sympathy. Jean and Marie were calm and composed, for a holy desire animated their breasts and robbed the parting of all unreasoning pangs. Not so with François. He clung to each moment with a desperation that evinced a sorrow more violent.

"Would to God, my sister and my brother, that, like you, I had a vocation for a religious life! Oh, pray for me often, that I may find the peace and consolation I shall so sadly need when I shall see you no more."

"Yes, my children," responded the priest, "let prayer unite you all. God shall not ask you to forget one another. Let there be the union of prayer among you."

At last the priest had to say the parting words—those sad utterances that pierced the heart to its very core.

"Jean, when you are a Christian Brother, remember me in your prayers; Marie—once my child, now I shall call you sister in religion—you pray for me, too; and you, François, also—remember that the old priest is your friend, and, should you tire of the army, will welcome you home again."

With tears fast flowing down their cheeks, the three knelt, while the venerable priest, his voice trembling with emotion, called down Heaven's benediction upon them.

"Farewell, my children, may God bless you all!"

II.

A few years had passed away, leaving behind them no strange history of the fortunes of the three who had taken separate paths in life. Indeed, the chronicles of religion and of virtue are distasteful to many—they afford none of that excitement in which the lovers of sensation delight. Worldly ambition and worldly deeds are commemorated in pompous, empty phrases. Religion silently writes its record upon the grateful hearts of its regenerated children.

Jean, now known as Brother Aloysius, labored for the true welfare of mankind, unnoticed, among the giddy populace of Paris. While they lavished praise upon the philosophers who would ruin France, he zealously nurtured the souls of their children, and taught the rising generation to be loyal first to their God and then to their country. His was a far nobler mission than many whom fame had crowned, but Heaven alone kept the story of his deeds.

Sister Blanche (Marie that was) likewise labored on behalf of those who knew not their benefactress. With fervent love and a sanctified tenderness, she watched over the dawning womanhood of her pupils, and taught them lessons of purity and virtue. Through the order of holy women, in whose ranks she was enrolled, the daughters of France were to be made faithful wives and pious mothers; but the nation so loyally served never appreciated the favor Heaven thus blessed it with.

François became a soldier and remained a Christian. With all the graces of a gentleman, he combined the firmness of a strict Catholic. Flat-

tery could not lure him, jeers could not move him. At first his companions looked upon him as a narrow-minded devotee, but soon they began to respect, then admire him, and at last profit by his example. He told them in the language of deeds, not words, that a soldier is but a butcher if he be not a Christian. His superiors had recognized his merit and honored him with speedy promotion.

One tie bound together the two brothers and their sister. Seldom had they tidings of each other, but in their mutual love and prayers they were never separated for one single day.

Thus peaceful were their lives when war burst upon France. The schemes of two monarchs conflicted; and to please the designs of Emperor Napoleon and King William, Europe was made once more a scene of desolation and horror. Prussia sprang prepared to the contest. France grew enthusiastic over the anticipation of victories that were never to come. At first, duty kept François with his regiment away from the scene of conflict. Soon the position of affairs changed. The arrogant people who had before cried "On to Berlin!" were now called upon to save Paris and France from the humiliation of conquest. François soon found himself one of the army that strove so desperately to resist the advance of the invading torrents. He was engaged in battle after battle, but, though fighting with the determination of one who dearly cherished his country's honor, he escaped from each struggle unharmed. Once his general was surrounded by the fierce Uhlans

and in the direst danger. With a hurried prayer, François dashed into their midst and saved the general's life. Upon the very spot and amid the huzzas of the admiring soldiery, he was decorated and promoted. The old veteran trembled like a child as he embraced the young Christian hero who had been his preserver.

One day the struggle between the contending forces had been unusually fierce and protracted. The French fought gallantly, but experienced the reverse which now seemed to follow them like fate. It was no ordinary army of foes they encountered, but one vast machine that came down upon them, crushing everything before it by its weight alone. Rank after rank of spiked helmets dropped from sight, yet others came on with a demon-like, mechanical motion and a grim defiance to death, that seemed something more than human. On that fearful day, when the offended heavens looked down upon a scene no pen can describe, in the very midst of the death and the butchery that held high revel, God's chosen ones raised the pure white banner of charity, in mute protest against "man's inhumanity to man." Round that sacred standard flocked those who came to lay their lives down in no sovereign's petty dispute, but who were ready to offer their blood in the holy cause of charity. Dark-robed nuns and Christian Brothers calmly moved among all the din and horror of the battlefield, succoring the wounded, consoling the dying, and knowing no distinction of creed or race in their ministrations. They were the heroes and the heroines of that terrible drama; and numberless prayers from parched lips they

had moistened, and from rudely shaken hearts they had comforted, went up to Heaven in blessings for their mercy. The strife of the day had ceased, and François, though wearied and dispirited, exerted himself to allay the sufferings and privations of his wounded soldiers. As he passed along the scene of the conflict, a sad procession crossed his path. A Christian Brother, mortally wounded, lay upon a stretcher carried by some of his order, and a nun, weeping, supported by a companion, walked at his side. François came nearer and recognized in the dying man his brother Jean, and, in the sobbing nun, his sister Marie. How can such a scene be pictured? The brothers and the sister had met again—but such a meeting! The mournful cortege stopped, as François, with a wild cry, burst forward and grasped his brother's hand.

"Thank God," said Brother Aloysius, faintly, "I see you, my brother, before I die." Then motioning to the bearers of the litter to let him remain where they had halted, he continued: "The priest has just left me. They were bringing me to the ambulance, but I feel that I would die on the way. Let me rest here."

"O God! must my brother die! Is there no hope?" sobbed François.

"Do not complain, brother; it is an honor to die in such a cause. Come nearer, I can only whisper, and you, sister dear, come to my side. Dry your tears, for I die happy in your arms. Pray for me; we shall meet again. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, receive my soul!"

These were the last words he uttered. Supported by his beloved sister and

brother, and surrounded by his confrères reciting the litanies of the Church, his spirit passed gently away. The life-work of one of God's servants had come to an end. Brother Aloysius had gone to join the illustrious band whose lives had sealed their devotion to the true interests of humanity.

III.

The human heart can never know what depths of tenderness there are in religion, until, bruised and bleeding, it seeks for consolation. Happy and favored, indeed, are the children of our Mother Church, who upon her loving breast may pour out their sorrows and find a holy sympathy in their woe. Ah! the sin and the misfortune of the world would soon envelop it in the dark clouds of despair, were she not there with all her embracing love to forgive the sinner and dry the mourner's tears.

A religious life had not stifled the emotions in the breast of Sister Blanche, and the suddenness of her brother's death sorely tried her heart. The great lesson of her life—that sacrifice of self which is the truest heroism—soon asserted itself, and once more she became the patient Sister, another link binding her to heaven and raising her above the things of earth.

François struggled manfully with his grief. Not that he would put from his heart the memory of his brother, but that he should remember their parting was only for a time. Poor, weak humanity finds it so hard to bridge the gap between here and the hereafter with a confiding trust and hope! His was not a creed that separated heaven so far from earth that room would be left for naught save doubt and despair. Faith still united him with his brother, and in the silent watches of the night

his own spirit was comforted by the fervent prayers he offered up for the departed soul. Resignation gave a more determined purpose to his life. The demands of duty found him no slave to vain repinings.

The tide of war still turned against his country. The vast resources of the Empire had appeared only on paper, and the most desperate valor could not counteract shameful neglect and imbecile management. With leaders who knew more about France than the French themselves, the Prussians were everywhere victorious, until at Sedan one conspirator against the peace of nations was overwhelmed by his more successful confederate.

François was sent to Germany as a prisoner of war. There his influence was exerted to remove the despondency of his companions, many of whom had become reckless and despairing. Numbers of his comrades expressed their love for him by heeding his example, while all paid him the homage of respect. There was a knightly dignity and modesty about him which even the most hardened could not resist. His religion, his piety had none of that severe austerity which repels the timid and invites the scorn of the scoffer. Generous, high-minded, with glowing thoughts about all that refines and elevates mankind, he at once combined these intellectual qualities which attract men, with the enthusiasms and purity of

heart that calls forth every sympathy of their better nature.

When the war had ended and France had made terms with her conquerors, François found himself in Paris. Duty had also brought his sister there, where in the hospitals she tended upon the wounded soldiers who filled them to repletion. He had but one opportunity to see her, and then their meeting was a brief one.

Unhappy France had not yet seen the worst of her misfortunes. Vanquished in one struggle, she was suddenly called upon to engage in another. The teachings of her false philosophers bore their fruit. The rabble of Paris, with the offscourings of every land, ranged themselves under the banners of infidelity and anarchy. They who had cravenly refused to meet the Prussians, now sought to complete the destruction and the ruin war had inflicted upon their country. The history of the Commune has been written. It has been told how the great pleasure-capital of the world, in its selfishness, its stupidity, and its cowardice, allowed a few convicts and conspirators to obtain control; how its monuments of beauty were destroyed by the vandals, and, most terrible of all, how sacrilege and murder darkened its history for all time.

François' regiment was frequently called upon, during the bloody struggle which followed the establishment of the Commune, to combat the desperate attacks of the insurgents, and in one of the first engagements he was seriously wounded. While he lay disabled at Versailles, he was tormented by apprehensions for the safety of his sister, who was shut up in Paris. His com-

rades dared not tell him the reports daily received from spies and refugees of the reign of terror existing in the unfortunate city.

Sister Blanche found herself practically a prisoner in the house of her order in Paris. With her companions, she prepared for the fate they had every reason to expect. While at the gates of the once gay capital the hideous drama of civil war was enacted, the prayers of these saintly nuns ascended to heaven, asking that the carnage and the misery might cease. Many a timid heart among them appealed to God for strength to meet whatever trials were to be encountered. Many a soul struggled with the agony of suspense, until it was blessed with calmness and patience. Nor did these holy women pass their enforced seclusion only in prayer. Secretly, and with the greatest danger to themselves, they performed numerous deeds of charity. The unhappy objects of the rabble's hate, fleeing for their lives, sought temporary aid or shelter from the Sisters, until their pursuers had been baffled. Once the house was searched, and they had been treated as the progressive Communists were wont to treat all that was religious, had it not been that one among the mob interposed—a gruff veteran, who had not learned his soldiering in the republican club or in the gutter.

“Comrades, we must leave this house as we found it. She”—pointing to Sister Blanche—“saved my life when I was in the hospital. I respect her as a true Frenchwoman. Besides, we don't war with women. Let us go.”

They left reluctantly, and for that

time the Sisters were saved from insult and robbery, perhaps death.

But the moment was drawing near when all the fury and hate of human passions was to be displayed. As the National army gained advantage after advantage, their foes became more desperate. An entrance had been effected into the city; street by street was stubbornly defended, and ran red with the blood of the contending forces, who fought more like tigers than men. Youth as well as age, even womanhood, was drawn into that fearful strife. The grim visage of the fanatic—the demoniacal features of the desperado—the revengeful face of the National soldier—the blood, the smoke, the rolling flames from burning palaces, the shrieks of death on every side—all formed a picture of horror that will never fade from the memory of man!

On the morning of that eventful day when the Commune was finally overthrown, Sister Blanche and her companions did not realize that the hour of their expected martyrdom was so close at hand. Assembled in their humble chapel, they received the Holy Communion from the priest, and listened with happy hearts to his words of consolation and hope. He had but finished his Mass when he was suddenly called away to relieve the intense suffering of a Communist lying dangerously wounded at a short distance from the Sisters' house. He had already heard the poor victim's confession; but, having some medical knowledge, he was again sent for by the parents of the wounded soldier. It was a perilous undertaking for a priest to venture out, even disguised, but he at once departed on the mission of mercy.

He never returned. On his way back he was seized by a company of Communists, already maddened with the defeat crushing them on every side, and instantly murdered. The same band came on to the Sisters' abode, and without warning broke down the doors.

The Sisters were yet in the chapel, meditating upon the inspired thoughts that had fallen from the lips of the priest, whose body now lay in the street, when the execration and curses of the Communists fell upon their ears. Up the stairway these murderers rushed, until they reached the chapel, where upon the threshold they were confronted by Sister Blanche. Her face was as pale as that of the dead, but impressed with a firm resolve that awed them for a moment.

"Frenchmen," she said, in calm, sweet tones, "what is it you desire?"

"What is it we desire?" roared out their leader. "We desire gold—we desire everything you have!"

"Frenchmen, we are poor women. We have nothing to give you—and we have never done you wrong."

"To the altar!" shouted one, and they all joined in the cry—"let us get the chalice!"

Sister Blanche did not tremble. She was immovable. There was a majesty in her look that cowed these human beasts. A supernatural light shone from her eyes, piercing into the very depths of their brutish natures, and for a time holding them in control. She once more appealed to them, though her heart was pierced with grief at the awful thought that the Holy of Holies was about to be desecrated by sacrilegious hands.

"O Frenchmen! if you be worthy

of the name, advance no farther. This is God's temple! Respect this holy place. We are weak, helpless women, and surely you will not molest us here in the presence of your God!"

Her imploring tones had not died away before the rattle of musketry proclaimed that the battle had reached the street below. A detachment of Nationals entered the house and mounted the stairs just as the leader of the ruffians answered Sister Blanche with a blow, which felled her to the ground. That deed was his last—a bullet avenged the crime. His comrades, surprised and surrounded, offered but little resistance, and were made prisoners. François, who had come with

his soldiers only in time to witness the cruel blow given his sister, rushed to her side. Gently raising her in his arms, he awaited with anxious heart her return to consciousness. Soon a faint smile of recognition passed over her features. She murmured, "I am happy: my Saviour was rescued from insult." Then, with content and peace glorifying her face, her life passed gently away.

Incessant toil upon the battle-field and in the hospital had worn her frame. With the last effort of her expiring strength she had defended the earthly dwelling of her Lord, and then resigned her pure soul into His eternal keeping.

IV.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon, as the children in Dijon came flocking from the church, their innocent faces beaming with joy, and their merry little voices prattling in the sweetest harmony. Passing the good *cure's* house they doffed their caps to him, but stopped as they noticed his companion, a young man in the uniform of a French officer. Approaching nearer, they discovered their favorite and dearest friend, François d'Auvergne. They all flocked about him, every one eager to take his hand and to have the honor of a word from him. One little fellow, with golden curls, stepped forward and spoke very softly:

"Oh! François, we are glad to see you; but we are all very sad that Jean and Marie are dead. We say an 'Our Father' and a 'Hail Mary' for them every night."

"God bless you, children!" exclaim-

ed François, the tears starting to his eyes, and then one by one, more slowly than they came, the little band moved away.

The priest and his pupil were left alone, and for some minutes there was silence between them.

"Father, I have found peace and resignation in coming here. This native place of mine, those sweet children, and you, father, my best of friends, have refreshed my heart with past memories. I shall strive with a new strength to be worthy of my dead brother and sister."

"Ah, my son! God is good and wise. To your brother and your sister He has given a noble, heroic death. You are to live for your religion, your country. France has need of you, and God bids you hear her voice."

Yes, France has need of the best

efforts of her sons, as well as the fervent prayers of the world. In the work of her regeneration she can depend upon no more earnest loyalty than that which animates the heart of François d'Auvergne. It has become the purpose of his life to do all that a Christian man can do to usher in that day when France shall again lead the world, not in frivolity nor the material splendor, but in that truer, higher progress which shall unite all men in the bonds of truth and justice. In such aspirations he feels the approval of that brother and sister who served their God and their country well, and with whose spirits he is still united—in the union of prayer.

JULES JANTON.

IRELAND. 1851.

O Thou, afflicted and beloved ! O Thou,
 Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—
 Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,
 Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain !
 Lamp of the North when half the world was night,
 Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light ;
 History's sad wonder, whom all lands save one
 Gaze on through tears, and name with gentler tone !
 O Tree of God ! that burnest unconsumed ;
 O Life in Death ! for centuries entombed ;
 Thou art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,
 Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies :
 Thyself most weak, yet strengthened from above :
 Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love,—
 Thy love make perfect, and from love's pure hate
 The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate !
 Be strong ! be true ! Thy palms not yet are won :
 Thine ampler mission is but now begun.
 Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—
 The crown of thorns ! Preach thou that Cross thou bearest !
 Go forth ! each coast shall glow beneath thy tread.
 What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head ?
 What fiery pillar is before thee borne ?
 Thy loved and lost ! They lead thee to thy morn !
 They pave thy paths with light ! Beheld by man,
 Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.
 Walk on—work on—love on ! and, suffering cry,
 “ Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die. ”

AUBREY DE VERE.

AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

Old house that sleeps in the shade of the trees !
As a friend on the face of a silent friend,
In the farewell hour, looks, and sees
Their joys and their converse end, —

I look on thee in this hour of peace.
And my heart is pained, for well I know
That to-morrow our joys and our converse cease
Till the roses again shall blow.

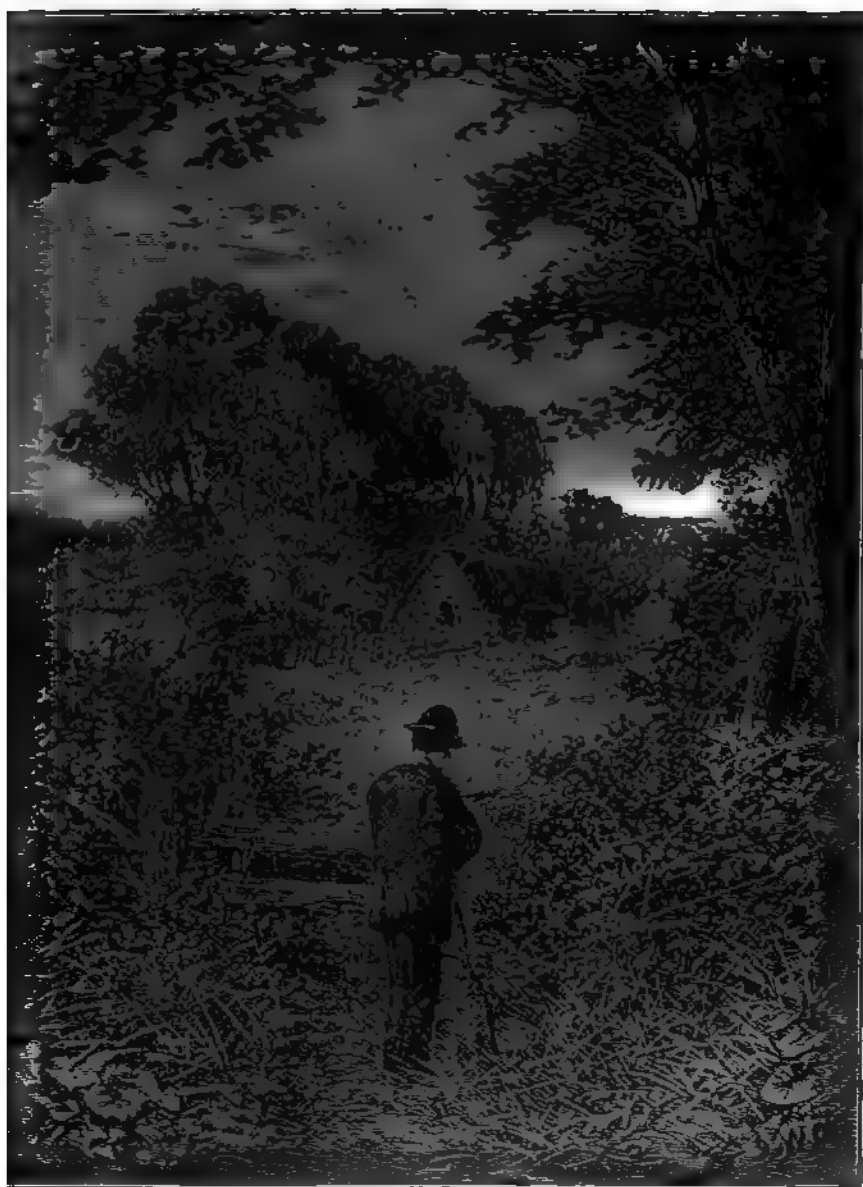
Thy calm for the roar of the crowded street,
Thy peace for the ceaseless battle of men,
Thy fragrant airs for the City's heat,
I change, till the summer rolls round again.

O Summer, that sleepst in the Sun-god's isles
Till the breath of the North to his glory yields ;
And Spring all clothed in radiant smiles
Hath scattered her sweets in the fields !—

Linger not long in thy perfumed seas,
Lest the hearts that ache for thy odorous sweets
Shall flee no more to the shade of thy trees
From the din and heat of the streets ;

Lest I from the ledger that binds me down
To figure and fact, and the things I hate,
Shall flee no more from the crowded town
To swing, old house, on thy gate.

Ah God !—but no—'twere a vain desire ;
The glory of life is its wear and tear :
Why should we quench the inner fire
With the bitter tears of despair ?



"Old house, farewell! to my soul is borne
The call of duty, and I obey,
We live apart from to-morrow morn
Till summer again shall crown the day."

After the Holiday

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Better to mix in the battle of life
With our sword unsheath'd and our armor on ;
Better to fall in the heat of the strife
Though the crown be lost or won,

Than live the life of a craven slave,
Who flees the battle to crouch and crawl
By life's wayside, till a nameless grave
Shuts in his fame and his fall.

Old house, farewell ! To my soul is borne
The call of duty, and I obey ;—
We live apart from to-morrow morn,
Till summer again shall crown the day.

JAMES REEVES.



THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall and grass and moss grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
But no foot of man e'er came that way—
Earth was young and keeping holiday.
Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design—
Leafage, veining flowers, clear and fine ;
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So I think God hides some lives away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day !

A TALK ABOUT TOPS.

Who would think that a toy so commonly known and used as the top should have so little of its history written in a connected manner. And yet the fact is that in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tops are not mentioned; although it is well known that they were much used in England many years ago, and are still a favorite amusement with the boys of that country.

In Chambers's *Encyclopædia* there is no account of them whatever, although there are sketches of many minor pastimes of the youth.

In our own Appleton's *American Encyclopædia* there is not one word on the subject. This, considering the great number of tops used in our land, and the very large amount of time devoted by boys to the practice of spinning them, and becoming "good shots," is, to say the least, somewhat strange. I could hardly believe my own eyes, when I looked in Appleton without finding any mention of the article.

In the "Boys' Own Book," issued in this country, there is an account of a few of the present top games. In the "Boys' Book of Sports and Pastimes," published in England, there is a short sketch, of only about two pages in length, describing the toy; in which there is related an anecdote taken from Joseph Strutt's *Manners and Customs of the English People*, the purport of

which is that James I, of England, one day walked with some friends in a field where the grain was all tied up into sheaves, and as it happened that one of the bundles looked a little, to his eye, like a large top which he used to amuse himself with when a boy, he thereupon proposed to his attendants that he should go and have a game of top-spinning.

It is said that the Spanish tops of the olden times were made almost wholly of mahogany, and that instead of a peg, which is used now, theirs were rounded at the bottom by a sort of button, nearly convex and all of wood; also that these tops would spin much longer than those in present use.

Persius, in his third Satire, makes the following mention of whipping the top—thus translated by Dryden:

"The whirling top they spin,
And drive her giddy till she fall asleep."

In an account of some one's voyages to foreign countries, published a number of years since (I think it is Hawkesworth's), it is said "that the top is well known among the Indians, some of whom pointed out to our sailors, who seemed to wonder at seeing it among them, that in order to make it spin they should lash it with a whip."

Strange enough, Wallace, the naturalist, in his late expedition to the Indian Archipelago, found top-spinning a com-

mon and favorite amusement among the Dyak boys of Borneo.

Ovid mentions the top in some of his numerous verses.

Northbroke, in his "Treatise against Dicing," says, on page 86 :

Cato giveth counsell to all youth, saying, "trocho lude aless fuge :"—playe with the toppe, but flee dloeplayng.

In "Instructions concerning the plays and playthings to be used by his son Martin," Cornelius Scriblerus says:

I would not as yet have Martin scourge a top, till I am better informed whether the trochus which was recommended by Cato be really our present top, or rather the hoop which the boys drive with a stick.—(Pope's Works, VI, 115.)

John Ives had in his possession an old illuminated missal, in which playing with tops is represented. Strutt describes the illuminations of this missal in his "Manners and Customs," before alluded to.

Virgil, in his *Æneid* VII, page 378, mentions the top, as follows :

As young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine whirls and flies about,
Admired with clamors of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke.

The above is from the translation of Dryden.

There was a curious custom, which might perhaps be readopted with much benefit to poor urchins, during the first cool days of coming winter. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in cold weather, so as to keep the peasants warm in the exercise, and also to keep them out of mischief while they were out of work.

In the "Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," page 143, we read :

Another tels 'em of a project he has to make town tops spin without an eelskin, as if he bore malice to the school-boys.

In the 1658 translation of Levinus Leminus, page 369, it is written :

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Young youth do merrily exercise themselves in whipping top, and to make it run swiftly about that it cannot be seen, and will deceive the sight; and that in winter to catch themselves a heat."

"Poor Robin" in his Almanack for 1677, tells us, in the "Fanatick's Chronology," it was then 1804 years since the first invention of town tops.

Who would think that in our country, where all sorts of changes have occurred and are continually occurring, no Yankee, with his everlasting go-aheadativeness, should have produced an improved top previous to a year so recent as that of 1859? And yet it is a fact, that up to the year 1859 no top had been patented in our Patent-office.

The first patent allowed for this plaything bears date June 14, '59. It was to "Francis Milwood, for a spinning top." In 1860 none were offered; but in May, 1861, the "children's flying top" received a patent. September, 1861, was patented a "whirling-jack, for spinning tops." 1862, '63, and '64 passed without any top patents; but in January, 1865, there was another "spinning top" entered, and in June, 1866, a "toy top." Also, in the same month, another "whirling-jack for tops." November, 1867, we find a patent taken out for the "sword-spinning top," and in June, 1868, an "improved top;" and since then, up to the present time, the top has not again been offered at the Patent-office.

Thus it will be seen that there have been but six patents for this much-used plaything, and but three associating articles—nine patents in all.

The "sword-spinning top" is so named from the fact that a little child's sword, made of tin, has a hollow along its edge—if such a thing can be said

—in which runs the top; so that from a side view, the effect is presented of a top spinning on the edge of a sword.

The last mentioned, and called “improved,” is the patent of an inventor in Utica, New York. It has a stem, which is to be covered by the cord or string used. This stem has a flange or shoulder at its upper end, the under side of which is intended to regulate the winding of the cord, and the upper side to form a bearing for the casing, when the top is running on its point on the floor or table, by means of which bearing the casing is carried around with the top. The toy is taken in hand, and the string drawn out very rapidly, which sets the top in motion, whirling within the aforesaid casing; and if the string is let go, the top will whirl till all of its power is expended. If dropped on the floor or other smooth surface, the top will impart its motion to the casing, by means of its contact with the shoulder. If the top be taken up while in motion, the casing will not turn; but the top itself will continue to gyrate.

It is all of metal, and is often seen in our cities, in the hands of numerous caterers to the youthful pocket-moneys.

Top-whipping used to be called, years ago, “whirle-gigge.”

The different games of playing top are too well known in America to need description; but there is one little trick some may like to know of and be able to perform, who are ignorant of it at present. When a peg-top is spinning on the ground, to save the trouble of bending down for the purpose of taking it up in the hand, it is only necessary to take the cord or string, and, holding its two ends in the right and left hands respectively, let the hanging part of

it touch the top on the side toward the spinner, and then make a loop round its peg, by throwing the *right*-hand part of the string out and toward the left. Do not, however, lose hold of the cord. Then lift or throw up the top into the air and catch it on the hand, which it will reach, spinning all the while.

The above instructions are for right-handed top-players. For left-handed ones, the cord should be placed on the outer side of the top, and the left part of the string thrown inward, round its peg.

Sometimes a top can be made to hang in the loop thus formed, and spin with its side toward the ground, swinging round and round for nearly a minute or so before falling to the earth.

When a boy is seen picking his top from the ground, and throwing it some ten feet into the air by means of his string, it seems quite a sleight-of-hand performance, and the more rapidly done the more mysterious it appears.

In the olden days (I mean before the war), when silver was in use, it was a great trick with a few of the expert top-players, to engage in a tussle for a three-cent piece, and in this way: A ring would be made, fully five or six feet in diameter, and in its centre a three-cent piece would be placed, by some public benefactor; then all the topists, at the word “go!” would begin to wind their tops; the first one wound of course had the first shot, and as fast as they wound each one aimed at the piece of silver.

The object of this was, *not* to hit it fair and square; for that could be done by nearly all of us at any time, but it was to hit it exactly on *its edge*, whereby

we could make it jump, sometimes eight or more feet; and the one who thus succeeded in the grand feat of knocking it out of the ring, was the fortunate possessor of the coin. Sometimes we had spectators to the number of twenty or more, and often they would throw in three-cent pieces, to see our ability displayed. Of course we could always knock out larger pieces, but they were always out so soon after being placed in the centre, that the on-lookers husbanded their quarters and their enjoyment of the sport, and so put in the smallest metallic coin they had, as being more difficult to remove, and giving them longer time in which to see our performance.

Woe be to the button on the string used in pegging top, if allowed for only a moment even to be against the body of the top-player; for we could, with one little tap, split the wood of which it was made, so that it fell to the ground in two pieces. Those well versed in this would get either bone buttons, or, what was better, the buttons of the chessmen from their fathers'

chess-boxes, and thereby cause great turbulence in the family circle.

All tops, with nice round little knobs on their heads, were the great *desiderata* of new top-players; but if their toys were once seen by a regular and full-fledged performer, the pretty knob was immediately doomed; for, with a nice rap, off it would go, leaving the victor spinning away with all its might.

The best tops are considered to be those made of boxwood, although locust and maple are thought well of. *Lignum-vitæ* is very hard, but too brittle and liable to crack. Boxwood is most decidedly the best for all contingencies and purposes.

To "sleep like a top" is a very common expression, and if our readers should feel inclined to sleep after this long dissertation upon a toy, we shall assist them by a little lullaby:

The top spins fast with dreamy sound,
And whirls the dust within its orb;
While silent stand the boys around,
With joys that every thought absorb.
And as it slowly bends to earth,
With motion nearly passed away,
They time the seconds from its birth
Of motion, till it touch the clay.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow!
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

By H. C. McLoughlin, A.M.

A quarter of a century ago! What mighty changes mark even that short period of human existence! The Eastern Continent has been convulsed to its centre; dynasties whose patents of sovereignty date back to the earliest dawn of modern history, and whose diadems were decked with the brilliant gems won by the valor of the sword, or by the milder influences of Christian conquest, from Goth and Vandal and Hun, have been swept away in the mad vortex of revolutionary fury, and, with them, all that could give strength to a nation and happiness to a people. The principles on which the different governments of Europe were originally founded, acknowledged, for the first time, by the rulers of the earth, in the persons of the kings from the East who worshipped the KING of KINGS in the humble stable of Bethlehem, have been ruthlessly trampled upon by the deluded victims of what it has become fashionable to style modern progress; and the blindness or the depravity of man would impiously substitute, in the various political organizations of human society, for the authority of God and the sanctions of his Church, the dictates of human pride or the promptings of satanic inspiration. What the penalty or when it will come to the nations that have thus, as it were, driven God from their political constitutions and placed his ministers as well as his divine law under a relentless interdict, it is not for us to know. That his blessed promises are irrevocable, as his power is omnipotent, we are assured and we believe. In this is our hope, that the revolutionary cataclysm that now convulses the nations of Europe and threatens to bury, in its desolating fury, every vestige of Christian civilization, will, in the inscrutable designs of God, fearfully react upon its deluded authors, bringing forth the triumphs of persecuted truth from the very excesses of exultant error, and restoring to the world that peace which comes from God and which the world cannot give. How strange that passion or pride or lust of power should so completely darken the intellect of intelligent men, that they cannot discern a truth proclaimed to the world nineteen centuries ago, and verified, often almost miraculously, so many times during that period.

But we will, in the present article, confine ourselves to the wonderful changes that have taken place, in our own favored land, in regard to the

Catholic Church, during the past twenty-five years; and without entering into that prolixity of detail which the retrospect must necessarily present to every reflecting mind familiar with the history of that period, trace her progress in the United States from 1846, when reviled, calumniated, persecuted, and, as it was thought by many of those who stirred up and led the persecution against her, completely crushed, to 1874, when she stands confessedly before the world the infallible depository of Christian truth, coming forth brighter and stronger from the fiery ordeal of suffering and trial.

In this retrospect we do not propose to dwell at any length on the dark and disgraceful deeds perpetrated by Know-Nothing communists during the period known at the time as the "reign of terror," but which the author of that clever romance, the "Quaker City," more correctly styles the "reign of infamy." Outside the Catholic Church, at least in our larger cities, the practical precepts of true Christian benevolence were then almost wholly ignored, and charity was banished from the ritual and creed of every so-called Christian sect. Even the Bible was laid aside for the hour, that its self-appointed expounders of every shade and color might unite in one grand and, as they foolishly thought, successful effort to crush out "Popery" for ever in "this great Protestant country!" The means they employed; the calumnies, forgeries, and inflammatory harangues by which the passions of the mob in several of our large cities, Boston, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Louisville, were

aroused, are matters of history, which we sincerely hope will never again be repeated in our own country or in any other.

Writing on this subject, the late Archbishop Spalding quotes from a distinguished Protestant minister of Philadelphia, as follows: "Congregations, instead of being taught from the pulpit to adorn their profession by all the lovely graces of the Gospel, by kind and affectionate bearing in the world, by earnest and ever active endeavor to secure for themselves and others the blessings of peace, were annoyed with inflammatory harangues upon the great Schism and upon the abominations of the Roman Church. The Pope, and the Pope, and the Pope was the beginning and the end of sermons in certain churches, and women and children were frightened with details of him at Rome, whilst they who were of the stature of men were held breathless captives, when they were addressed by these orators on the subject of papal usurpation and the ecclesiastical domination contemplated by Antichrist in America. They were told that there was not a Catholic church that had not underneath it prepared cells for Protestant heretics; that every priest was a Jesuit in disguise; that the Pope was coming to this country with an army of cassocked followers, and that each would be trebly armed with weapons concealed under the folds of Babylonish robes. Never did Titus Oates detail more horrid conspiracies than did these clerical sentinels; and all that was wanting was the power, and such a judge as Jeffreys, to make every Roman Catholic

expiate his abominable heresy on the scaffold."

To show still more clearly the desperate and disreputable means by which the passions of the lower classes were inflamed at this period against their Catholic fellow-citizens, Archbishop Spalding, after informing us that, in Philadelphia, eighteen Protestant preachers, ministers of the God of peace and love, enrolled their names as members of the Protestant Association, and that the notes of fierce denunciation against the Catholics were soon heard to ring from the various pulpits of the "city of brotherly love," again quotes from the same Protestant authority the following passage: "It was a melancholy state of affairs which the persecution of this Association brought about in this city, once known and acknowledged to be foremost in social harmony and order. The peace of the community was disturbed; families were made to break asunder the bonds of fellowship; Protestants were warned against associations with Catholics for any purpose; and from almost every desk, on the day consecrated to holy rest, intemperate declamations against the evils of Romanism were sure to be heard. 'No compromise with Rome,' and no peace to her 'degraded subjects,' were the watchwords of these Protestant crusaders. All dissensions among themselves were now hushed. The angry passions of differing Christians were stilled, and for the season to be concentrated upon one object with increased energy and fury."

These means, however, were wholly inadequate to the end sought to be accomplished. They were tried on a much larger scale and with every

appliance that could promise or secure success, in the very infancy of the Church, and they were fiercely continued for nearly three centuries. But God never deserts his Church. He may, in his inscrutable wisdom, permit the powers of darkness to persecute and oppress, to torture and put to death, even to appear to crush and conquer; but still he is with his Church and loves her, if we may so speak, even more in her hour of affliction and trial than in her prosperity and triumph. Her whole history proves this fact: Christ himself is the cornerstone, but the blood of the martyrs, the groans and sighs wrung from the heart of the tortured confessors of the faith, in the Roman amphitheatre or in the dungeons of the modern Valerian, are the seed of the Church, from which, in all ages, have sprung forth her most glorious and enduring triumphs. The name of this imperial persecutor of the early Church, in connection with the modern tyrant who possesses all his hate, but, fortunately, not his power, reminds us of an edict issued in the fourth year of his reign (A. D. 258) in the following words: "Let bishops, presbyters, and deacons at once be put to the sword." Do we not see its counterpart in the mandate which, at this day, has consigned to the dungeons of Germany, or cast forth as exiles from their native land, the faithful shepherds, so that the flocks may the more easily become the prey of godless propagandists and impious usurpers? Under Valerian's edict, St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, fell a victim. Under the mandate of Bismarck the want of power alone substitutes confiscation and the dungeon for the

axe of the headsman. Valerian, after having been forced to drag in chains the triumphal car of his Persian conqueror, died a wretched fugitive in a foreign land. Indeed, Lactantius, one of the most eloquent writers of the fourth century, informs us that all the prominent persecutors met with a most miserable end. And has not history repeated itself more than once even in our day? The stern logic of facts admits of no compromise. Levin, a renegade Jew, whom the present writer knew personally, when he vainly attempted to introduce into Virginia his anti-American tenets, died, as we saw it stated in a Philadelphia paper at the time, a worthless, homeless, friendless pauper, carried off by the police from an obscure alley to the almshouse. And Henry Winter Davis, the high-priest of the sect in Baltimore, he on whose shoulders lay the blood of the murdered in the Know-Nothing riots of that city,—what became of him? From the very highest pinnacle of fame, courted, flattered, and a pet member of Congress, he was cut off, in the morning of life, and went to his grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung. And so it has been with all who have perverted the gifts with which a beneficent Creator has endowed them, to the purposes of an unholy war against God, by the persecution of his faithful people.

But let us now see what was the condition of the Catholic Church in the United States at that period—twenty-five years ago—what is her condition now, and what lesson can we draw from the retrospect.

In 1848, there were within the territory of the U. S. :—

Archbishops,	3
Bishops,	24
Priests,	890
Churches,	907
Catholic population,	1,090,700
In 1874 :	
Archbishops,	7
Bishops,	59
Priests,	4,516
Churches and Chapels,	5,327
Catholic population over,	6,000,000

These statistics, derived from official sources, require no analysis. They exhibit a progress in the outward or exterior life of Catholicity in the United States, which is so marvellously extraordinary that none can fail to perceive the hand of God in such wonderful results. The increase in our Catholic population alone is unparalleled in the history of the Catholic Church, as a controlling element of national civilization. With such figures before us, who can despair of witnessing, even in our own generation, the realization of Father Burke's prediction, that, in the designs of a bountiful Providence which has so far watched over and ruled the destinies of our republic, the grand problem of man's capacity for self-government is to find its perfect solution in the United States when the Catholic religion shall become the creed of its entire population?

But it is by considering the Catholic Church in her inward or interior life, that we can best comprehend the wonderful triumphs she has achieved in the United States during the past quarter of a century, and look, with hope, for her grandest triumph of bringing within her fold the entire population of our great republic, uniting all, Jew and Gentile, in the worship of the Father.

when "iniquity shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction in thy borders; and salvation shall possess thy walls and praise thy gates." (Isaias IX, 1-18.)

The most prominent as well as the most efficient element of this interior life is the solemn dedication of the United States to the patronage of the "Blessed Virgin Mary conceived without original sin," and the spiritual and temporal blessings which the immaculate Mother of God has obtained from her divine Son, as she has done in every age of the Church, as a recompense for the devotion of her faithful children. This solemn act of consecration was consummated during the darkest hour in the history of the Catholic Church in America, not so much as a protest against the deeds of violence, robbery, and blood which, at that period, were perpetrated against her, in the name and under the cloak of religion, but rather as a solemn supplication to God that, through the intercession of his Immaculate Mother, he would have mercy upon the deluded victims of fanatical hate; that he would scatter the clouds of prejudice and error; and, withdrawing his chastening rod, he would give consolation to his persecuted people, triumph to his Church, and glory to his own adorable name. The beginning of the last quarter of a century was inaugurated by this solemn act of consecration. Behold its fruits in the growth of the Church, in the progress of Catholicity, in the almost general evolution in public sentiment in favor, instead of Catholic dogma, at least of accommodation, religious toleration, in the multiplication of churches and religious

educational institutions, the constant accession of native-born priests to the ranks of the Catholic hierarchy, the character and number of converts from the various Protestant sects, and, finally, in the increase of our Catholic population from 1,090,700 to over 6,000,000 faithful and devoted children. For these, how consoling is the reflection that, together with the freedom which they enjoy as citizens of the greatest republic the world ever saw, they are also partakers of the liberty of the children of God; and how fervently do their prayers ascend to the throne of divine Grace that, through the intercession of our immaculate Patroness, all their fellow-citizens may soon be called to the participation of the same inestimable privilege.

Besides, our noble Catholic Institutions, our Religious and Secular Colleges—Georgetown, the venerable and still vigorous mother of the one; Mt. St. Mary's, the head and ever the *facile princeps* of the other—our grand Brotherhoods of Christian teachers, the Christian Brothers, the Xavierian Brothers, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, the Brothers of Mary for boys, with corresponding and equally zealous Sisterhoods for the sound mental and moral culture of females; our congregations of the Sacred Heart, Sodalties in honor of Mary Immaculate, St. Vincent de Paul Societies, our Temperance and Catholic Unions,—these are some of the more prominent features of the inward or interior life of the Catholic Church in the United States, which have been impressed upon it through the protecting influence of its immaculate Patroness, and which

will reach their full development only when our entire population shall acknowledge one God, one faith, one baptism.

But, if this grand act of dedication of the United States to the patronage of Mary immaculate signalized the beginning of the past quarter of a century, its close has been marked by an event no less auspicious and suggestive of happy results, at least in the estimation of every well-informed Catholic. By a solemn Decree of the Vatican, bearing date, 8th Dec., 1870, the Universal Catholic Church, and consequently the Church in the United States, was solemnly dedicated to the Patronage of St. Joseph, the virgin spouse of the Virgin Mother, thus placing our holy Church and the interests of Catholic truth under the patronage of Mary and Joseph, with whom our Blessed Lord was so tenderly and intimately associated during the thirty-three years he remained on earth, at a period, too, in the glorious history of that Church when it is believed by many learned and holy men that the coming of our divine Lord is close at hand.

We have alluded to some of our teaching Brotherhoods. We have before us the official Statistics of the Christian Brothers, from which we will give a very brief summary; remarking that, were we in possession of official data, we could show an equally gratifying exhibit of the wonderful progress of all the others in the common work of Christian education.

We present the general Statistics of the order of the Christian Brothers for the year 1843, as we find them officially stated in the Catholic Magazine for

1845, and then we will present, from the Official Reports, the statistics of the Order for 1871:

In 1843. Number of Houses,	390
Of which, France,	326
Isle of Bourbon,	4
Italy,	13
Piedmont,	11
Savoy,	14
Belgium,	17
Switzerland,	2
Greece,	2
Canada,	1
United States,	1
Number of Schools	642
“ Scholars,	171,500
“ Brothers,	3,030
“ Novices,	585

In 1871:	
Number of Houses,	1,130
“ Brothers,	9,817
“ Novices,	761
Total “ Pupils,	370,488
“ “ Orphans,	4,640

These were distributed as follows:

	Hous.	Bros.	Pupils.
In France and Colonies. 951	8009	306,615	
“ Rome,	12	127	3,205
“ Belgium,	46	462	15,014
“ Canada,	24	213	10,495
“ U. States,	50	518	22,311
“ Ecuador,	6	35	1,748

In the United States the number of Colleges and day schools was, in 1871, eighty-seven; and the number of pupils, 22,311, of whom over 1000 were boarders, chiefly in their colleges.

As we have already remarked, if we had the official statistics at hand, we could show an equally gratifying exhibit of all the other religious teaching orders, the past quarter of a century, but there is scarcely a reader under whose eye this article shall fall, that will not himself realize the fact within the scope of his own personal observation.

Never in our history has the interior life of the Catholic Church been more healthy and vigorous, never has it put forth more abundant fruit, or given more hopeful signs of a development that must prove fatal to heresy and schism, and, in the fulness of time, authoritatively affirm, throughout the Western Continent, unity of faith, than during the past quarter of a century.

Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of this truth we could present to our readers—and living facts crowd upon our mind at this moment of the same gratifying character—is the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Pio Nono College, at Macon, Ga., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gross, on the 3d day of May, 1874, as we find it reported in a leading editorial of the *Macon Telegraph and Messenger* of May 5th. We quote the words of that liberal and enlightened Journal: "The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Catholic College in this city, known as the *Pio Nono*, brought to the city one of the largest crowds that ever assembled here. People came from every part of the state—from Dalton to Savannah, and from Columbus across to Augusta. Besides the regular trains, there were special trains, on the Macon and Brunswick, Macon, Augusta and Central roads, all of which were crowded with people." From the same journal we learn that there were twenty-four different organizations or societies, religious, military, and civic, in the procession, representing Macon, Augusta, and Savannah, and that at the head of the procession were the mayor, aldermen, and councilmen of Macon, immediately

following the bishop and clergy escorted by the Macon Volunteers, as a Guard of Honor. On the 19th day of November immediately preceding, the corner-stone of the new Cathedral of our Lady of Perpetual Help was laid at Savannah, amid similar manifestations of popular rejoicing.

These facts are all remarkable. We lived in North Carolina thirty-four years ago, and in no other state have we ever encountered the same intolerant bigotry and woful ignorance, its fruitful parent, in reference to Catholic truth. We well remember the apostolic zeal which we enkindled in the bosom of the eminent and gifted Jesuit, Dr. Ryder, when we told him of this fact thirty years ago, and the resolution he then formed to pay a visit to Edenton—the very hot-bed of intolerance and Catholic hate; and we record with pleasure the fact that he soon after fulfilled that resolution, made several converts from the *élite* of the citizens, and that the beautiful Church of St. Anne, served at regular periods by Rev. P. J. Hastig, of Norfolk, now stands among the many enduring monuments to the apostolic zeal of that learned and eloquent Jesuit.

We would do injustice to the memory of the late Dr. Ives (at the time we speak of, Protestant Bishop of North Carolina), did we forbear to remark here that, unconsciously, we believe, he did much to prepare the minds of the people of that State for the reception of Catholic truth. After hearing a course of three lectures delivered by him in Edenton, in the early part of 1840, in reply to the most ferocious assaults upon his church and people made by a troop of blatant Methodist

Preachers who held a kind of protracted meeting or revival in Edenton, and, for want of Catholics to attack, hurled their mad ravings upon the heads of the unoffending Episcopalians, we lashed an Episcopalian friend into almost a passion, when we told him, as we believed, that Bishop Ives preached Catholic doctrine and would die a Catholic.

The past quarter of a century, however, has witnessed, if not the birth, at least the growth and development of the Catholic Church in that state, until now under the Vicariate charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons of Richmond, Va. There is a missionary service of eight priests, ten churches, and chapels, and a daily increasing Catholic population of over fifteen hundred souls.

The statistics of our holy Church in Virginia, during the past quarter of a century, and especially since the close of the late war between the States, exhibit a healthy and onward progress, that gives an assurance of future glorious results in that chivalrous commonwealth. Nowhere in the United States will you find more ignorance prevailing in respect to Catholic doctrine, than in most of the counties of southwestern Virginia; but such is the ardent, honorable, manly character of the people, that in no portion of his diocese will Bishop Gibbons reap a richer harvest of precious souls, or meet with more faithful and edifying children, when error and prejudice shall have yielded to Gospel truth. Indeed, the good work is even now making wonderful and rapid progress under the indefatigable and apostolic labors of this distinguished bishop. But

a few days ago we read in the Virginia papers glowing accounts of the laying of the corner-stone of a new church dedicated to St. James, at a place called Falls Church, in Fairfax county, Virginia. The place takes its name from an old colonial Episcopal church, the ruins of which still exist; and when we were familiar with the locality and its people, some twenty years ago, we would not have considered him much of a prophet who would have told us that, in twenty years, an altar would be erected there to the true worship of the living God.

The grand vineyard of Catholic truth in Virginia will, however, yet be found in the southwestern counties of the state where, now, ignorance and prejudice most prevail, owing to their anti-Catholic traditions, and the fact that Catholic missionaries have not, to any extent at least, penetrated that section of the state. Bishop Gibbons, however, is making rapid strides towards this stronghold of Satan; and we have no doubt that the next quarter of a century will witness as wonderful a change in the religious sentiments of the people of southwestern Virginia, and as glorious triumphs of Catholic truth among them, as the past quarter of a century has seen throughout the limits of the United States, generally. As we prefer, however, to record facts that have taken place to anticipating those yet in the future, though inevitable in progress of time and the daily expanding scope of missionary labor, we will bring this article to a close in the eloquent words publicly addressed to the assembled Prelates who composed

the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, by one of its most eloquent members:—"Nowhere is there a promise of a brighter future for the Church than in our own country. Here, thanks to our American Constitution, the Church is free to do her divine work. Here, she finds a civilization in harmony with her divine teaching. Here, Christianity is promised a reception from an intelligent and free people, that will give forth a development of unprecedented glory. For religion is never so beautiful as when in connection with knowledge and freedom."

THE STEEPLES OF ST. ROSE.

The steeples of St. Rose,*
 Standing like twin flambeaux,
 Shine in the light of morn:
 There by the "Mille Isles" flood
 They mark the land for good,
 The parish-church adorn.

Canadian glories fair,
 They coruscate in air
 Above St. Rose's homes;
 And far away are seen
 Their forms of glancing sheen,
 Where rise scholastic domes.

When wandering clouds go by,
 Shading the earth and sky,
 Those steeples dimmer grow;
 But when, without a frown,
 The sun beams brightly down,
 They as in gladness glow!

Like sentinels of Faith
 Erect they rise—beneath
 Them the soil of Terrebonne:
 And eyes from St. Therese*
 Gaze with a look of peace
 Those steeples grand upon.

* Villages of Canada, northward from Montreal.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The complete success of the American Pilgrimage must afford gratification to the whole Catholic world. From the moment of its inception to the accomplishment of its mission, the dignity and importance of such an undertaking has been well sustained, and nothing has been done to lessen the force of its influence and significance. Ridiculed as an attempt to introduce European superstition into this country, and for the most part flippantly treated by our newspapers, the Pilgrimage, from a popular stand-point, started out inauspiciously. But its projectors were imbued with the right spirit; and their earnest and consistent demeanor won the respect of many who, at first, were disposed to scoff at their enterprise as quixotical. From the testimony of observers who carefully followed their movements, anxious to detect any flaw that might cast discredit upon their mission, the conduct of the Pilgrims, throughout their entire journey, was eminently edifying and impressive. This may seem praise of an equivocal kind; but when we consider the cold, business-like bearing of the American people, the apprehension might not appear altogether unreasonable that, in the progress of such a public and exceptional demonstration of religious faith, some features might be left exposed to the strictures of unfriendly critics. Those who were prepared, however, to hold up to ridicule the incongruities of the Pilgrimage were disappointed. In all the essential qualities it embodied the simple piety and holy purposes that make up the character of a Pilgrimage, and proved to the world that, in these days of materialism and in this progressive country, there are men not ashamed to openly testify to the faith that is in them. The Pilgrims were not a large body, but an influential and representative one. Leading European journals have been forced to acknowledge the importance of this demonstration of the loyalty of American Catholics to the Church; and, in fine, the Pilgrimage proved a grand success, and will encourage the formation of others upon a more extensive scale.

Many favorable results may be expected from this first Pilgrimage. Its members returning among us will form centres around which should concentrate an awakened interest in the cause of the Church. They have visited the scenes where God has been pleased to work miracles, they have knelt at the feet of Pius, and even received our Lord from his hands, and they have been in contact with some of the noblest and best Catholics in Europe. Surely men so favored should come back to us with strengthened souls, and with power to exert an influence for good around them. They bring with them the memories of an enterprise of devotion and faith such as no American Catholic ever shared in before; and it would be strange indeed if these memories should bear no fruit in their own lives and the lives of those near and dear to them. Truly, we may hope that these Pilgrims will now become apostles and missionaries in their own proper spheres, and that, impressed with the wonders they have seen, a new inspiration will show itself through their every deed and word. Moreover, we may reasonably expect that the successful issue of the Pilgrimage will help to develop a little more self-assertion in the Catholics of America as a distinctive body. We are inclined to conform too closely to the habits and observances of those outside the Church, and the

explanation and defence of our principles has been conducted, hitherto, in a manner neither so public nor explicit as it might be. • However, every day finds us more closely uniting together, and we are gradually awakening to the fact that we are surrounded by a hostile world and cannot afford to sleep our lives away. When our Catholic Unions get fairly to work, and the first Pilgrimage is followed by other and larger ones, we may look for more activity and boldness in our ranks—when, for instance, we shall not so timidly approach the Public School question, and perhaps even be brave enough to shut up our shops on Church holydays.

A little impatience at our own sleepiness and a little envy at their wakefulness may, perhaps, be excusable when we read of the doings of our Catholic brethren in England. There the movement for the propagation and preservation of the faith has all the spirit and earnestness of missionary effort. It penetrates into the highest circles of the land and reaches the lowest. Now we have Archbishop Manning, who is the head and front of the grand army that is re-Catholicizing England, demolishing an infidel in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*—here presiding over an enthusiastic Catholic mass meeting; and again we find him organizing into Temperance Societies thousands of the people. He has infused his indomitable spirit into the clergy; but what is especially notable, by organization and by individual effort the laity second his labors, cheerfully and effectively. His most efficient co-workers are to be found among Catholics of the highest social position and culture. Our bishops and priests are straining every nerve to advance the cause of the Church in this country, but only recently and to a limited extent have they had the active coöperation of the laity. There are numbers of Catholic laymen, of education and means, who still hold aloof from the attempts that are being made to organize Catholics into a compact and powerful body. These people must come forward. Their services are needed,

and they cannot longer shirk the voice of conscience, calling them to do their duty by the Church in whose faith all their hopes are centred.

A writer in *The Spectator*, with that keenness and insight peculiar to Englishmen, asserts that Grant was reëlected President despite the suspicion entertained among the American people that he is a Catholic. We fancy that many a poetaster has found consolation in the fact that Homer himself sometimes nods, for a somewhat similar feeling possesses our souls when we catch one of these omnipotent British journals napping. The comparison, perhaps, is not complimentary to ourselves, but in such a connection humility is fitting. No one may venture to approach the oracles of English thought, without a due sense of the respect and reverence to be paid to their utterances. Their contemptuous disdain of all other standards than their own, the complacency with which they dispose of everything that concerns mankind in politics, literature, science and art, are calculated to impress the ordinary mind with a deep consciousness of obligation. But once in a while these incarnations of critical acumen solemnly stumble over a mare's nest, and the world is puzzled by a strange revelation which, under other conditions, it would set down as the result of inexcusable ignorance and presumption. The editor of one of our most insignificant village papers would not be guilty of such errors of fact and misconceptions of public sentiment, in regard to England or any other country, as are too frequently perpetrated by leading English writers when they devote their attention to our affairs. Such errors do not bear out the pretensions of these writers, and must cast suspicion upon their reputation for reliability and thoroughness. We admire, and are often amused at the supremely elegant manner in which the dainty essayists of the English press wave out of existence everything that does not approach their standards of taste and refinement, but we are sometimes at a loss to know how much of all this is actual culture and knowledge, and how much mere Podsnappery.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

There are many flourishing Catholic literary societies in Philadelphia, and their next fall and winter "campaign" promises to be a brilliant one.

J. Edmund Burke, founder and late editor of the *Buffalo Catholic Union*, is now on the staff of the *Catholic Review*.

St. John's College, Fordham, is about to make a new departure. We are glad to hear of it. It ranks highly among the institutions of learning that the education and culture of the rising Catholic generation must depend upon.

The Young Men's Library Association of Brooklyn are to have a building of their own—to be known as the Hall of the Assumption. The corner-stone was laid July 19th. Cost of the edifice—\$35,000.

Father Burke is to visit the United States this fall on business relating to his order.

An effort is being made in St. Louis to commence the publication of an English Catholic daily.

The Young Catholics' Friend Society, of Washington, pays for the education of 464 boys in the Catholic schools of that city.

According to the *Catholic World* there are at least 350,000 girls in schools presided over by nuns of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and that at least 60,000 of these are poor children, educated free of expense.

Archbishop Bayley, before his translation from the diocese of Newark, purchased a tract of 250 acres at Secaucus, with the view of establishing there a Catholic Protectory and cemetery. The soil was found, however, to be most unsuited for the latter purpose. The property was accordingly set up at auction two weeks ago. Bishop Corrigan has just purchased a tract of 200 acres, at Denville, located in the most delightful part of the State, and within half a mile of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad station. A large and commodious brick building stands on the grounds, and this will be enlarged to suit the purposes of a Protectory. Work will be commenced on the 1st of August.

The number of Irish ecclesiastics distinguished by his Holiness the Pope for advancement in dignity is very remarkable. The following appeared in the list published at the recent Consistory: Church of Melbourne (Australia), erected into a Metropolitan See: Mgr. James A. Goold, Archbishop of that See. Archiepiscopal Church of Damietta (*in partibus*): Rev. P. Lyons, Dominican, Delegate Apostolic of Mesopotamia, of Kurdistan, and of Armenia Minor. Cathedral Church of Hamilton: Rev. Peter Crinnon, V. G., London. Cathedral Church of Wellington, New Zealand; Rev. Father Redwood, Marist. Church of Ballarat (Australia) elevated to the rank of cathedral: Rev. Michael O'Connor of the diocese of Dublin. Church of Sandhurst (Australia), elevated to the rank of cathedral: Rev. William Fortune, rector of the College of All Hallows, Dublin. Episcopal Church of Alabenda (*in partibus*): Rev. William O'Carroll, Dominican, Coadjutor of Mgr. Gonin, Archbishop of Port of Spain.

The indefatigable Father Nugent, of Liverpool, inspired by the success of his Total Abstinence League, has secured land and started a company with a capital of £10,000, to found a hall accommodating 4,000 persons, for the general use of the 150,000 Catholics of that city.

Father Morris, a Catholic priest of London, has recently made an important contribution to the literature of the Mary Queen of Scots controversy. It is the letter-book of Sir Amias Paulet, who was the Queen's keeper. It is said to be undoubtedly genuine, and to go far towards proving that Mary never conspired at Fotheringhay against Queen Elizabeth.

The *Revue Franciscaine* publishes some interesting statistics relative to the order, in which it is stated that the Order of St. Francis numbers more than forty thousand male religious and thirty thousand female religious, and that the number of Tertiary Brothers and Sisters affiliated and being in the world is about three millions. This order counts six thousand martyrs in the past and ten thousand doctors or writers. It has furnished to the Church more than three thousand Bishops, and there are eighty-nine of these living at the present time, mostly as missionaries. The Franciscans have in China seven Vicariates Apostolic, each of them numbering from ten to twenty thousand Catholics. In Africa, they have three Apostolic Prefectures, and in all the States of America they hold colleges, parishes, and missions.

The Prussian Government is dealing remorselessly with the unfortunate Catholic people of Alsace. Their colleges and schools are closed, the "Sisters" and "Brothers" forbidden to teach the children, and, in the words of a correspondent, "Catholic Alsace will soon be only a great ruin. Everything belonging to the Catholic Church will be pulled down, shattered, and totally destroyed."

The last move of the Austrian Liberals is the proposition of a law that will forbid the collection of Peter's Pence, and inflict a fine upon all who may dare contribute to it.

His Holiness has written a letter to Canon Shorderet, congratulating him on the success of his endeavors to aid the impoverished Catholic press of Switzerland. Canon Shorderet, seeing the trials of the Catholic editors and writers of Switzerland, and their many difficulties in obtaining funds wherewith to continue their labors in the cause of Christianity and the interests of the Holy See, established a society for the purpose of relieving their difficulties, which he placed under the invocation of St. Francis de Sales. In 1870 the venerable canon published the first number of the *Revue Catholique de la Suisse*; and in 1872 he established and set on foot, out of the funds of the above-mentioned society, that very excellent Catholic newspaper, *La Liberté*, of Fribourg. He has also published a number of religious and political tracts, which are distributed gratuitously, not only in Switzerland, but even in France and Italy. So indefatigable a laborer undoubtedly deserves the honor and the reward of an autograph letter from the visible Head of the Church.

A very scandalous affair took place recently at Palencia, a little city of Spain. Some Freethinkers broke into the church and profaned the altar in a most shameful manner. The superb missals belonging to the choir, which were among the finest in Spain, were entirely destroyed. But just as these wretches were about to profane the Blessed Sacrament, the troops arrived and dispersed them.

A branch of the Catholic Union has been established at Hong Kong.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Scheiner, a Jesuit, made observations on the spots on the sun's disk long before Galileo. He was also the first to prove that the retina is the organ of sight.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin offers a prize of \$200, payable in July, 1876, for the best essay recording experiments as to whether changes in the hardness and friability of steel are due to chemical or physical causes, or to both. Papers in German, Latin, English, or French, are to be sent in before March, 1876.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Monsieur Viaol read the report of his experimental method for determining the heat of the sun. According to his theory, the heat emitted by the sun on the 4th of March was the same as would have been supplied by a metallic disk of the same diameter raised to a temperature of 2,192, Fahr.

It is stated in the *Fédération Artistique* that a Venetian founder, named Giordani, has discovered a new process of casting, by the operation of which, and at a single flow of the liquid metal, not only large statues, but groups of most elaborate complexity, can at once be produced, and with so fine a finish that no supplemental chiselling is required. He has exemplified this in a statue of Leda, with perfect success.

A new air-machine has lately been put in operation in the House of Commons, London. By means of this apparatus a constant supply of air, cooled to any required degree even in the warmest weather, can be sup-

plied at the rate of from 60,000 to 90,000 gallons per minute. The House contains about 900,000 gallons of air, so that, when the apparatus is working at its maximum, it is possible to renew the air without sensible draft every six minutes.

Wooden shoes are highly recommended by some of the scientific societies, and in some instances by the Governments of Europe, it having been ascertained that not a few diseases resulting in impaired constitutions, and even in the loss of life, have resulted from the practice of wearing leather shoes in wet weather. An experienced workman from France was a short time since called to Germany to superintend the manufacture of wooden shoes on an extensive scale in the latter country. These are represented as being light and easy to wear, and are provided with a small cushion within the upper side, to obviate any pressure on that part of the foot; they are also said to be of neat and pleasing appearance, blackened or varnished, are made large enough to accommodate comfortable stockings, and are furnished with leather straps.

When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever a warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates fitting over each other, each plate covered like a tortoise-shell; and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the back of a porcupine or hedgehog. There the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent ears, piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood; six long jointed legs, four of which are folded on

the breast ready at any moment to be thrown out with immense force for that jump which bothers one when we wish to catch him; and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling tight to whatever he lights upon. A flea can leap a hundred times its own length, which is the same as if a man jumped to the height of 700 feet; and can draw a load 200 times its own weight.

The German Admiralty has decided to adopt a new kind of torpedo, which can be moved about while under water from the shore. The weapon consists of a long hollow cylinder, containing, besides the explosive charge, a sufficient quantity of air to enable it to float. It is moved by means of electric currents passed through wires which connect it with the land, and by an air-propelling apparatus also fixed on the shore. The speed of this torpedo can be raised so as to exceed that of the swiftest ships. A detonating apparatus is attached to it in front which explodes on contact with any solid body. A number of torpedo boats are also to be built for the purpose of pursuing hostile ships and attacking them unobserved. These boats will be propelled by a screw moved by hydraulic power, and will be steered under water by means of a compass. They are to be capable of performing a four days' journey at sea.

Improvements in missile weapons have, partly, by keeping the combatants wider apart, tended materially to reduce the cost of victories in their most costly element—human life and suffering. The French War Office has worked out the statistics of this question, and the following are some of the results: At the battle of Friedland, the French lost fourteen per cent, and the Russians thirty per cent of their troops; and at Wagram, the French lost thirteen per cent, and the Austrians fourteen per cent. At Moscow, the French lost thirty per cent, and the Russians forty-four per cent. Again, at Waterloo, the French lost thirty-six per cent, and the Allies thirty per cent, of their forces engaged. Forty years later, when the new weapons were employed, the loss of the French at Magenta was seven per

cent, that of the Austrians the same. At Solferino, the French and Sardinians suffered a loss of ten per cent, and the Austrians of only eight per cent.

The transit of Venus, which will take place December 8, 1874, is an event which is looked for with great interest by astronomers. This phenomenon is rare. Within two hundred and thirty-three years there have been but two—namely, in 1639, and on June 3, 1769, which was observed by a committee of the American Philosophical Society.

When the strength or nerve power is already worn out or used up, the digestion of food only makes a fresh demand upon it; and if it be unable to meet the demand, the food is only a burden upon it, producing mischief. Our bodies have been compared to steam engines, the food being the fuel, and the steam produced being the nerve power. The analogy holds good to a certain extent. If, when the steam is low, because the fire is low, you pitch in too fast a quantity of coal, you put out your fire; and if you have depended upon steam power to fan your fires, that is also extinguished. Beyond this, the comparison fails. You may clean out your furnaces and begin again, but in the body the consequences of this overloading are dangerous and sometimes fatal. No cause of cholera is more common than eating freely when exhausted. The rule should be, to rest for a time and take some simple refreshment, a cup or a part of a cup of tea, a little broth or even a piece of bread; anything simple and in small amount, just to stimulate the stomach slightly and begin to restore its power. After rest, a moderate quantity will be refreshing. Never eat a full meal when you are exhausted. Take first a small quantity of anything simple which may be handy, and rest. Then, after a time, proper food will be a blessing, not a burden. The fires will burn, the steam will be up, and you can go on your way safely. It is not amiss, in this connection, to say that children would avoid many a feverish night and many an attack of disease, if mothers would follow this rule.



DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

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THE VENERABLE DE LA SALLE.*

About two hundred and twenty-five years ago, there was born in the city of Reims, France, a child destined to shape out for himself such a life-work as should make his name ever memorable in the annals of mankind. His parents came of an illustrious ancestry, and could trace their origin centuries back in the history of France to deeds of loyalty and heroism; but, more than all these claims of high descent, the true Christian refinement and nobility of the family of De La Salle obtained for them the general respect. Their son, Jean Baptiste, as he grew in years, unfolded the beauty and sweetness of a character which proclaimed him as one favored among the children of men. As a student in the college of his native city, he entered upon the quest after knowledge, with a zeal and natural ability attracting as great a measure of esteem and admiration from his professors and comrades, as his modesty and innocence had won of their love and confidence. A most

brilliant future seemed in store for the young student, and his parents witnessed with joy the promise of the realization of their fondest hopes. But his was one of those rare souls so early breathing the fragrant incense of heavenly aspiration, so soon invested with the dignity of a mission far above the petty plans and schemes of humanity. It is the proud prerogative of the Catholic Church, that around the very threshold of life she has thrown the influence and protection of her sanctity; and, called by her voice, children have gone out into the world with purposes of wisdom and holiness animating their tender bosoms, ready even to die in her sacred cause. A spark of this inspiration entered the heart of the young De La Salle; and while his father and mother were cherishing projects for his success and advancement in the world, he had already chosen for himself the noblest lot, and had resolved to devote his being to that highest of all callings,—the priesthood. We may imagine the disappointment of his parents as they

* From an address delivered before the De La Salle Catholic Association.

heard this determination; for, with all their Christian virtue and piety, they could not resign without regret the ambitious future they had built up for their son. Happy disappointment! Happy father and mother! How many parents, less fortunate than they, have shed tears of blood over the ruin of hopes shattered by the foulest ingratitude, the blackest of crimes. Well for the father and mother of De La Salle it was God stood between them and their ambition. Their son was to prove worthier of them even than they anticipated—their love, their affection was to be returned a thousand-fold.

Recognizing the designs of a higher will than theirs, they offered no opposition to the wishes obediently expressed by the young De La Salle, and on the 28th of Dec., 1667, he was invested with the tonsure—the first step in the vocation he had chosen. While yet but eighteen years of age he was appointed to a canonry in the city of Reims, and fulfilled the duties and responsibilities of this dignity with notable zeal and modesty.

It is a picture we may well carry in our minds in these days of cheerless youth and premature age,—this young man ardently preparing, with all the vigor and earnestness of his budding manhood, for the career of a soldier of the Cross, his mind filled with the love of the Fathers, his soul pouring forth in prayer, and his voice reëchoing through the old cathedral the praises of his God.

Let the poets sing of youth with all its daring fancies and wild impulses, its glowing thoughts and high ambition—theirs is but a human theme, and the world only their applauding hearers.

But blessed above all sons of men is he, whose heart, infused with celestial fire, consecrates all the warmth and the beauty of his young life upon the altar of religion and truth. Angels sing his praise, and ever before him the heavens blazon forth the cross of promise and of victory!

To complete his theological course, De La Salle was sent to Paris; and there resisting all the allurements and distractions tempting even those preparing for the ecclesiastical state, he retired to the seminary of St. Sulpice, where he not only stored his mind with knowledge, but studied out that perfection which may be called the science of the saints. Here, surrounded by those who could not help loving him, he manifested that sincere spirit of humility, which was so prominent a feature in his character. In the midst of his studies the sorrowful tidings came to him of his mother's death, soon followed by that of his father; and as the guardian of his brothers and sisters, he was compelled to return to Reims.

Under the direction of De La Salle his household assumed the order and quietude of a religious community; and secure in the confidence of his love and esteem, his family enjoyed all the sweet security of true happiness and peace. Deeply conscious of the responsibilities imposed upon the priesthood, it was many years before the sense of his own unworthiness allowed him to assume its sacred functions; and not until he had attained the age of twenty-eight, was De La Salle ordained.

He could not long conceal from the world the gifts heaven had endowed him with. Attracted by his fervor and devotion, many sought his advice,

and entreated him to act as their spiritual adviser.

Aided by the neighboring priests, who had come to recognize him as their leader, he instituted missions among the people, numbers of whom had fallen away from the practice of their religion; and the most glorious results crowned his endeavors. Less by his eloquence than by the sterling virtue of his character and the saintliness of his demeanor, did this servant of God conquer even the most hardened souls; and to those he had rescued from their degradation he was ever after an apostle and model.

A community of Sisters established for the education of poor girls claimed his attention, and he at once enlisted his energies in this cause dear to his heart. The authorities of Reims, fearful that the project might one day need the aid of the city, contemplated its suppression; for those were times of royal extravagance and arrogant aristocracies, when the poor and the unfortunate had few friends outside the pastors of the Church. The Abbé De La Salle defended the good work of the Sisters with all the wisdom and earnestness at his command, and succeeded in preserving them from the threatened interference. Not content with this enterprise, he set about extending the benefits of popular education, and warmly welcomed to his city several pious laymen who intended opening schools for the sons of poor parents.

The vital importance of rescuing these children from the ignorance and semi-barbarism to which they were resigned, now became a firm conviction in the mind of De La Salle, and occupied all his thoughts and prayers.

How far he must have looked into the future; what visions passed through his mind of the part these sadly neglected children might play in the history of France, we do not know. But deeds following deeds, action never tiring, never ceasing before the most disheartening obstacles, form the story of his life, and tell with what heaven-lent strength he engaged in the task of training youth, of raising for his country a generation of enlightened Christian men.

Many defects were visible in the male schools which had now been undertaken. The teachers lacked earnestness in their efforts—the want of organized, systematic labor was clearly apparent. But De La Salle was proof against discouragement. He infused his own enthusiasm into those who had engaged in the work, impressed them with the dignity of their mission as educators, and led them to consecrate their actions to the service of God. Not satisfied with these endeavors, he more closely allied himself with the little band, collected them under his own roof, and made them members of his household. Thus was commenced a movement that was to elevate the profession of the teacher, and make him an instructor in virtue and in knowledge. To combine religion with learning, to make men enlightened citizens of this world only that they might deserve the citizenship of a greater world to come,—this was the mission of De La Salle; and to it he gave all the intensity and inspiration of his life.

The turning of his house into a community of teachers roused the indignation of his relatives and worldly

friends. They expressed their pity that his brothers and sisters should suffer from what they deemed mere fanaticism, and even the members of his chapter considered it an infraction upon the dignity of his canonship that De La Salle should condescend to be a leader of schoolmasters. That sacrifice of self they were unable to practise, they must needs condemn. To the selfish and the small-souled the vigor and enthusiasm of noble motives is something that not only fails their appreciation, but as a silent reproach to their slothfulness provokes their hostility. Even the people of Reims, misled by falsehood, looked with suspicion upon the aims of their benefactor, and more than once cast insults and reproaches upon him and his associates.

The followers of De La Salle were disheartened by these obstacles. He was their sole support, and, should death take him away, their undertaking would come to an untimely end. But, as the difficulties thickened around him, De La Salle grew more courageous; and at last, after much prayer and anxious communings with his own soul, he decided to sever every connection dear to him, and devote the remainder of his existence to the cause of education. He gave up his canonry, and, though solicited to resign in favor of his brother, he chose a poor, unknown priest, whose zeal had awakened his admiration. A famine desolated one of the provinces of France, and he availed himself of the opportunity to distribute his entire fortune among the poor. Inspired by such examples as these, his disciples caught the spirit of their leader; and no longer fearing the misery and privation of their lot, they

begged him to allow them to vow perpetual allegiance to the mission of Christian education. He did not grant this request, but on Trinity Sunday, 1684, De La Salle with twelve of his companions solemnly bound themselves together for three years: and thus before the altar of God was commenced the institution of the Christian Brothers.

History has carefully traced the beginnings of movements which have done little for the human race of real, lasting good; but only in the eternal record of the universe, on the awful day of judgment, shall the world know how puny its highest lauded achievements stand beside such monuments of heaven-inspired wisdom as the system of Christian education founded by so true a lover of God and man as the Venerable De La Salle.

The numbers of the Brothers rapidly increased, their schools soon spread throughout the country, and at the request of many priests seminaries were established where young men were trained in the science of educating youth. Thus France has not only to honor De La Salle as the founder of primary teaching and the simultaneous instruction of the young in learning and religion, but also for the foundation of normal schools.

But while the life of this holy man was one series of blessings to his fellow-men, he was repaid with the cruellest indignities, the basest ingratitude. His motives were misrepresented, his integrity assailed, and every obstacle that bitter opposition could suggest was placed in his path. His ecclesiastical superiors, influenced by his enemies, did not hesitate to condemn him, and even while in the very pos-

session of the system he had founded, the hostility of the people compelled him to find refuge in retirement and security. But deeply as these trials must have afflicted his heart, his reliance was ever placed in the decision of a higher court than the world; and through every new persecution shone forth the humility and the courage of a saint. It is too sad a history to follow this noble benefactor of our race through every stage of his career; but let us not forget what a great hope animated his heart, what a strong confidence in the God above sustained his soul.

It was only after long years of unceasing labor and when De La Salle had been called to his reward, that the world awoke to some knowledge of the treasure it had lost. On Good-Friday, 1719, at the age of sixty-eight, Jean Baptiste De La Salle departed this life amid the

fast-falling tears of the Brothers; and as the event became known abroad, even those who had opposed him while living, cried out, "The saint is dead." Multitudes flocked around to catch a glimpse of his features, and to obtain some precious relic. As years passed on his memory remained fresh in the minds of men, and more and more there is growing upon them the conviction of his sanctity. Heaven itself seemed to make known to the world the supernatural beauty of his life; pious souls felt themselves impelled to seek his intercession in their behalf, and even miracles attested the favor shown by God to his faithful servant. The Church commenced the scrutiny of his life, and as the first step towards enrolling him upon the imperishable records of her true heroes, proclaimed him "Venerable" in virtue and in wisdom.

ALFRED YOUNG.

Speakers, whose highest aim is to excite enthusiasm by strong appeals to the imagination only, have the taste of a savage, who judges of the merit of a picture by the prevalence of glaring colors, especially of red, the emblem of enthusiasm. Those, again, who do not address themselves to our feelings, produce a mere drawing, not a colored, lifelike painting. Finally, those who pay no attention to the order and disposition of their matter, lose all the effect of light and shade, and expend their strength upon points of minor importance.

The state of a soul, fully and freely yielding to sin, may be justly likened to a thunder-storm. The gathering masses of clouds symbolize the power of increasing temptation; the hurricane which precedes the tempest marks the confusion that reigns in the mind—the vivid lightnings, which, for a moment, illumine the scene of horror, typify the sinful charm that seeks to allure the heart. The last fatal stroke represents the consent of the will, followed by the momentary flash of guilty satisfaction, and the thunder of a reproaching conscience.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A goodwife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed;
There were meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school; and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A lot of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what goodwives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said; and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek,—"'twas this: that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
The pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea,
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think!" the children all cried in a breath—
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the goodwife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed."

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

The earth's distance from the sun is one of the great fundamental data on which all astronomical calculations are based. With it as a known quantity, the distances of all the other planets, from the sun and from each other, the lengths of their orbits, the velocity, density, and bulk of each, may be easily calculated. To determine it accurately is, therefore, of the highest importance.

All attempts to do so, previous to the year 1761, were little more than the merest guesses. Copernicus and Tycho Brahe accepted the estimate of Ptolemy, who supposed it to be less than five millions of miles. Kepler stopped at fourteen millions: Halley reached sixty-six millions. In 1663, a mathematician named Gregory suggested the method of finding the solar parallax by observing the transit of Venus. The last transit, observed by Horrox, who has the honor of having made the first regular observation of this phenomenon, had occurred about twenty-four years before, so that there was no opportunity for trying Gregory's suggestion until 1761 when the next transit took place. Another followed eight years after, and was availed of by many countries in the same manner, with the precautions and improved means which experience had shown to be requisite. The knowl-

edge of the solar parallax thus obtained, however inaccurate it may be, enables us to prove, by a simple proportion, that the earth's distance must, at any rate, be much greater than had been imagined. The transit predicted for December, this year, is the next. There will be one also in 1882; after which we shall have no other chance for correcting or corroborating our information on this very important matter, before the year 2,004.

These occasions need all the skill and foresight generally bestowed upon them. Observations are conducted in three ways:—The first, or direct method, requires the position of Venus on the sun's disc to be noted simultaneously, or very nearly so, from two different places on the earth's surface. The second is the Halleyan method, and requires the time which the entire transit occupies, as observed from two places. The third called the Delisle method, is satisfied with marking the exact moment of absolute time at which the transit seems to begin or end for two separate places. The three have but one object. It is to determine the angular distance of the planet's displacement as projected on the sun's disc, for a given distance on the earth, whence the solar horizontal parallax may be deduced. In the direct method, simul-

taneous observation is practically impossible; and then, in order to approximate to anything like accuracy, the difference of time between the two observers must be calculated to the second. The Halleyan and Delisle methods avoid this difficulty, but are exposed to more chances of total failure. Any stage of the transit will do for the direct, whereas either the beginning or ending must be visible for the Delisle, and both for the Halleyan,—requirements which there is no assurance the clerk of the weather intends to supply. It is but prudent, therefore, to be ready to apply the three methods. For this purpose, Halleyan stations, or places where the entire of the planet's passage across the face of the sun will be visible, weather permitting, become necessary. Now, to find stations where it should be visible at all is a matter of the nicest calculation. Even Kepler was not infallible in this particular; for the transit of 1631, which he had foretold, came off while he and the hemisphere to which he belonged were locked in the arms of Morpheus. Of course, such an accident is not even probable now-a-days; but the most expert astronomers are pretty actively exercised to select Halleyan stations, separated sufficiently in a fixed direction to yield a good working parallax difference.

Again, the vagaries of the weather must be closely studied. It would not do to send an expedition to a place where the rainy season may be in full swing at the supreme moment. This circumstance would prove more than a match for a thousand methods, as long as observation in a balloon is not thought of. The company of

“melancholy oceans” is to be strictly shunned, while the habits of the winds must be subjected to the severest scrutiny. After this, care must be taken that the observing parties be numerous enough to make sure of an observation at any rate.

Then come the observations themselves. The instruments cannot be too perfect—perfect in structure and in action—as the slightest defect in either quality may be the source of great and irreparable error. However, all must finally depend upon the persons comprising the party. They must be experienced, well-drilled, cool of temperament, and firm of nerve. Excessive consciousness of the importance of the duty intrusted to them, is apt to incapacitate many when the time comes for its performance. Instances are related of observers who were seized with an uncontrollable fit of trembling just at the moment of action. To mark the precise instant at which Venus can be said to have begun or finished her journey, is a work of the greatest delicacy, demanding physical and mental qualities of no ordinary kind in those who undertake it.

A faint idea of the nature of astronomers' troubles on such occasions may be conceived from these few examples: it would be vain to attempt to enumerate them, for their name is legion.

Though little is known of the plans of the various expeditions now on the way to view the approaching transit, still there is abundant reason to be satisfied that everything has been done, which science and intellect could do, to render them successful. Fifty-three stations are to be occupied for certain. Russia has equipped parties for twenty-

six stations, of which eleven are Halleyan. France and Germany take five Halleyan stations each. England occupies nine stations, seven being Halleyan and two Delislean; and America has sent parties to eight stations, all Halleyan. England's two Delislean stations are the Sandwich Islands and Alexandria, from the former of which the commencement, and, from the latter, the conclusion, will alone be visible. While it is most desirable that those stations should be taken by some one—and England is entitled to credit for doing so—yet one party is enough to risk in them; and France and America were justified in declining Sir George Airy's invitation to share them with her. Three of America's stations will be in the northern hemisphere, and five in the southern. For the northern, Vladivostok in Siberia, and Tien-tsin in China, have been spoken of as likely places. The Swatara sailed with the southern parties early in June, with orders to leave one each in the Crozet and Kerguelen islands; one at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land; one at Bluff Harbor, New Zealand; and, lastly, one on Chatham Island where it is to remain until it starts on the return voyage to collect what may be left of its scattered freight. Here, it is admitted, America undertakes the most difficult part of the enterprise, generously sustaining it, however, with a grant, double the amount which the English government thought proper to donate. Photography will be used by all in the three methods. American parties, for the purpose of avoiding errors which irradiation is supposed to cause in the ordinary instrument for astronomical photographing, are furnished with a

photo-telescope, with five inch. object glass, and forty feet focal length, together with an ingenious piece of mechanism in connection with a mirror, by which every phase of the transit will be flung into the telescope, thus dispensing with the necessity of moving it, once it is mounted. One of the English parties, conducted at the expense and under the personal supervision of a peer, has adopted the same plan, convinced of its utility by a series of experiments undertaken for the special intention of testing it.

What is to be the fate of any one of the parties, none can say. Months must elapse, even after it is decided, before many can be heard from. But though it would be unreasonable to expect success for all, yet it is not over-sanguine to hope that a sufficient number shall be so fortunate as to enable us to add greatly to our knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

Dry wood, when cast into the stove, instantly bursts into a flame. But, before becoming useful as fuel, it must have lain for a long time exposed to the sun. The economy of grace is closely allied to nature. Before making use of his servants for the salvation of mankind, God often allows them, apparently, to lie idle in some obscure corner. Meanwhile, however, the rays of the Eternal Sun of Grace are falling upon them for their glorious mission. And when, in its own good time, Divine Wisdom calls them from this retreat, their zeal suddenly takes fire, diffusing light and heat on all around.

ABOUT DOGS, SOCIALLY.

There is an opulence in that broad, bountiful word *household*, which the human race cannot wholly appropriate. The true household spreads its generous skirts not only over father, mother, and children, but also over various animals, that, having laid aside their native shyness, have attached themselves to the family, and been adopted into it. These creatures, at once the pets and minions of all, add a new and piquant flavor to domestic life. They impart to it a variety, humor, and vivacity that would be sadly missed were it limited to the dominant race only.

When the Egyptians sculptured their God Anubis,—the ever-watching, guarding sentry of the supernals,—they gave him the head of a dog and the body of a man. The fancy was not without a true significance, for that animal seems to stand on the threshold between the human and the brute intelligence, and to appropriate the qualities of both.

A startling exhibit might be made of the *economic* uses of the dog,—as the midnight sentinel of our houses, shops, and flocks, thus dismissing to sleep a great company of watchmen; and as the destroyer of that fearful horde of banditti, which, without them, would consume the grain and leave the

bread-pans of the people empty. We have read a statement that a simple London terrier—a small, doughty creature named, or misnamed, Tiny—destroyed in three years an army of rats, which, left unmolested to natural increase during that time, would have made a census of sixteen hundred millions. We do not propose, however, to discourse of the dog economically, but socially and discursively; and if thou, O reader! be a moody, crabbed, or “sour-complected” person, we conscientiously forewarn thee to pass on, for thou wilt find nothing in this chapter of *wecht*, as Chalmers would say, to any but the lovers of animal nature.

“I think,” says Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who of all prose-writers has written with the most hearty and delightful appreciation of dogs,—“I think every family should have a dog. It is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house; it keeps then all young; and then, he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so

meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

Naturalists may give as many reasons as they please, osteological and otherwise, for believing that the dog is only a domesticated and educated wolf.

But, without caring to look too nicely into the pedigree of our modern dog, and assuming his high lineage from "the eternal fitness of things," we will admit that he has some rather underbred relatives. The fox, wolf, and jackal are his first cousins. Yet, so far from consorting with them, he fights them tooth and claw, bent, apparently, on scratching their dishonored names from the family escutcheon.

The fox is the very Metternich of animals. There is fraud, cunning, and statecraft in every twinkle of his keen eyes, diplomacy in the slightest tremor of his sensitive ears, attention and suspicion in every poise of his finely organized head.

The fox and the wolf, between them, seemed to have appropriated all the ferocity, craft, and obliquity of character belonging to the canine family, leaving probity, faith, generosity, and such like uncommercial traits, to the Chevalier Bayard of the race.

Domestication enervates most animals. Removed the necessity of foraging for daily rations, and "their occupation's gone." Having once consented to a parasitic life, they lose much of the nerve and activity of the wild state.

The cat in its untamed condition is a creature of great courage and prowess, and displays many traits of the *chat sauvage*, or catamount; but, after a few generations of boudoir existence,

she becomes a silken sybarite, a very Cream Cheese of petted selfishness and sleepy inanition.

But, with our dog, the case is different. His mind being easy on the bone-and-trencher question, he is both able and willing to improve his education, and fit himself for the high companionship to which he has been admitted. His quickness of apprehension, docility, and sympathy adapt him beyond all animals for training purposes. It is astonishing how much intelligence the higher breeds, like the spaniel, setter, and terrier, are capable of attaining under proper schooling. How quickly they interpret every gesture and every expression of the master's face! Look at the eye when you talk to them, and see it fill and glow! You will be startled to find that they understand not only set phrases directly addressed to them, but much of the family conversation. In proof of this, Menoult relates that a lady once tested a favorite spaniel by pretending to negotiate for his sale, speaking in her ordinary tones, and abstaining from any word that should arouse his attention. He immediately became agitated and began to whine, roll at her feet, and to beseech her not to sell him, with true dog-eloquence.

The attachment of this animal to his master has passed into a proverb, and is attested by thousands of pathetic and tear-compelling anecdotes. That master may be a poor forsaken outcast, without a single hold on human sympathy; he may have but a scanty crust to divide; but when was his faithful follower known to desert him for happier fortunes? Though he meet the sleek, pampered pets of more prosper-

ous homes every day on the street, when was gaunt, famished Fido ever seen forsaking old Robin the Penniless?

In him he lives and moves and has his being. His smile is his heaven, his frown abases him to the lowest depths. Unlike all other animals, the displeasure alone of his liege, without fear of punishment, will cause him to slink to his kennel with abject head, eyes askance, and tail drooped; while a caress, an appreciative word, will instantly bring him to his feet with radiant face, pennon at full mast, and his whole body wriggling in a convulsive tremor of joy. His master is his conscience and standard of right; every thing belonging to him is sacred, and to be watched over as the Roman guarded his eagles.

This fidelity to a trust is so characteristic a trait that it would seem, in these days, as though clerks, cashiers, public and private servants, had made the virtue over to their canine friends, to have and to hold forever.

We lately heard a fresh anecdote on this point, not in the books. A pioneer settler in Western New York went into the woods to cut timber. Needing another axe, he told his dog to go back to the house, some two or three miles distant, and bring one. The little fellow started with alacrity, but returned, after a long absence, quite dejected and without the axe. The master upbraided him sternly, and bade him go again. After another still longer absence he returned, this time joyfully, and bringing the axe-haft in his mouth. He had found it so firmly bedded in a stump, as afterwards appeared, that he could not wrench it out, and so *gnawed off the handle*.

"Oh, that those lips had language!"

Another magnificent dog, whom we personally knew, we have long wanted to chronicle, for he was one of the magnates of our childhood. Napoleon Bonaparte was his imperial name, and he deserved it well. Leave him in charge of a gate, and neither man, beast, nor goblin could pass through. Send him to fetch the cows, and he went about it much as a Comanche starts on the war-path. Never did slow-stepping beast stop to crop the last mouthful of juicy timothy or nectarous clover, when Bonny's imperative summons was heard. Finally, so great a fear of him fell on all the herd, that it was only necessary to stand at the pasture-bars and call "Bonny," to bring the whole lumbering train, pell-mell, to the milking-sheds. Now we do not say such Spartan discipline was salutary, or calculated to promote a tranquil flow of milk; but we do say that dog had a sovereign conception of the authority of law.

Every inch of his master's domain Bonny took under his high protectorate. It was sacred soil which no alien hoof might invade. His only fault was, that he could never be made to see that the *public* had any rights in the highway which a valorous dog was bound to respect. He was bent on adding that *vi et armis* to the family estate, or for resuming any rash grants which ancestral masters might have made. Just as a Baron of the Rhine kept ward over his river-front, so did Bonny prowl about that strip of debatable territory; and if any bewildered pig found himself on the wrong side of it, he would rush squealing past, hugging the farthest fence, even when the

bete noir of his fancy happened to be quite out of sight.

And yet, the noble, gigantic fellow was docile as a child, gentle as a woman to his friends, never showing a hostile eye unless his notions of *trust* were concerned. If the Hindu doctrine of transmigration were true, we should say that no less than a Regulus or a Ximenes had taken up his abode in the imperial form of Bonny.

You will find the dog a delightful, unhindering companion for the study, taking off the edge of loneliness, without making importunate demands on your attention. A child is apt to be exigent and pertinacious in its solicitations—a dog, never. Have you not seen him crouched with head between his paws, gazing full-eyed at his master, who is reading or writing, and lost in thought? Don't you see he is ready to spring for a frolic if a gesture invite it, but, till then, silent as ghosts by day-light?

We are happy to be supported here by Sir Walter Scott. The companionship of his dogs in his study he felt to be grateful society, and helpful to his work. We would give more for a faithful drawing of that Edinburgh "den" where the Great Wizard conjured his most potent spells, than for any painting of "Scott and his Friends," illustrious and elegant though the company may be. There, in the foreground, sits the master at his plain desk, thoughtfully bending over his papers, while the immense form of Maida, his shaggy favorite, is stretched at length before the fire. Yonder, perched on the highest round of the book-ladder, quite out of harm's way, crouches Hense, the beautiful cat waiting to take her place at the footstool,

whenever it shall please her rival to saunter forth for a walk. To one or other of these pets Scott is every now and then tossing a friendly or comic ejaculation, by way of recess to himself and keeping up their spirits till he can take time for a frolic. He believed they understood every word he said, and there did seem to be a sort of clairvoyance between them. Who can tell how much his elastic freshness, power of work, and sweetness of nature, were kept in tone by his unbending himself and "leaning from his human" towards these dumb favorites?

Next to a merry child, we do not know so good and healthful a companion for a melancholic man as a dog. He does not call over the roll of your ails, with dolorous intonation, nursing and petting them by recital, nor does he anger you by combating your splenetic fancies. He just ignores them so innocently that you ignore them too.

Now we know *young* dogs do not enjoy an enviable reputation among housekeepers. They are the embodiment of Young America, and insist on having a paw in every thing. Does the maid attempt to sweep? Nick considers it a challenge to a sword-exercise, and begins to fence at the broom in the most valiant manner. Is the mistress concocting an omelette? He selects the supreme moment of *tossing*, to execute a gallopade between her feet. He looks with great favor on a lady's trained skirts as a divan for his after-dinner naps, also a marsupial arrangement, or parlor coupé for his easy conveyance from room to room. He eschews well-swept floors and freshly-painted corridors, delighting to bedraggle all such fleshly vani-

ties under his feet. If, by way of armistice, he be shut out of the house, he first whines mildly to draw your attention, then vociferously to *demand* admittance, and, if still repulsed, scratches and striates your door most alarmingly, till, finally losing all patience, he comes down with his great catapult of a tail, to let you know he will "make antechamber" no longer.

The puppy is of an analytical turn of mind. He seizes cords, tassels, rubbers, slippers, gloves, combs, any thing within reach as the basis of his investigations, and then grinds, macerates, and triturates his specimen with patient assiduity, till it is reduced to a very elemental condition. (There is our little Don yonder, just finishing the last tooth of a fine rubber comb. May it prick his digestion!) A clothes-line, with its billowy, fluttering linen spread full to the wind, offers a temptation which no gallant puppy was ever known to resist. He evidently scents the ghost of some beast of prey in ruffled pillow-case and gossamer handkerchief, which must be shaken and exorcised at all hazards.

The little fellow has also a way of answering the door-bell before the maid, and pressing his hospitable attentions on ladies in full regalia (who have not sent in their cards to him), in a manner more cordial than pleasant. Can any one tell us why he has such a passion for bringing old bones into the parlor to gnaw before your company, on the best hearthrug? Is he cleaning *specimens* for some medical clique, and possessed that he must work and visit together? or does he take your guests for a deputation of the Humane Society, with whom he hopes to make interest by displaying Squeers-like diet?

Napoleon patted his grim cannon at Waterloo, and called them *pretty girls*; but what cared he for the *deliciæ* of household life? What pause did he make amid the roar of his great ambitions, to listen to the murmur of low home-harmonies, or to understand their humor and pathos? All pets, especially pet dogs, it was well known he detested. Let us place it to his credit, then, that when poor, unheroic, homesick Marie Louisa came to the Tuileries, as she would have gone to Spandau, weeping abundantly for her lost home, he took her by the hand and led her into a sweetly familiar room, where she found again the dear tapestries wrought by her sisters, the furniture of her own boudoir, her birds and keepsakes, and, more than all, where the little white dog she had hugged at parting with a bursting heart, leaped up in her arms and gave her welcome!

No poet has written of our favorite more lovingly than Mrs. Browning. Fortunate was Flush, the pretty companion of her darkened sick-room, to earn such mention as this:

"Roses gathered for a vase
In that chamber died apace.
Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining."

How finely she depicts the tender pain which must often come to us, living in household intimacy with creatures allied to us by some of our noblest sentiments, yet separated by the impassable limitations of an inferior nature.

"Mock I thee in wishing weal?
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straightly;
Blessings needs must straighten, too,—
Little canst thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest *greatly*."

"Yet be blessed to the height
Of all good and all delight
Pervious to thy nature!
Only loved beyond that line
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature!"



PERSEVERING WARFARE.

It may be assumed as certain, that most readers of this page have on some occasion climbed a high hill. It may be esteemed as probable that, when half-way up, they felt out of breath and tired. It is extremely likely that, having come to some inviting spot, they sat down and rested for a little while before passing on to the summit. Now, my reader, if you have done all that, I feel assured that you must have remarked as a fact that, though when you sit down you cease to make progress, you do not go back. You do not lose the ground already gained. But if you ever think at all, even though it should be as little as possible, you must have discerned the vexatious truth that, in respect of another and more important kind of progress, unless you keep going on, you begin to go back. You struggle, in a moral sense, up the steep slope; and you sit down at the top, thinking to yourself, "Now *that* is overcome." But after resting for awhile you look around, and lo! insensibly you have been sliding down, and you are back again at the foot of the eminence you climbed with so much pain and toil.

There are certain enemies with which every worthy human being has to fight, in regard to which you will feel, as you go on, that this principle holds especially true,—the principle, that if you do not keep going forward, you will begin to lose ground and go backward. It is not enough to knock these enemies on the head for once. In your

inexperienced days you will do this; and then, seeing that they look quite dead, you will fancy they will never trouble you any more. But you will find out, to your painful cost, that those enemies of yours and mine must be knocked on the head repeatedly. One knocking, though the severest, will not suffice. They keep always reviving and struggling to their feet again; a little weak at first through the battering you gave them, but in a very short time as vigorous and mischievous as ever. The Frenchman, imperfectly acquainted with the force of English words, and eager that extremest vengeance should be wreaked on certain human foes, cried aloud, "*Kill them very often*"! And *that*, my friend, as regards the worst enemies we have got, is precisely what you and I must do.

If we are possessed of common-sense to even a limited amount, we must know quite well who are our worst enemies. Not Miss Limejuice, who tells lies to make you appear a conceited, silly, and ignorant person. Nor Mr. Snarling, who diligently strives to prevent your reaching what you would like, because (as he says) the disappointment will do you good. Not the human curs that gnaw at your heels when you attain some conspicuous success or distinction; which probably you worked hard for, and waited long for. Not these. "A man's foes," by special eminence and distinction, are even nearer him than "they of his own house:" a man's worst enemies are

they of his own heart and soul. The enemies that do you most harm, and probably that cause you most suffering, are tendencies and feelings in yourself. If all within the citadel were right, if the troop of thoughts and affections *there* were orderly and well-disposed and well-guided, we should be very independent of the enemies outside.

Outside temptation can never make a man do wrong, till something inside takes it by the hand, and fraternizes with it and sides with it. The bad impulse within must walk up arm-in-arm with the bad impulse from without, and introduce it to the will, before the bad impulse from without, however powerful it may be, can make man or woman go astray from right. All this, however, may be taken for granted. What I wish to impress on the reader is this: that in fighting with these worst enemies it is not enough for once to cut them down: smash them, bray them in a mortar. If you were fighting with a Chinese invader, and if you were to send a rifle-bullet through his head, or in any other way to extinguish his life, you would feel that he was done with. You would have no more trouble from *that* quarter. But once shoot or slash the ugly beast which is called Envy, or Self-Conceit, or Unworthy Ambition, or Hasty Speaking, or General Foolishness, and you need not plume yourself that you will not be troubled any more with him. Let us call the beast by the general name of *Besetting Sin*; and let us recognize the fact, that though you never willingly give it a moment's quarter, though you smash in its head (in a moral sense) with a big stone, though you kick it (in a moral sense) till it seems to be lying quite lifeless, in a little while it will be up again as strong as ever. And the only way to keep it down is, to knock it on the skull afresh every time it begins to lift up its ugly face. Or, to go back to my first fig-

ure: You have climbed, by a hard effort, up to a certain moral elevation. You have reached a position, climbing up the great ascent that leads towards God, at which you feel resigned to God's will, and kindly disposed to all your fellow-creatures, even to such as have done you a bad turn already, and will not fail to do the like again. You also feel as if your heart were not set, as it once used to be, upon worldly aims and ends; but as if you were really, day by day, working towards something quite different and a great deal higher. You feel humble, patient, charitable. You sit down there, on that moral elevation, satisfied with yourself, and thinking to yourself, Now, I am a humble, contented, kindly, Christian human being; and I am so for life. And let it be said thankfully, if you keep always on the alert, always watching against any retrogression, always with a stone ready to knock any old enemy on the head, always looking and seeking for a strength beyond your own,—you may remain all *that* for life. But if you grow lazy and careless, in a very little while you will have glided a long way down the hill again. You will be back at your old evil ways. You will be eager to get on, and as set on this world as if this world were all. You will find yourself hitting hard the man who has hit you, envying and detracting from the man who has surpassed you, and all the other bad things. Or if you do not retrograde as far as *that*; if you pull yourself up before the old bad impulse within you comes to actual bad deeds, still you will know that the old bad impulse within you is stirring, and that, by God's help, you must give it another stab.

Every sin finds its excuse and apology in some false principle, or in a true principle wrongly applied.

ANNIE DILLON; OR, BROKEN IN T'WAIN.

Sadly dreaming of the past, I sit by the open casement, watching the bright tints of day fall into the darkness of the Autumn eve, and, as the sere brown leaves flutter with a ghostly rustle to the ground, I think how recently they were bright and beautiful; and moralizing over their quick decay, I find a strange analogy between their short career and the bright dreams of happiness with which I entered life.

How many evenings have I sat like this, musing over the days gone by!—conjuring up old scenes and faces, and thinking with a bitterness of regret, amounting almost to agony, of how differently I would act were my life to come over again. To-night it occurs to me to unburden my bosom of the story that has chafed it for so many years, to be my own confidant no longer, but to let the history of wickedness and folly, which wrecked the happiness of two lives, tell its own tale and act as a beacon-light to others.

Sweeping aside many years of dull commonplace life, my mind goes back, as though 'twere yesterday, to a lovely evening in the spring-time of the year, when my affianced lover and I stood on the lawn of a country house in one of the midland counties of Ireland.

The day had been fine and warm, but at the coming on of eve the air grew cool, and in the mellowing dis-

tance smoke was seen arising from the cottage chimneys. There were a thousand pleasant scents diffused around me from opening buds and flowers; the cuckoo had been uttering his call, and was but just hushed, and the smell of earth, newly upturned, fragrant in the evening breeze. How each event that occurred, and every iota of the scene visible on that evening, seem graven on my memory!

They should be, for it was the last on which Hugh and I ever stood side by side, with love and tenderness towards each other in our hearts.

I was the only child of a country gentleman named Dillon; my mother died while I was yet in my infancy; and owing to my father's attachment to field sports, I was brought up by, and left almost exclusively in the charge of, an old governess, who, good soul, was too gentle, and too much attached to me to exercise any substantial check over my wayward, capricious disposition: I therefore was allowed to do pretty nearly what I liked. I had never been much in the society of other children, so that I had little relish for dolls and such like parlor pastimes, preferring to scamper about the country on an obstinate little pony, or to gather wild flowers in my father's woods.

There was one particular nook, in

which I used to spend hours and hours, dreaming of things of which the natural world around formed no part, my imaginative castles being ever peopled with brave knights and fairies, of whom I had read in my father's library.

How well I remember the moss-grown dell in which I used to sit!—the bright sunlight falling in a thousand fantastic ways through the old gnarled trees which spread their leafy canopy above me; the tall, cool-looking ferns, by which I was environed, bending gracefully to the soft summer wind, while the brook that ran along now sparkled in the sunshine, now glided darkly over deep hollows, but ever rippled onward with a gentle murmur that fell refreshingly upon the ear. How joyfully I used to spring up when I heard the elastic step and saw the gleesome face of my little playfellow, Hugh Vaughan, hastening towards me! How happy those days were! but how little happiness their recollection brings me now!

I had passed my thirteenth year amid these, to me, halcyon scenes, when my father's only sister, a maiden lady of that particular, unpleasant age when youth has soured, and the mellow-ness of old age has not yet come on, paid us a visit, and immediately commenced a vigorous attack upon my father about the life of indolence in which I was growing up, and offered to allow me to live at her house in Dublin, under suitable masters, until my education was complete. I know now that it was the best thing for me, and believed at the time it was kindly meant on my aunt's part; but oh, how bitterly I cried when the decision was made known to me! It seemed as if all

that was bright had suddenly faded out of my life, and left a dull vista of lessons, conventionalities, and brick walls staring blankly at me.

I pass over the years of my education: they were not happy ones, for my aunt never understood my character, and always adopted an icy, repellent manner, which she evidently thought best calculated to remove what she was pleased to term my "*hoidenish gaucherie*" of manner, but which, on the contrary, drove me, as it were, within myself, and made me live in a dream-land of my own, of which the scene was generally my country home, and the foreground figure my early playmate, Hugh Vaughan.

During the last year of my stay in Dublin, I saw a good deal of Hugh Vaughan; for, though he was studying at Maynooth, he often found time to run up to town, and his most frequent calls were at our house. My aunt, I now believe, had much higher views for me; but she had far too keen a knowledge of the fluctuations of the matrimonial market to altogether discourage Hugh's visits, for though only the younger son of a baronet whose estate was in the next county to ours, he was very well off. My aunt, therefore, kept him in hand, I think, as a last resource to be fallen back upon, should nothing better turn up.

Little of this entered into my head at the time. It was no new sensation for me to like Hugh, he had ever been so brave, so generous, so kind to me in my childish days, that I had always shown a most candid preference for his society; but now, somehow, as I approached my eighteenth year, some thing seemed to separate us. It was

not that he cared less for me—I was sure of that—but he seemed so diffident and shy, that I became infected by his manner; and though I believe his image was never absent from my thoughts in private, when we met in public, we hardly exchanged a dozen words. It is difficult to detail all the intricate workings of the human heart when agitated by a strong dawning passion for another, nor is it necessary that I should do so; suffice it to say that I began somehow to connect Hugh with every hope and dream of my life, while in my inmost heart I knew he loved me.

We were so quiet and reserved towards each other that my aunt saw less of what was going on than she might, perhaps, otherwise have done, till one evening while Hugh was alone with me for a few minutes in the conservatory the avowal came, and a few hurried words told me that the love I had so long and ardently wished for was at length mine. What those words actually were I never knew; for, at the time they were spoken, I was so lost in a dreamy anticipation of the happiness that was in store for me, that I heard them as one hears some wild and pathetic song in the distance, feeling its influence and beauty, but without knowing its burden.

My aunt was anything but pleased at our engagement: she had thought, I am sure, to derive a reflected lustre from the coronet she hoped to win for me,—a lustre that would never emanate from a union with the younger son of a country baronet. However, the matter was too important, and Hugh too great a favorite of my father not to consult him on it; and as I anticipated, a

few days brought him to town, radiant with happiness on his own account at the choice I had made, and bearing Sir Arthur Vaughan's cordial consent to our union.

In a few weeks we returned to the country, where I was to remain until my marriage, which was to take place in the autumn. Hugh was with us, and the only happy time I have ever passed in my life now began. All the wild, romantic dreams of my girlhood seemed to have settled down into one all-absorbing passion for Hugh, as the sun's rays are concentrated through a glass into one focus. I had reason to love him, for he seemed not to have one thought or wish unconnected with my happiness, and every care that the most devoted affection could suggest was lavished on me; while I could do little but make him the sole idol of my hero-worship, watching every change in his face, as if all my happiness depended upon his mood, as indeed it did. Rumor in our country circle had, I found, a good deal connected Hugh's name with a Mrs. Helen Clifford, a young widow who resided with her uncle at an old country house called "the Grange," about twenty miles distant from my father's house. We had never met, as she had come to reside in the country while I was away in Dublin, and I had paid little attention to the reports I had heard, for Hugh had assured me that there was not the slightest foundation for them, as she had never been anything more to him than a mere ordinary acquaintance. I implicitly believed him, and thought no more of the matter.

About a month after our return to the country, Hugh drove me over one morning to see the hounds throw off,

and then, for the first time, I saw Helen Clifford. She was on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, with each and all of whom she appeared to be keeping up an animated conversation; and at the first glance I could not help feeling a thrill of triumph that Hugh should have preferred me to such a matchless beauty.

Picture to yourself a small oval face surmounted by a profusion of fair hair, which, contrasting with her black hat, with its soft *grèbe* plume, seemed to have a dozen shades, ranging from the bright shimmer of burnished gold to the pale fleecy hue of unmade silk.

Her eyes sometimes met you with a deep, earnest look in their violet depths, or sparkled with mischievous fun, while a slightly *retroussée* nose gave rather a merry expression to the face. The lips were full and pouting, and when she laughed her small white teeth glittered between them, and her dimpled chin glided into the throat with a graceful curve, which would have made the face faultless had not the chin itself been too heavily moulded. The figure, though small, was exquisite in shape; and, taking her altogether, I ungrudgingly gave my assent to the verdict which had dubbed Mrs. Clifford the beauty of our county.

I was introduced soon after the hounds broke cover, and fancied her singularly fascinating in manner, but different from all the young ladies whom I had hitherto met. Although she was barely two and twenty years of age, I am struck even now by the calm self-possession of her style; and she spoke of people in a *blasé*, half-impatient manner,—evidently not put on,—but which

harmonized badly with her young face and figure.

We remained some time chatting, and when we parted she expressed a wish to improve the acquaintance, saying that the dullness of her life at the Grange was almost insupportable; to which I responded readily, as I could not help feeling somewhat remorseful for the slight suspicions I had at first entertained about her with regard to Hugh, to whom I noticed she scarcely spoke three words during our whole interview.

The months rolled swiftly on, winter gave place to spring; and the trees and hedges, which had been shivering so long unclothed, now began to burst into life and beauty. I occasionally saw Mrs. Clifford—latterly more seldom, for there had somehow grown into her manner towards me a sort of pitying compassion, which vexed and distressed me, without my well knowing why; and so I stayed away from the Grange.

About my own home all was *couleur de rose*. Hugh seemed as passionately fond of me as ever, anticipating my every wish almost before it could be expressed. The only thing that troubled me was his frequent absence. Sometimes he would be away for four or five days together, and I could never ascertain where he went. The time for our marriage, too, was getting on; and although it had been decided that we were to live in the country, as close to my father as we could find a suitable residence, Hugh always put off seeking for one, saying, "There were lots of time," just as he evaded my inquiries as to where he was when away, by saying, "Nowhere particular," or, "I'll

tell you some day." I used often to feel vexed at these answers, but he would soon coax and pet me into a complete forgetfulness of them.

The time went on thus till the spring evening to which I have referred. Hugh was arranging with me where we should go after our marriage; and, talking of our projected tour, the hours flew by like minutes till nearly nine o'clock, when Hugh left me, as he had to drive home that night.

My father was out, and I went straight to my own room and sat dreaming by the firelight of my future life, and thinking how unworthy I was of the happiness that had fallen to my lot, when I was aroused by my maid bringing me in some letters which had come by the evening mail. Two of them I saw were from friends in Dublin; but the address of the third (more a packet than a letter) was in a hand quite unknown to me. I sat for some time turning it over and over, speculating whom it could possibly be from, but without breaking the seal. The address was written in a firm, upright hand, the post-mark "Dublin," but there was no device on the seal which could aid me in my conjectures. At length I opened the envelope and found that it contained seven or eight open letters round which a slip was wound on which were written these words:—

"A friend to Miss Dillon, who sees how cruelly she is being deceived, and who compassionates the life of misery into which she is ignorantly entering, forwards a few extracts from a correspondence which Mr. Hugh Vaughan is now keeping up with Mrs. Clifford. The letters will speak for themselves."

No name was appended, nor was any address given; and after reading it twice over, my first impulse was to throw the whole packet into the fire as a base calumny, but, in rising to do so, one of the enclosed letters fell open before me, and there—was Hugh's handwriting.

There was no mistaking it. Before actually reading, I closely scanned each word and letter, and I felt certain that I knew his handwriting too well to doubt for an instant the genuineness of that which was before me.

Mastering the dull, faint sensation that came over me, I slowly read through all the letters, stopping every now and then, for the words occasionally seemed to swim before me, and the room seemed turning round. They were all passionate love-letters, addressed to Mrs. Clifford, to one or two of which answers appeared to have been received; the rest were imploring requests, couched in the style I knew so well, begging that some hope might be given to him, and he would at once break the tie that bound him only too closely. The last letter, dated only a week previously, ran thus:—

"Dear Helen—Will you not answer my last letter? The part I am daily and hourly acting is becoming insupportable to me, and the sight of the poor child I am deceiving is more than I can bear. Only say you will marry me, and try to learn to love me after, if you will; and I will bear all, and break my engagement at once.

"I know that you are not answerable for my love for you; but oh, Helen! think that I am braving disgrace in the eyes of all who have known me—

of all honorable men—for your sake, and have some pity.

“H. V.”

That was all. I had read now every word, and felt no pain, but the letters fell from my lap, and I sat dazed, like one stunned by the crash of a great fabric falling around—

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
No word, no sigh, or tear.

Lower and lower the fire-light burned, and the old oak room in which I sat was almost in darkness, illumined only by an occasional jet of flame, as the wood logs fell crackling together upon the hearth. I tried to collect my thoughts, and decide what I should do in the crisis that had come upon me; but my mind seemed to wander, and I could only think of the most trivial subjects, either musing softly over some pleasant hour passed with Hugh, lost to me now forever, or following in vacant thought the curls of smoke that arose from the smouldering embers at my feet.

How long I sat thus I hardly know, but I was aroused at length by the cold, and found that, without my perceiving it, the fire had gone quite out, and that I had been sitting in the dark.

The necessity for any action, however slight, seemed somewhat to recall my scattered energies, and withdrawing the curtains from the window, I stood gazing out upon the woodland scene, so lately tinged by the warm hues of sunset, but now bathed in the cold, calm light of a young moon, which, to my excited fancy, converted the shadows of the trees into weird, elon-

gated figures, throwing their arms about in mute distress.

So it was all over!—and all my fond belief in Hugh's love for me had turned into a foolish dream! Well, I was awakened now, and must bear my sorrow as best I might. I tried hard to arouse a feeling of resentment within myself; but even the bitter knowledge of his having pitied me to her could not do that. I could only feel shame and distress that he, in whom I had so implicitly believed, should have deceived me.

If he had died, I could have thought with pleasure over all the kind actions he had so often done for me, and recalled every caress he had ever given me; and prayed to Heaven that our separation might not be long.

His falsity forbade all that now, and I could only decide upon the best way of parting from him at once and forever.

I passed into my bedroom where a fire was burning, and found it was past two o'clock. My maid had gone to bed without disturbing me, for I was often in the habit of remaining late in my own sitting-room reading, so that I had the rest of the night in which to think and act before seeing my father on the morrow. One thing I was determined on, that no living soul but myself should know the extent of Hugh's falsehood; his letters should not be witnesses in the eyes of the world against him; my love for what he had once been should at least shield him to that extent; and so I dropped them, one by one, into the fire, and watched them till a few atoms of blackened paper, out of which the red sparks slowly died, were all that remained of

those terrible messengers that had so changed the current of my life in a few hours.

I passed some time in arranging every letter from Hugh that I had preserved, with all the presents he had given me, for the purpose of returning them to him; and the dawn was breaking as I threw myself upon my bed to seek, in vain, a few hours' oblivion from the pain that seemed gnawing at my heart.

When my maid came in the morning, I sent down word to my father that I wished he could spare me a few hours (unless I asked to see him, we seldom met before dinner), as I had business of importance upon which I wished to speak to him, and I soon after joined him in his study.

Never shall I forget my poor father's utter bewilderment and real sorrow when I told him that I wished to break my engagement with Hugh. He begged me to give him the full particulars, or at least some information which would show him that I was not acting upon caprice,—a caprice which, he solemnly assured me, I should one day find as cruel to myself as it would be to another: it was in vain. I only told him, very earnestly, that it was no caprice which actuated me, but that I had positive and certain proof that Hugh no longer loved me, and that, unless I took the initiative in breaking off our marriage, the proposal would emanate from him. My father entreated and commanded me, by turns, to tell him on what ground I was acting; but finding me firm in my refusal, and knowing my obstinacy of character, he at length desisted, and gave a most reluctant consent to my breaking my

engagement, as I told him I was determined to do as soon as Hugh came in the afternoon.

I knew well my father's love for me; but I had never thought that the news that I had to tell would have moved him as it did. He had all along been so happy in the prospect of my marriage with his favorite, that the blow of its being broken off came almost as hard upon him as it had upon me; and the sad, helpless look with which he regarded me so touched my heart, that I flung myself upon his neck, and, bursting into tears for the first time since the letters came, could only sob out that I knew I was acting rightly.

After a time he succeeded in calming me, and left, I think, to go to Hugh's father, hoping I am sure against his own convictions, that it was some lovers' quarrel, which would be made up before his return; and I was left to my own miserable thoughts till nearly three o'clock, when I heard Hugh riding up the avenue. I tried to still the rapid beating of my heart, and meet him at least with outward composure. In a minute I heard his step upon the stairs, and before I could resume the seat from which I had hastily risen, he was in the room.

Something in my appearance I suppose struck him, for he said instantly, "What's the matter, Annie?" and came hurriedly towards me. Just for the moment I could not speak; my throat seemed hard and dry, and though my lips moved, no sounds would come. Motioning him hastily back with my hand, I told him, after a moment's pause, that I had something of importance to say to him, and asked if he would hear me calmly to the end. He replied, "Yes,

certainly—what can it be?" and he looked at me with such a blank air of astonishment that I began to grow angry, for I only regarded it as an additional proof of his duplicity.

I seemed to find words then, and told him, as succinctly as I could, that I had been made aware of the burden I had become to him; and that I had received ample proofs of his love for another, and that I had known him too long, and loved him too dearly, to be a bar to his happiness, and therefore released him from that moment from his engagement. I uttered no reproach, merely adding that he need not have deceived me for so long. Hard as I tried to keep my firmness to the last, my lips would quiver and my hands tremble, so that I could hardly hold the letters I intended to return.

As I proceeded, Hugh's face became very dark and stern; and, after sitting silent for some moments, he said, gravely: "Annie, this is too serious a subject, or I should think you were joking with me; but it is evident that some one has been misrepresenting me to you, and you must at once tell me on what information you are acting, and who is your authority. I will say nothing now of the want of confidence you have shown in condemning me, even in your own mind, unheard: that will be another and future consideration. At present I have only to clear myself."

I told him, as I had told my father, that I could give no further information; and, wearied at last by his importunity, and irritated by the grave tone of displeasure in which he spoke, I said, at last, that I had ample proofs of his inconstancy and duplicity, but did not

intend to disclose them, and simply wished to be released from an engagement to one whom I could no longer love, or even respect.

"I shall not release you," was the hasty reply. "I know you must have been deceived by some base falsehood, and I shall hold you to your word until this matter is thoroughly sifted."

His firm tone and apparent candor somewhat shook me; but, then, had I not seen his letters? The demon of doubt was busy within me, and I at once ascribed his present conduct to the fact that Mrs. Clifford had rejected him finally, as his letters to her pretended, and that he was taking me in pity as his letters had said. The very notion stung me to the quick, and I answered him as coldly as I could, by saying: "You can take what course of action you think fit, Mr. Vaughan. I regret that it would only be in accordance with what I know of your previous conduct, if you were to annoy me by importunity; I can only tell you that I consider our engagement at once and forever at an end; and though, I suppose, we must occasionally meet, I never wish to speak to you again."

At these words Hugh became very pale, and said, slowly: "That's enough, Annie, and more than enough. I never yet annoyed a lady by importunity; and you may be very sure I shall never forget or disobey the wish you have just expressed, till you yourself tell me to do so."

Mechanically he took the letters I held out, bowed, and left me. I listened for a moment to the sound of his horse's feet as he galloped furiously away; and then all grew suddenly dark.

It was the first time I had ever fainted in my life, and I shall never forget the cold, sickly sensation when I came back to life, and the strange difficulty I felt in realizing where I was.

Evidently no one had come into the room, and summoning up all my strength, I contrived to reach my own room unobserved, where I was seized with violent hysterics, and was afterwards ill for several days.

While I was ill I heard that Hugh had tried several times to see me, but the doctor had said that the least excitement would bring on an attack of brain-fever, and so I was constantly denied to him, and his letters were kept back.

As soon as I got better, my father, who was seriously alarmed for my health, took me first to the sea-side, and then abroad.

Amid the constant change of scene I soon recovered; a settled depression of spirits, which no effort of mine could shake off, being the only visible effect of what I had so lately gone through.

We were so continually moving that our letters came to us from Ireland at very irregular intervals; but a chance acquaintance, whom I met at Florence, and who either did not know of, or had forgotten about my engagement to Hugh, told me that Mr. Vaughan was about to join a cavalry regiment in India; so that I was not surprised, on our return home, to find that he had left Ireland some months before.

Soon after Hugh's departure, Mrs. Clifford married a very rich clergyman, more than old enough to be her father, and was now, I was told, residing somewhere near London.

Scandal had been very free with her name while we were away, and when old Mr. Snooks married her (against the advice of all his friends) she was all but unvisited by any of the county ladies. I did not know then that she had in any way tried to win Hugh from me; in fact, his letters to her went rather to prove the contrary; but I could not help feeling a sort of wicked satisfaction that one, who had been the cause of all my misery, should have suffered somewhat in the eyes of the world.

I soon fell into the even line of my old home-life. One connected with a large estate has many duties to perform, and I went through mine, with no very great interest, it is true, but rather as a relief to my thoughts; and insensibly something of my old cheerfulness came back, though I heard that old cottagers who had known me from my girlhood said that I had grown cold and haughty in manner.

Two years had passed thus, and I was approaching my twenty-third year. My father was now often away in Dublin, for he had taken lately to business speculations, and I fancied (for I never knew till after) that he had been a heavy loser by them. On his return home he was frequently accompanied by a gentleman named Harding, with whom I knew he had some business connection.

He was a cold, grave man, about forty-five years of age, very upright, and still rather handsome. I judged somehow that he was rich, and when I asked my father, he said, "Yes, very," and looked at me suddenly in an eager, irresolute manner, as though he had wished to say something to me, but could not make up his mind. I was

somewhat surprised at his manner at the time, but the occurrence soon passed out of my memory.

As Mr. Harding became a more frequent guest at our house I began rather to like him, or, more properly speaking, to find him an agreeable companion. Although a business man, he was well acquainted with books and music; and though somewhat pedantic in manner, his conversation was sufficiently clever to interest and amuse me, and we were a good deal together. The sorrow I had gone through seemed to have made me keener-sighted and older than my years, and I soon found out that Mr. Harding liked me, and showed it in such a manner that I thought it probable he might ask me to be his wife. I did not think he loved me; indeed I felt sure that his whole nature put together could not furnish a feeling half strong enough to be described by such a word as love; but I had gathered from him that he was tired of the turmoil of business life, and wished to settle in the country, where his wealth would give him some position, which a wife would aid him to keep up.

I was not wrong. Before many weeks were over, Mr. Harding proposed to me, and I accepted him. I told him frankly I had no love to give him or any one, and related to him as much as I thought concerned him of the episode in my life which had made me a cold, indifferent woman with the years of a girl; but he said he was quite satisfied, and we were engaged. After all, what did it matter? I felt sure he was not the sort of a man to expect, or even wish for, any fervent affection to be lavished on him; but he was certainly sensible and clever, and agreeable enough

to make me feel that I could do my duty to him as a wife without much difficulty: so it was all settled, and I told my father.

The matter had been invested by me with so little interest that I was taken quite by surprise at the extraordinary exultation my father showed. He blessed and kissed me a thousand times, said I was a good girl, and he was sure I should be happy, over and over again, with a feverish delight that was painful to witness.

My poor old father! he had grown much altered of late, and the voice which used to be so firm in cheering on the hounds, would quaver strangely now at the slightest emotion.

After a few months I became Mrs. Harding. Our wedding was almost a private one, much against the desire of my husband, who had wished it to be celebrated with as much pomp as possible; but I was firm, and insisted upon being quietly married in our little village church, or not at all, and he was obliged to give way.

Of my married life I will say but little. I soon found out that my husband's ruling passion was pride of his self-made wealth, and an inordinate desire to eclipse in style and expenditure all the county people by whom he was surrounded.

Our house was magnificently furnished, and in the most trifling things money was spent in such a lavish way that it could not fail to excite attention. The old county families revolted against the vulgar parade of the city man's wealth, and before long we found that we could only get second-rate people to come to our entertainments, splendid as they were.

This angered and annoyed Mr. Harding beyond measure, and the whole of his wrath at the failure was visited upon me; and after months and months of angry recrimination on his side, met with cold indifference on mine, he determined to close our country home for a time and live in Dublin.

There he launched into more profuse expenditure than ever, and seemed determined to force his way into society. It was not so difficult as in the country, and, aided by my aunt, we soon were living in a whirl of balls, *fêtes*, and dinner parties.

I had become so tired of the utter want of congeniality between my husband and myself that I grew to like the life of excitement I was living, and having made a reputation as a beauty (of a cold and statuesque kind, it is true, but still a beauty), I soon found myself the leader of a certain fashionable set.

It was at a large fancy-dress ball one night, towards the close of the season, that all the misery of that early dream, which I had hoped was buried in oblivion, was raked up. For the first time in nearly five years I saw Hugh Vaughan again.

I had gone to the ball in the character of Minerva, and was standing surrounded by a crowd of adulating fools, who, could they have known how utterly weary I was of them, and the scorn I felt for myself at the part I was acting, would, I think, have shrunk back in dismay at the difference between my real feelings and assumed manner. Suddenly I heard some one near me say, "Come, I must introduce you to Mrs. Harding: she is charming." Half turning at the sound of my name, I saw

a young guardsman, whom I knew but slightly, approaching me with a tall dark gentleman in a cavalry uniform: at one glance I knew it was Hugh. Practised as I thought myself in the art of dissembling my own thoughts, or the appearance of any emotion, I felt the warm blood suffuse my face, and then rush back to my heart, leaving me deadly pale.

As our looks met, I saw Hugh start, and whisper something to his companion, who listened with a puzzled expression on his face for a moment, and then they both turned and walked away. My love for him was, I thought, gone; but had he, in that crowded room, come up and struck me, I should, I think, have felt less humiliated than I did at that mute slight.

For an instant I was back with him in thought in the days of old, when he used to hold me in his arms, declaring, in the tones I loved so well, that I was all the world to him; and now he shrunk from me, as though there was contamination in my presence.

I was brought back to my every-day life by some one near me asking if I was ill. I said "No—it is only the heat;" and in a moment or two I was myself again.

Later in the evening I saw Hugh again. He was standing where he could not see me, apparently lost in thought. He had grown much older-looking, and there were lines in his face, young as he was: but still how handsome!

When I got home that night I had one of those long, deadly fainting-fits, which had become so common with me. No one knew of them but myself; but they were telling, telling fast.

We returned to the country at the close of the season, and remained almost alone, as my husband was ill. I fancied at first that it was more an illness of mind than body, for he seemed anxious and worried, and would sit up for hours at night writing in his study; but day by day he seemed to grow weaker, taking hardly any food, though he drank, as I thought, a great deal too much. My father was almost constantly with him, but he would hardly ever see me.

About this time my maid, whom I had had for many years, was seized with scarlet-fever, which was then raging a good deal about our place, and she left me to go home.

For nearly a fortnight I was without one; but at length a young woman named Lucy Casey applied for the place. She was recommended by the doctor's wife, and, as I rather liked her appearance, she was engaged. I had, I believe, the character of being haughty, and somewhat severe to my servants, and thought that accounted for the evident fear with which Lucy regarded me. She was most anxious to please; and yet, somehow, I could not help thinking that at that time she would have given anything to be away from me altogether.

Sometimes when she was assisting me to dress I could see by the glass that Lucy was regarding me with a wistful, half-frightened glance, that was so very earnest that it often puzzled me to think what it could mean. I had not, however, much time for these speculations, for my husband was daily growing worse. The doctors said it was a break-up of the constitution, accelerated by anxiety of mind; and they seemed, I

thought, to fear the worst. I had never loved him; but there is always something inexpressibly painful in seeing one with whom we have been intimately associated gliding slowly out of the world before us, helpless in the power of the Almighty, who gives or takes at his good-will.

I had my duty as a wife to do, and begged to be allowed to watch by my husband's bedside; which he consented to, after some demur. Even in those last days—though I think he tried to be gentle to me—he was querulous and rough; but I made allowances, for I knew he had been of the world, worldly; and was not the great fabric he had taken so much pains to build up slipping slowly but surely from him hour by hour!

Coming from my husband's room late one night into my own, I found Lucy in great distress, and ascertained, on inquiry, that she had broken a very valuable Sevres vase which I prized particularly, as it had belonged to my mother. The vase was broken into a thousand pieces, and for the moment I was much vexed; but Lucy's eloquent look, half distress, half fear, touched me, and, restraining the reprimand I was about to utter, I merely said, "Never mind; I suppose it was an accident."

The words, and I believe the way in which I spoke them, were so different from what she expected, that the girl seemed at first astonished; and then, to my surprise, she began to cry. I chid her gently for taking such a little thing so much to heart; but she would not be comforted, and could only sob out at last, "It—it's not breaking the vase; but I—I don't deserve you should be so kind to me. You—you wouldn't, if you knew all."

If I knew all! What did the girl mean? At first I thought she referred to something else she had broken or lost, and asked her if it was so; but she said, "No, no," and seemed so much distressed that I forbore to question her further then. But when, later on, she became quieter, and I asked her what she had meant, she only colored violently, and said, "Nothing; she'd been ill and nervous all the evening, and had been so upset that she didn't know what she had said."

I was not by any means satisfied with this explanation. However, it was all I could get; and though I pondered over her words, I could find no reasonable solution of them in my own mind, and was obliged to dismiss the subject.

Days rolled on, and my husband got worse and worse, and I knew now that he could not recover; and I was myself so ill that I had been prohibited by the doctors from watching at night by his bedside. One evening I left him weaker than usual, and felt somehow as though we had parted on this earth forever. I left directions that I was to be called should any change take place in his condition during the night; but the medical men had insisted upon my not being disturbed, and when they came in the morning I found myself a widow.

I pass over the days that ensued. Before long I ascertained from my father that my late husband's affairs had lately become very much involved, owing to our profuse expenditure in Dublin, and some disastrous speculations of my father's made on Mr. Harding's behalf. When the accounts were all settled, I found that, though I should have a competency, my mode of living

would have to be materially altered. I commenced by letting the country-house and dismissing all the servants, with the exception of Lucy Casey, whom I determined to take with me to Dublin, where, for the present, I intended to reside.

It was in the evening when I sent for Lucy, and told her I had taken a liking to her, and would, if she wished, keep her with me for the present. I had made so sure that the girl wished to remain with me, that I merely mentioned it as a matter of course; but, to my surprise, she seemed disconcerted at my proposal, and said, in a hurried, nervous manner, that there was something which she ought to tell me first, if I wouldn't be very angry, for indeed she had been deceived in what she had done.

I saw that, frightened as the girl evidently was, her manner was very earnest; and with just a passing thought that what she had to say might have reference to her words on the night she had broken the vase, I told her that if there was anything which she thought she was bound to tell me, to tell it without any fear of my being angry. After much pressing she at length began. I give her story as nearly as possible in her own words (I remember them well enough), suppressing the many interruptions which her sobs and entreaties for forgiveness occasioned:—

"You may remember, ma'am, better than six years ago, a fair young lady, named Clifford, coming to live with her uncle, old Squire Hornsby, over yonder at the Grange: I remember you used sometimes to come over there to see her. When she first came down, I don't think Mr. Hornsby expected her, or that she

intended to remain with him to live ; anyway she had no maid with her, and most of her luggage came after. The housekeeper came among the tenants to find out if there was a likely girl who'd do to attend to the young lady ; and as I was the best scholar at our village school, and could write well, and was clever at my needle, though I was but fifteen, it was thought I'd be more handy than an older lass, and they took me.

“When I was first about Mrs. Clifford, she was very haughty in her ways, and I was a good deal afraid of her, for she was terribly passionate to be sure when roused, and I'm very easily upset by any one speaking sharp to me ; but when I was longer with her, and she found that I could be useful to her in copying her letters and such like, she was kinder, and gave me many little presents, and I grew to like my service well enough. I had from almost a little girl been always able to copy nearly anything put before me, such as faces, printing, writing, or anything. Our curate wanted to have me taught drawing, as he said I'd do well at it ; but father said such things weren't for the likes of me, and wouldn't have it ; but I used to do many little drawings, not out of my own head, you know, ma'am, but copy any bit of picture that might be about.

“One day I was writing out a copy of a letter for Mrs. Clifford to sign,—I think it was to some lawyer in Dublin,—when, just for fun, and to see if I could do it, I copied her writing, and half laughed when she took it up to read and looked so astonished like. I was frightened the next minute, though, for she asked me sharp enough why I

had imitated her writing. I got very red, and said I'd always been good at copying anything, and had done it for a bit of fun ; but I was very sorry, and would write it again if she pleased.

“I remember the curious way in which Mrs. Clifford looked at me while I was speaking, and the many questions she asked me as to whether I had ever copied any writing before, and whose it was ; but at last she laughed, and, saying I was cleverer than she thought, took the letter, leaving me glad to get off so well.

“Some weeks after this, Mrs. Clifford asked me one day if I could copy a gentleman's writing for her, and showed me a short note to her from Mr. Vaughan. I think it was an excuse for not coming to lunch or dinner, I forget which, but I know it was very short, and, after two or three attempts, I did it well enough. I knew that my mistress was pleased at the way I had done it, for she gave me a little ring I had been longing for ; and I left her, quite proud of my own cleverness.

“It was nearly a month after this that I was sitting with her, altering a dress, when she suddenly asked me if I remembered copying Mr. Vaughan's letter. I told her I did ; and she then took several little letters, written in pencil (in her writing), and a letter from Mr. Vaughan—at least it was signed H. V.—and told me to copy them on paper which she gave me.

I saw they were love-letters addressed to Helen (my mistress's name) ; and as I heard that Mr. Vaughan was going to be married to you, ma'am, I thought I might be doing wrong, and told my mistress so. So she told me not to be a fool ; it was only a joke, and no harm

would be done to Mr. Vaughan or Miss Dillon either; and if I did it well, and held my tongue for a week or two, she'd give me five pounds. Still I didn't like it, and began to cry. Then Mrs. Clifford got terribly angry—and oh, ma'am, you should have seen her eyes when she was in a passion!—and told me if I didn't do her bidding, she'd send me away, and disgrace me before all the parish. I got frightened at that, for I knew she'd seen me talking one night to one of the grooms; and she said if she told it, my father would never speak to me again. There was no harm, I declare to you, ma'am; but I knew father was terribly strict, and that I'd lose my character if she told; and so I copied the letters. Oh! ma'am, I didn't know the harm I was doing—indeed, indeed I didn't!”

Here Lucy broke into a passion of tears, and for some minutes was unable to proceed, while I sat dumb, like one turned to stone, unable even to look at her as she crouched at my feet, till she went on again.

“It was a long time before I could copy the letters as she wanted them, my hand shook so; but at last I did, and gave them to her. She told me again not to be foolish, as it was only a joke, and gave me six sovereigns—I've got 'em unchanged now, I have always kept 'em separate from my other earnings, as though they were unworthy to be touched.

“It was weeks and weeks before I heard any more, and then one of the servants told me how you'd parted from Mr. Hugh, and were gone away ill. I'd have told you then, ma'am, if I'd known where to write to you; but one day when my mistress found me cry-

ing, and I told her I feared those letters had done mischief, she told me sternly to be silent for my own sake, for if ever it got known that I'd copied them, I would be hanged for forgery. I was frightened then; and though I remained with her till just before she was married, I never spoke to her about them again. During those months I saw many things, enough to show me she was a bad, wicked woman, and I was glad when I got back to my father's house. Oh, Mrs. Harding, I know you can never forgive me! but indeed I was made do what I did, and didn't know the harm it was.

“I didn't think I could ever have found courage to tell you, ma'am, but you have been so kind to me that I couldn't go on deceiving you.

“I know I must leave you now, and perhaps you'll punish me for what I've done; but if you could only know how wretched I've been all those years, you might not think so hardly of me.”

I knew the tale was over, and felt Lucy clinging to my knees, her whole frame shaking with sobs; but my strength seemed gone, and had my life depended upon it at that instant I could not have raised my hand or voice. At length I told her, in a hoarse whisper, to go away and let me think, and I remained for hours crouching on the floor.

Through all the misery I felt I had drawn upon myself, there glimmered one ray of pleasure: Hugh had been true to me. One by one I recalled all the happy days I had passed with him—how tender and true he had always been; and my heart seemed bursting when I thought of the happiness which my mad obstinacy had lost us both.

When I thought of the woman who had wrecked his life and mine, I grew frightened at the fierce, deadly thoughts that rushed into my mind; but after a time nature asserted herself, and I cried softly, till, like a tired child, I fell asleep.

When, some days after, I had collected myself sufficiently, I sent for Lucy and questioned her closely as to those burned letters which she had forged. She remembered most of them well enough to prove to me how treacherously I had been deceived, and the first thing I did was to see Sir Arthur Vaughan. For many years all communication between the families had ceased, and for a long time he refused to see me. At length I succeeded, and told him the black tale of treachery which had darkened, as I found, his son's life. I had thought that perhaps Hugh had forgotten me, or had sought another love; but this was not so. He was still in India, where those troubles were just beginning which afterwards desolated so many Irish hearts. Sir Arthur gave me his address, and told me to write at once, bidding me hope that, after all these years of darkness, light might come once more.

Could it be? How poor and weak the words seemed as I set them down on paper, compared with the feelings of my own heart! I tried to tell him of my unhappiness in all the weary years that had passed—how I had always loved him, and what I had suffered when he had shunned me at the ball. I told how recently the knowledge of the treachery that had parted us had come to me, and finished by imploring one word of forgiveness.

After writing I know not how many letters, I at length despatched them, and then for four months I had nothing but to wait and hope. I shall never forget the anxiety of that time,—every day a lifetime, every thought a torture. Would he forgive me? I doubted; for, after all, had I but trusted him—had I not been blinded by my own wrong-headed obstinacy, all would have been made right. He might be ill; or (I shuddered at the thought) what might not have happened to him amid the scenes of horror occurring around him every day!

I eagerly scanned every Indian paper, and my heart sank lower and lower with disappointment when month after month rolled on, and still no word came for me.

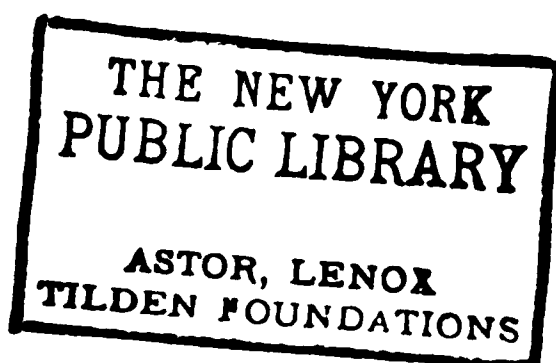
One morning, when the time had long gone by at which my answer should have come, I knew the mail was in; but I took up the paper with a languid anticipation that there would be nothing to interest me in it. Almost the first paragraph of the Indian news that caught my eye was, "Captain Hugh Vaughan of the——Regiment, killed at Cawnpore."

I have told the story of my life. She who wrecked it has left her husband's roof, and is now an outcast of society. She sacrificed me to her wicked passion for Hugh.

May Heaven forgive her!—I have tried to do so.

As I close these pages my tears fall over all the hopes that rose up in my life and were withered, one by one, like the dry leaves among which I hear the autumn rain falling. They will never bloom again.

WM. GEOGHEGAN.





THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

A Spanish proverb says: "He who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder."* Founded by the Phœnicians in the remote ages of antiquity, enlarged by the Romans, the capital of the kingdom of the Goths until the reign of Leovigild, rebuilt by the Moors, rescued from the infidels by St. Ferdinand, the seat of an ancient bishopric illustrated by Leander and Isidore, this city, *the Queen of Andalusia*, presents, in its monuments, all the great events of the history of Spain. Julius Cæsar favored Seville, because Cordova had espoused the cause of Pompey; he gave it the name of *Romula*, *little Rome*, he there established a seat of government, and thus merited the title of second founder. Some of the Roman works have with difficulty escaped the ravages of time and revolutions. The Moorish edifices, on the contrary, are very numerous, and give this city a special appearance, and a most picturesque aspect. The Guadalquivir rolls along the foot of its ramparts, in a bed bordered with laurels, pomegranate-trees, myrtles and orange-trees, in peaceable waters, but which the tempests sometimes change suddenly into an impetuous torrent. The streets,

which are narrow and crooked as they are in all the cities of the South, are ornamented with palaces and houses, in which we recognize, at every step, the ingenious work of the Arabs. We would be inclined to say that the first occupants had just quitted it, so good a preserver is the climate under this bright and cloudless sky. The windows, ornamented with strong iron railings, are closed with curtains of a rich fabric of motley and glaring colors, as in the days of the Moors. In the walls are incrustated in variegated panels *azulejos*, or faïences, that are colored or enamelled, azure predominating. Over the roofs of the houses rises the spire of the *Giralda*, one of the towers of the cathedral. This is a bold, yet graceful structure, due to Abu-Jusuf-Yacub, who added it, in 1196, to the mosque erected by his father. It deserves to be compared with the tower of Asinelli at Bologna, which is one hundred and eighteen metres high, and to that of St. Mark at Venice, which is one hundred and six metres high, both these having been erected at the same period. The *Giralda* was at first only eighty-six metres high; but in 1568, Fernando Ruiz added to it a slender spire, of bold structure, the summit of which is one hundred and ten metres from the

* Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto á maravilla.

ground. A beautiful inscription, in ornamented letters, surrounds it in the manner of a crown; there we read the following words, taken from the Holy Scripture, *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower."^{*}

On solemn festivals, the Giralda is emblazoned with a thousand lights during a part of the night, announcing to a great distance the public rejoicings by its illuminations and its girandoles. The Spaniards, like the Italians, manifest much taste and splendor in the celebration of their festivals. The point of the spire is surmounted with the symbol of Faith, a statue of bronze cast in 1568 by Bartholomew Morel.

The cathedral of Seville shows, upon its exterior, traces of all the styles of architecture used in Spain from the most remote times. On the north, there is an old Moorish wall, covered with parapets and loop-holes, strengthened by strong buttresses, and offering a certain resemblance to the walls of the Mezquita of Cordova. The main part of the edifice, however, belongs to the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. The name of the architect is unknown. Having been commenced in 1480, it was sufficiently advanced in 1519 for the celebration of divine service. The principal façade was finished only in 1827. The church of Seville, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is one of the most beautiful monuments of Spain. The cost of its erection reached an enormous sum: nothing was omitted that could increase its splendor. Its plan includes five naves, without counting a double row of lateral chapels; its

length is one hundred and thirty-two metres by ninety-six metres in width; the dome situated over the transept is fifty-two metres high. What is most striking in the cathedral of Seville, is its majesty; at Leon, elegance; at St. James's in Galicia, strength; at Toledo, richness.

The church of Our Lady at Seville is lighted by ninety-six windows, the most of which are embellished with stained glass. This beautiful glass, due to Flemish masters, such as Charles of Bruges, Arnold of Flanders, and his son, from 1525 to 1558, produces a surprising effect upon the bright rays of the sun of Andalusia. The style of the *renaissance*, with its delicate ornaments, its arabesques and embroidery interspersed with pearls and precious stones of a thousand changeable colors, suits well with this bright and pure light, which brings out the least touches of the pencil and the most delicate tints. This glass also permits the penetration of a soft light under the vaults of the temple,—a light that is suggestive of calmness and prayer. In the capital of the richest province of Spain, we see manifested the feelings of a people, of whom an ancient writer says, that they are "lavish towards their temples, and modest in their houses." The metropolitan church of Seville succeeded in saving from the disorders of civil wars numerous objects of art, not less remarkable for the perfection of their forms than for the price of their material.

We shall not now attempt to describe the statues, paintings, and sculptures which fill the chapels: suffice it to say that they are the works of the most celebrated masters of Spain. The

^{*}Proverbs, xviii, 10.

reredos of the main altar is looked upon as a prodigy of patience and good taste. It is of cedar, and made up of forty-four panels finely carved: it represents, in bas-reliefs, the principal traits of the Old and the New Testament. Sixty-eight years were spent in bringing this admirable work to completion.

At the entrance of the nave there is the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, son of the celebrated Christopher Columbus, who discovered America in 1492. He had embraced the ecclesiastical state, and distinguished himself by his enlightened love for science and literature. He founded the library, which to this day bears the name of *Colombini*, and wrote the history of his father and of the daring voyages which taught Europe the way to the New World. It has been said of him, that he would have been a great man, if he had not received his name from a man too well known: the glory of the father totally eclipsed that of the son.

In the royal chapel, there are yet preserved the flag of Spain and the victorious sword of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville and the scourge of the Arabs. The remains of this pious and valiant monarch are preserved in a precious urn. Alphonsus the Wise and Queen Beatrice are interred in the same chapel. Alphonsus gave himself up to the study of astronomy with a passion that often made him neglect the care of his kingdom. The historian Marrani, alluding to the loss of the empire and to the revolt of the Castilians, said of this prince:

Dumque cælum considerat, observatque astra, terram amisit: "In contemplating the heavens, he lost the earth."

Alphonsus, who was also called the Astrologer, was so vain of his knowledge, that the following conversation has been attributed to him:

"If I had been in the counsel of God at the time of the creation, I would have given him some good suggestions upon the movement of the stars." If this anecdote be true, it proves only that the crowned astronomer understood very imperfectly the simplicity and the grandeur of the laws that regulate the revolutions of the stars.

Among the riches of the cathedral, we must reckon the masterpieces of Murillo, the painter of Seville. Being a pupil of Moya and of Velasquez, Murillo acquired a high reputation for the inexhaustible fertility of his genius, the skilful arrangement of his pictures, the freshness of his pencil, the vigor of his coloring, and the noble character of design which distinguishes all his works.

The Italians have compared him to Paul of Verona.

Who are our most dangerous enemies? Very often they are those whom we call our "best friends." And why? Because, by engaging us in idle conversation, they at least rob us of time: and how terrible for *eternity* is the loss of *time*! Considering this loss with the eyes of Faith, we may easily understand why Jesus, our Lord and Judge, will require so rigorous an account of every idle word. Were it to lead to no other evil than a loss of time, this alone would be sufficient to make us deplore it for all *eternity*.

RE P E N T A N C E .

A holy man who loved his God
Dwelt far in forest glade ;
And wandered where no footstep trod,
Nor other man had strayed.

In coarsest cloth his limbs were clad,
On coarsest food he fed ;
His features bore expression sad,
He walked with bended head.

In dismal care at night he slept,
Or knelt in earnest prayer ;
And often through the hours he wept,
Or cried out in despair.

“ My God ! ” he sighed, “ where can I find
Balm for my troubled soul ?
'Gainst thee I've sinned—how blind ! how blind !
Where can I seek the dole ? ”

What sin was his ? a murder dread—
Some vile and nameless crime—
That writ his name in letters red
Upon the page of time ?

Inquiring soul ! such was not so :
No deed of blood or shame
Oppressed him with remorseful woe,
Or slurred his humble name.

For thousands, whom we daily see
On earthly pleasures bent,
Have greater cause by far than he
To poignantly repent.

But in *his* breast the undimmed light
 Of faith so brightly glowed,
 That each transgression in his sight
 Its true proportions showed.

Remembering that on Calvary's hill
 With sorrows multiplied,
 To satisfy His Father's will,
 The Son of Mary died.

Yes, died that he and all mankind,
 Accursed for Adam's sin,
 The narrow path again might find,
 And the lost kingdom win.

He feels that would he hope to live
 Where God in glory reigns,
 That, like the Saviour, he must give
 His days to watch and pains.

While we, alas! "of little faith,"
 Our lives in pleasure lead:
 Preserve us from a just God's wrath!
 His warnings may we heed.

By penitence and earnest prayer
 While on this earth we stay,
 We win the right the joys to share
 Of the Eternal day.

JAMES FITZGERALD.

INDEPENDENCE.

Free born, it is my purpose to die free.
 Away, degrading cares! and ye not less,
 Delights of sense and gauds of worldliness!
 I have no part in you, nor you in me.
 They that walk brave wear the world's livery;
 Their badge of service is their sumptuous dress.
 Seek then your prey in gilded palaces;
 Revere my hovel's humble liberty.
 Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars,
 That we must place in such low things our trust?
 Let me have noble toils, if toil I must,—
 The patriot's task or friendship's sacred cares.
 Beside my board that man shall break no crust
 Who sells his birthright for a feast of dust.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A RANSOMED LIFE.

(A Leaf from a Carlist's Diary.)

It is past midnight. But a minute since the relief guard hurried by, and I still hear the solemn tread of their departing feet. The hours drag heavily on, and yet I cannot sleep for the thoughts that ceaseless hurry through my brain. Through the barred window of this mountain *venta*, which is to be my prison God knows how long, I can see in the fading moonlight the ridges of the hills that hold my comrades-in-arms. Alas! it may be I am never to rejoin them. They look black and dismal, those bare, shadowy hills; but they are dear to me, for in their fastnesses do loyal hearts hold ward about Spain's rightful king.

There are trees and rocks and reaches of marshy land between me and the uplands. A spectral mist floats above the valley where lie unburied the victims of the battle, and through it shine with baleful glimmer the fires of the outposts. Roundabout me are the tents of Serrano's soldiers, pitched among these rows of mouldering hillocks; and here am I in this dreary prison-house, crowding my wild thoughts upon the page in dread the rush-light's gleam will cease to guide my weary fingers.

The day is past, thank Heaven. A dreadful day for Spain,—a day which leaves a searing, cankering wound upon my heart.

For it has been *his* funeral day, who was as noble a work as God's hand ever formed.

Old romancists and strolling bards may tell of champions in the olden time, whose lives were pure as air, whose deeds were brilliant as sunlight; but there was one I knew whose acts would shine beside the doughtiest paladin's, nor suffer from comparison.

He was a stranger in our midst. We knew him only through the goodness of his heart and his rare nobility of nature. Most of us were boorish peasants, rude mountaineers, and, save some noble exiles who followed Don Carlos in his fortunes, we all were used to peril and exposure. Not so he.

Some tender English mother nursed his boyhood, and in academic halls his youth was spent communing with the great spirits of the past, and poring over the culture of the generations. Yet withal he donned the rough attire of Castile, and held his soldier vigils in these solitudes as if inured to hardship from his childhood. Franklin Deane had been his name at home, but to our tongues the name of Señor Francis came more readily.

What brought him from his pleasant

English home, from all the comforts of a parent's hearth, to spill his blood in an abandoned cause? What but the spirit of a chivalry as grand, as ennobling as that of a departed age!

Señor Francis was a character you meet will but rarely in these cold, prosaic days. Without a particle of foolish sentiment in his nature, he carried a heart deeply susceptible of impressions, and a mind of singular activity and resolution.

He held that men were men as much in the nineteenth century as they had been in the sixteenth, and that social forms and conventions should not be permitted to smother the impulses of a heart which longed to take sides with justice against iniquity.

He saw in Spain an exile, the son of kings who ruled when knights-errant were in the saddle; a man who brought the old faith with a promise of order to a land cursed by infidelity, and rent by feuds. He saw this exile, and he hurried to place himself in the ranks of his adherents, and to tender the services of a sword as yet clear of blood.

You, sneering cynic, sitting in your snug parlor, will laugh at this character; but do you not know that it is in such a one that truth and honor and grandeur of nature most are found? You may call him fanatic, and in your little mind exult in the breadth of your own fashionable sympathies and your cultivated good-sense; but there is more of true heroism and sterling humanity in a tiny globule of that man's blood, than in all the red flood which courses through your veins. Do not think your fellow harebrained because his conceptions of duty are not as lax and sluggish as your own. Thank Heaven rather that

it is given to some men to rise above the selfish, lucre-sodden natures they see around them.

Had you known Señor Francis, you would have seen in him the qualities that best become a man. He was kind and gentle, modest in his ways, and possessed withal of a bold, warm heart, reluctant to be bound by the restraints which were imposed upon it.

For over a year he bore with us the dangers of the campaign. Always brave, always hopeful, he refused to be down-hearted in the face of reverses, and many a time he cheered the faltering spirits of his comrades when success seemed more than doubtful.

But it is not of these things I have to tell. Let me write, while yet the light glimmers on the page, the story of yesterday's conflict and its butchery. The sun of noon shone down upon the outpost's tent where we sat—Señor Francis and I—talking about the prospects of the campaign. It is a wild place up in the mountains where our detachment are encamped. There are rugged masses of stone rising up above a plateau which is covered with flinty pebbles, and down from this eminence a thickly-wooded slope descends to the valley beneath. At the farther end of this upland level some ridges of shrubbery and odd patches of gorse cover the ground. Here is the camp we Carlists have occupied ever since Serrano's regiments were reported advancing against us.

It was noon as I said, and Francis, wearied with the morning's watch, lay in the shadow of the tent, listening to the songs of the muleteers who stood some distance off tethering their animals,

where a few blades of grass struggled out of the ground.

"José," said he to me, "I am troubled about the absence of the picket. Was he trustworthy?" He was speaking of Quinta the Basque, a man of ill repute among his comrades, and one with whom report dealt unfavorably. I answered that Quinta had never given cause to be suspected, but added that I did not like the man.

Scarcely had I spoken when he of whom we conversed came up from the valley, his carabine slung over his shoulder, and his looser cap hanging over his ear.

"All goes well," he said, saluting Francis who had charge of this outpost. "The enemy have not been seen to-day: Serrano is too cute to push us here. The old fox has turned tail." Quinta showed the large white teeth beneath his heavy mustaches, and strolled leisurely off towards the camp.

An hour passed. Still the yellow sun glittered on the pebbles, and the valley underneath it glowed with a thousand bright colors. A tiny mountain stream burst from its rock-bound channel about half-way down the declivity, to go glistening and murmuring through the daylight into the shadow of some stately ilex-trees. Francis was gazing intently at this brooklet as I raised my eyes.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I cannot tell. But I would pledge my life I saw a man enter that grove a moment since."

"Was he one of our people?"

"I had but a glimpse of him. I could not make him out in the distance."

Again we became silent, Francis watching the ilex grove, I busy with my carabine. Ten minutes passed.

"I am strangely restless," said Francis. "Do you not hear a noise?"

I listened. "No, and yet let me hear!"

Yes, truly, there was a low murmur, now audible, now vague, again lost altogether.

"José," said Francis, starting up,— "José, a number of men hurrying through the soft low ground below would make that sound."

"Tush," said I, "you are needlessly alarmed." Again we listened, and again, this time louder than before, came the hollow murmur.

"Hurry, José," cried Francis, "alarm the camp." In a moment I was hastening across the level to the spot where the Carlist band were gathered unsuspecting of danger. The muleteers seeing me gave over their occupation, and looked about with anxious, troubled faces. Francis still stood on the verge of the plateau, gazing down.

I was half-way to the camp when a shot rang out upon the clear air. Looking behind, I saw Francis hurrying after me, and urging me on. Another glance showed me a dark mass of men just emerging from the ilex grove.

With a beating heart I sprang forward, and sent my cry piercing through the camp.

"To arms! To arms! *Camarades*. The enemy is here!"

Alas! the warning was too late. Our men springing to their weapons had no time to form before a dark mass appeared above the level of the plateau. For a moment it paused on the verge as if waiting to gather force, and then it came rushing down upon us. A line of Spanish soldiers, with their bayonets glittering in the sun, stretched across

the clear ground, and as they came across the flinty soil at a charge others came to view behind them.

There was no time for orders, no time for tactics. Every man raised his weapon to his shoulder, a steady rattle of musketry sounded from the camp, and then the Spanish soldiers, with diminished, but still overpowering, numbers, were upon us. In vain was our desperate resistance. Man after man was bayoneted or cut down. A few who called for quarter were butchered without mercy. And we—some dozen despairing, but determined men who knew what Spanish mercy meant—fought madly till we reached the mountain's side, but there fell overpowered or were made captives. The latter was my fate. Surrounded by a score of brutal soldiers, the survivors of the fray were hurried to the camp, and for the nonce shut up in the close confinement of this old mountain *venta*. There were a score of us in all. Some were wounded, a few were dying, there was hardly one unscathed. Close beside me, with his head bound in a handkerchief and his hair clotted with blood, was Francis.

He was the bravest of us in bonds as he had been in freedom. His face was pale and ghastly, but the old familiar smile was there still; and as he moved among us uttering words of cheer, I could not but think of those heroes of the early Church who strove in noisome dungeons to console their brethren while themselves were captive and condemned.

My other companions in captivity were stout Castilians, men prepared to die at any moment and face the bullet with a light heart. All but one—

Federico of the hills—a noted man in the bands of the Carlists, who from a landed hidalgo had become a penniless guerilla leader. His name was known among the soldiers of Serrano; and although his person was unfamiliar to them, they had in some way discovered that he was among their captives. But that afternoon he had sent for his family, who had taken refuge in the mountains, with the intention of having them conveyed to Mardiz under escort, and now he sat in a corner of the apartment with a look of sullen despair upon his face, and thinking, no doubt, of the sad surprise awaiting those he loved so well. Francis strove to cheer him with a few consoling words, but the dark, sorrowful man seemed not to hear him. Rigid as a statue he sat upon the bare floor, with his eye fixed despairingly, almost savagely, on the little patch of blue sky that showed through a chink in the wall.

What our fate would be, none of us could determine. Clemency was not to be looked for at Serrano's hands; and yet, after the dreadful butchery of the day, even his soldiers sated with blood must have shrunk from further enormities. With dismal forebodings we passed the afternoon. Yet no one spoke despondingly. The proud Castilian spirit could not be tamed by fetters, and in the clenched teeth and bold eye of my companions I read the determination to meet death bravely as became the loyal subjects of our prince. As for Señor Francis, he seemed quite unmindful of his peril. Not once did he speak of danger except when he recommended us to give what little time we had on earth to Heaven. His piety was with him no less than his courage.

During two sultry wearisome hours we listened to the roar and clamor of the victor camp undisturbed; but later on, when quiet was in some degree restored, a soldier thrust his head into the door-way, and shouted in a mocking tone:

"Gentlemen mountaineers, your thick hides will not be riddled *this* day, thanks to our colonel's mercy. But as one of you, Federico of the hills by name, has been a surly dog, we shall draw his teeth an hour hence. If it be any consolation to know it, the rest of you are safe. Señor Federico will hold himself ready to join his friends below. Good-day, gentlemen!" The soldier withdrew his face, closing and fastening the door behind him just as Federico who had risen to his feet flung himself against it.

"You coward!" he cried, pressing his lips to the door, "had I my hands unbound I would end your cursed existence." A mocking laugh sounded from the outside, and the captive going from one extreme to another sank upon the floor, lamenting his absent children and the sorrow so soon to come upon them.

"Oh, that God would grant me but to see them once, then would I die rejoicing!" he said. "Friends," he continued, "comrades, do not scorn me for my weakness. I love our prince and would die for him as readily as any of you, but," and his voice failed him, "I am a husband and a father."

Señor Francis was pacing the floor as Federico spoke. He turned on the prostrate man a quick glance full of sympathy.

"Federico," he asked, "do these soldiers know your face?"

"They do not," said the other.

"Then you shall not die!"

"How? why?"

"No matter, you shall not die. That is enough."

We looked at Señor Francis inquiringly, but we saw he was not to be questioned, so all held their peace, and in the mountain *venta* the Carlist captives sat in silence, thinking perhaps of those whom they never might look upon again, or recommending unto Heaven the soul they soon might have to render up. Francis still paced up and down, ever and anon peering through the chinks of the door. At length he stopped and turned to us.

"Comrades," said he, "there is no knowing how soon we must part. Some of us, perhaps all, may die. If so, God and the Virgin receive our souls! But some, too, may live. Let us pledge ourselves, comrades, at this moment of trial ever to be true to the cause which justice and honor make their own."

"We do," cried the captives, one and all, rising to their feet.

"Then may God have us in his keeping, and defend our sovereign, Carlos, from his enemies!"

"So be it!" said Federico's deep voice.

"Long live Carlos our king!" cried the Castilians. It was a strangely impressive scene. The dark, low-roofed room of the *venta*, the battle-stained captives standing upon its floor, with a lofty enthusiasm animating their faces and shining in their eyes, and Francis the central figure of the group, with his pale face streaked with blood, and the bright hair, the mark of his northern birth, struggling out from under the

crimson rag that covered it. Such a scene it was as leaves an impression on the mind to last through a lifetime. The words of Francis had hardly been spoken when there sounded near at hand the tramp of a body of men approaching the place. Federico's dark face paled a little. "Good-by, comrades! God be with you!" he said, and then in a lower tone, "Poor Inez!" He was thinking of his wife and those on whom he thought his eyes would never again rest.

Tramp, tramp came the steady tread drawing nearer every minute.

"José," said Francis, "I have a brother in England: should you escape, send him this. It is the only keepsake I have." He handed me a small gold locket fastened to a steel chain. Then lowering his tone, he whispered, "Tell our comrades to persevere. Carlos will yet be king, and Spain will be the land she was of old."

"But how is this"—I was saying.

"Hush! they are here."

The tramp had ceased. We heard the grounding of muskets just outside the door. In a moment it was opened, and an officer made his appearance.

"Federico of the hills," said he glancing from one to the other of us, "follow me!"

"I shall. Farewell, comrades!" and before we could utter a word out of the door passed *not* Federico, but *Señor Francis*.

"So we have Federico after all," we heard the officer say as he closed the door.

And Federico of the hills—what of him? He had risen as the door was opened, but had stood speechless with surprise at what followed. A minute

he stood gazing open-mouthed at the closed door, and then as the meaning of the scene dawned upon him, he rushed to it and strove frantically to tear it open with his fettered hands.

"Hold," he shouted, "I am Federico, Federico of the hills is here. You are taking off another. Listen to me. O God! they are taking him away to kill him. He is going to die for me."

And so it was. Francis our comrade, so young, so talented, so hopeful, Francis had gone forth to die that a husband might be spared to the woman he had never seen, and a father left to the children he had only heard of. He knew that Federico's person was unknown to the soldiers, and he had voluntarily substituted himself for the doomed man.

Through a chink in the *venta's* wall I looked upon the heroic sacrifice. Francis stood beneath the spreading branches of an oleander-tree, his arms pinioned, and a corps of Spanish riflemen drawn up before him. I could see that his frank face and manly bearing affected even his enemies, for the officer in command of the party was restless, and strove to avoid the lofty, fearless glance of his victim. For a moment the captive knelt upon the greensward. The flash of the red sun going down behind the hills fell full upon his face and glowed upon his bright hair, like the halos which gleam about the heads of pictured saints. His prayer was short. To that great Being into whose hands he was so soon to render up his life, he no doubt recommended the friends he left behind, and the cause for which he fought. Then rising to his feet, he stood facing his executioners. Once, only once, did he glance round upon the bright, green hills, the cluster-

ing woodlands, and the purple glories of the sky. Then he gave a farewell look at the dingy prison-house that held his captive comrades. I could see no more; my eyes filled with tears; my heart was weighted as with lead. I heard the officer's command, and then I turned away. A moment more and the report of twenty rifles rang out, telling the Carlist prisoners that Francis had gone to meet his God. I looked out again as the evening began to gather upon the scene of the day's strife and its final sacrifice. The familiar outline of the hills was blending with the gray sky behind; the distant mountain fastnesses, where Carlos with the remnant of his bands still held his foes at bay, were shrouded by the gloom; and he, the stranger, who had given days of toil and weariness to aid a cause whose justice made it his own; he for whom his kindred prayed by distant firesides,—he was lying dead beneath the sky of Spain that a wife and some strange little ones should have a husband and a father spared them.

HENRY CURRAN NUGENT.

CHILL OCTOBER.

Lo! through the vapors gray
Brown Autumn hies away,
And leaves her blood-red banners lying scattered, torn, and sere;
The days have dwindled slowly,
And now the wind sobs lowly
A melancholy farewell to the glory of the year.

Now scowling Winter's seen
Forging his arrows keen,
And the old men and the children soon will fall before his bow;
The birds and patient cattle
Will flee before his battle,
And the mole and timid dormouse will hide in terror low.

But soon the radiant Spring
Will spread her golden wing,
And melt the tyrant's fury with the softness of her eye;
The little child will bless her
The young lambs skip to press her,
And the lark sing loud her praises as he mounts the sunny sky.

And shall I be alive
To hail the merry hive
Of bees and birds and children in the lovers' leafy lane?
How many plans are broaching
For the New Year fast approaching,
For whom no happy Springtide will ever shine again!

GEO. G. HEGAN.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The directors of a Brooklyn horse-car railroad have directed their conductors not to collect any fare from Sisters of Charity.

The Catholic Indians of Washington Territory number about 6,000.

A convention of all the Irish Catholic Benevolent Unions in the United States will meet in Baltimore on the 21st of October, the session to last three days.

A young Men's Catholic Society has been organized in Pittsburg, Pa., numbering 100 members.

The Benedictine Monks are about erecting a monastery in the Diocese of Savannah. They will devote themselves almost exclusively to the education of the colored race.

The new constitution of the State of Ohio has been defeated, mainly, as is stated on both sides, by the votes of Catholics. The great objection was its disposal of the school question. The *Cincinnati Telegraph* claims that Catholics have in the result a double cause for joy—the defence of a most sacred right, and the united display of their voting strength.

Far away in the Territory of Montana, Catholicity seems to be growing as rapidly as in the more populous States. At Helena the Catholic congregation propose to build a new and larger church at a cost of \$15,000.

There are thirty parochial schools in the city of New York, in which nearly twenty-seven thousand girls and boys are taught. This does not include all the children of Catholic parentage, as in many parts of the city

the children are forced to attend the public schools, or receive no school education. In addition to these parochial schools there are many private Catholic schools where tuition is charged for.

South-western journals state that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, of the Diocese of Natchez, Miss., was one of the passengers on the *Henry Ames* when she sunk on the Mississippi recently, and in the midst of the terrible scenes with which he was surrounded, behaved in a manner becoming a Catholic bishop. When the boat was sinking, and all thought she would go under, he knelt upon the hurricane roof, and, offering up a prayer for all on board, he, according to the rites of the Church, pronounced absolution upon all among them who believed in its doctrines. He was the last man to take the yawl.

Here is news of a thoroughly sensible occurrence. At the funeral of a poor man named Michael Flynn, of Watertown, Massachusetts, which took place on Aug. 14th, his friends, instead of hiring hacks, walked in procession to the cemetery, and gave what would otherwise have gone in carriage-hire to the widow and six orphans. Is there any one to find fault with this conduct? How many "long funerals" do we see every day following the remains of poor men whose children will be sent to the poor-house next week? These men of Watertown deserve the thanks of a great many for the example they have shown.—*Pilot*.

Rev. Abbé Eugène Duran, of the diocese of Blois, France, and for many years past a Missionary Apostolic at Canton, China, is in San Francisco, on his way to Peru, whither he goes at the special request of the Arch-

bishop of Peru, to minister to the spiritual wants of the great numbers of Chinese employed on the railroad works of that city.

The Benedictine Monks of Ramsgate, England, are to immediately establish a College in Dublin in connection with the Catholic University of Ireland. This is done at the urgent request of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, and the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

The Archbishop of Tuam is truly an extraordinary man. He is now eighty-two years of age, and will in another year be in the fiftieth year of his episcopate. Yet he is as active in the performance of his sacred functions as if he were but forty or fifty. For three weeks of late he has been continuously on a Confirmation tour, travelling through the wildest regions of the west—often in a boat across the Corrib, and other lakes—examining minutely and at length the children presented to him, about 8,000 in all, and then saying Mass and preaching long sermons, chiefly in Irish. And, after all his labors, he is said to be in robust health and in the best spirits!—*London Register*.

His Grace Archbishop Eyre has secured in Glasgow, Scotland, near the University, a large house for the foundation of the Catholic Ecclesiastical Seminary for the West of Scotland. The munificent sum of £3,000 has been contributed for this important work by the Marquis of Bute.

The Empress Eugenie has lately given £2,000 towards a new Catholic Church near Covent Garden, London, which is to be erected by way of expiation for all the "outrages" which have been inflicted on the Blessed Sacrament since the Reformation.

In one of his recent speeches in the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli, who has been predicting all sorts of trouble ahead from the conflict of Churches and States, made a remarkable declaration. Alluding to the fact that a large majority of the population of Ireland are of the Catholic faith, he added: "I have always expressed, as I do now, my respect for their faith. I cannot conceal from myself that the organization of the

Catholic religion is a most powerful organization—perhaps, if I may say so, the most powerful now in existence. I will say this, that it is not the less powerful because the head of that faith has been deprived of his capital and a few provinces. *I believe his power has increased.*"

The Catholic University of Louvain is in a very flourishing condition just now, and seems likely soon to rival the great institutions of the Middle Ages. It is announced that the young Prince of the Asturias, a son of Isabella II of Spain, will attend the courses of the Louvain University next year. It counts now over one thousand pupils.

Several years since the name was echoed throughout Europe of the boy Mortara, a Jew who had been baptized surreptitiously and taken from his parents in Rome. This boy is now Father Pius Mortara, an Augustine monk in the monastery of Notre Dame de Beauchene, and on July 16th he preached a sermon at Niort, in the department of the Deux Sèvres, on the occasion of the festival of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel.

The religious teaching Orders of the Catholic Church are not merely the cheapest teaching bodies in the world, but they are constantly giving proof by *results* that they are the best. Recently there has been a fair test of the merits of the Christian Brothers' schools in Paris, compared with the lay or secular schools. There are in Paris fifty schools directed by the Brothers, and seventy-eight lay schools. It would therefore be natural to expect that the pupils of the lay schools should far exceed in success the pupils of the Christian schools competing for a common prize. As was the case last year, so, this year, the students of the Christian schools have won more than their share of the bourses in the higher municipal schools, which are thrown open to public competition. There were 505 competitors; of these 272 were sent forward by the Christian schools, and 233 by the lay schools. Even here it will be seen that Catholic education won the advantage. This advantage was substantial in the preliminary concursus, by which 292 scholars were eliminated from the contest. Of these 174 were lay and 118

Catholic. There were therefore 213 admitted to the definitive trial, of whom 154 belonged to the Brothers, and 59 to the lay brothers. There were 183 bourses awarded, 137 to the Brothers' boys winning 137, the lay schools taking only *forty-eight*, which gives a majority for Catholic education of *eighty-one*! Moreover the Brothers' boys were not merely the most numerous; they were the best. They had the first four places, and there was but *one* lay school boy in the first twenty. Now let us ask, what did these schools cost the city of Paris? The Catholic schools cost 1,500,000 francs, and the Christian schools cost only 535,000 francs.—*Catholic Review*.

Poor M. Loyson, gosling by name, monk by vow, and curé of Geneva by the appointment of the band of atheists who call themselves Old Catholics, and the rulers of Geneva, has "resigned" his office of curé because, in smooth, having denied the infallibility of the Pope, he could not recognize the infallibility of a Genevan Vestry Board, or of any other else, for that matter, except himself. Poor wretch, he has a hard road to travel, which will be none the easier the farther it leads away from the Mother Church at whose altar he vowed purity and obedience as his portion forever.—*Catholic Review*.

Following in the footsteps of its worldly and religious-indifferent parent, Portugal, which has long been a hotbed of Freemasonry, Brazil has for some time past been exhibiting some of the fruits of its original early training. It is well known how energetically the good Bishop of Pernambuco has his face against the "Brotherhood" in his diocese, and how he was punished for his zeal with imprisonment. His courageous and edifying example has not been lost, but has produced fruit in good season, for many men of high standing have been moved thereby to throw off the thralldom of Freemasonry, and have avowed themselves devoted children of their heroic chief-pastor in their only Mother the Church. Their eyes were not opened to see themselves as God saw them, until their society laid its sacrilegious hand upon the consecrated person of their

saintly bishop. Up to this time, some two hundred and eighty-two members have left the society, and the number is constantly on the increase.

The *Monitore degli Ordini Religiosi* gives the following statistics of the religious Orders in Austria: "There are 25 religious Orders of men in the empire and 27 of women; 468 nunneries and 290 monasteries. There are 7,200 monks and 6,000 nuns. In twenty years there has been an increase of 184 religious houses and of 2,586 religious. In 1851 the Jesuits, who had only 8 houses with 16 fathers, have now 37 houses and 527 fathers."

The church of Maestricht, Holland, contains some very precious relics of the Passion, and of some of the most illustrious saints. These have been recently exposed to the veneration of the faithful in a new and splendid reliquary. Over 100,000 pilgrims visited the shrine during the week the relics were exhibited. They were carried in procession around the square of the church, amid a dense crowd of persons, and followed by several bishops and a great number of distinguished Hollanders.

The Abbé Liszt is now at Rome, engaged on a new oratorio on the subject of St. Stanislaus.

There are forty-two catacombs in and around Rome, with galleries 587 miles long, and it is estimated that from four to seven millions of bodies have found sepulture therein.

While his Majesty the King of Italy is squandering money on questionable amusements, the imprisoned Pope is buying up all the old houses he can, in order to let them out in rooms at a very low rate to the poor. He has just purchased a number of ancient houses near St. Peter's, and is repairing them so that they may be ready for the unfortunate class against the winter. Our readers are doubtless aware that it is on account of the extraordinary increase of pauperism that the Holy Father has performed this noble act of charity.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The latest use to which paper has been put is barrel-making.

In Austria the sale of artificial mineral waters is prohibited. Such a measure might be adopted in this country with great advantage to the health of many people.

A horizontal pendulum is described by Zollner, in which the susceptibility was so great that it was set in motion by the vibrations produced by a railway train a mile distant.

Father Secchi, the celebrated Jesuit astronomer at Rome, is going to use a special adaptation of the spectroscope, in order to watch the approach to and contact with the sur of the planet Venus, on the occasion of the eagerly looked-for transit of that planet on the 8th and 9th of December.

There is a class of cosmetics we can safely recommend, and guarantee that they will produce not only a clear complexion, but improve the general health. Our cosmetics are plain, wholesome, nutritious food, not vitiated with soda or spice or lard; abundance of fruit (dried apples nicely cooked will answer), frequent ablutions of the entire body, accompanied with a plentiful use of fine soap on the face as well as other portions of the surface; ample exercise in the open air, and early and long sleep. Three months' use of these cosmetics will improve the most hopeless complexion, and leave only the happiest after-effects.

A Belgian workman has invented an economical fuel made up in this way: two and one quarter pounds of coal dust, six and one half pounds of vegetable earth, and five and

one half ounces of salts of soda, the whole of which is well mixed in one pound of water. A shovelful of this mixture thrown upon an ardent fire causes it to burn with great brilliancy and to emit a strong degree of heat. The Chinese have been long using a fuel composed very much like this one.

The latest and most plausible plan brought forward for running street cars in cities without the aid of horses is a foreign device, in which the motive power used is an arrangement of powerful springs, encased in cylinders like watch springs, of course on a very large scale, and the application of which to the cars now employed is said to be extremely simple and easy. These springs are wound up by small stationary steam-engines at each terminus of the line, and when so wound up will propel the cars, even with stoppages, for a longer distance than any existing line of this kind extends. The action is reversible, the application of the brake power in every respect satisfactory, and the working of the whole thing is pronounced a success.

The English papers note the claim of a Dutch chemist, who professes to have discovered what he calls "the successor of steam," which he gives the scientific name of carbonic acid. It is a form of carbonic acid, and Mr. Bemis, the discoverer, says it can be made to perform many of the duties now performed by steam, besides being much more portable and more quickly available. The beauty of the discovery to the English mind, supposing it to be of practical importance, is that it will lead to the utilization of the chalk cliffs and lime deposits of England, so that, as the end of coal-mining draws near, a new resource for fuel will be available.

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ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

As the light is contrary to darkness, as debased vice can never understand the existence of pure virtue, so the world, in its cold indifference, cannot penetrate into, nor have any sympathy with, the spiritual history of that Church which makes all things here subservient to ends that will serve hereafter. The mission of that Church embodies all that is really practical, though she has been for all time censured for her lack of practicability, and her refusal to act in accordance with the desires, or, more properly speaking, the sinful tendencies of mankind. To the Catholic, however, whose mind is shadowed by no absurdity of unbelief, whose heart is hardened by no evil-spirited prejudice, his Church must ever present a glorious state of action, a continual labor, amid all difficulties, for the perpetuation of truth and the salvation of mankind.

In poring over the lives of the great pillars of the Church, who have figured conspicuously in her history, we discover that, among her chosen servants or special ministers, there are two classes: one representing the very essence of her spirituality, and represented in the persons of those holy men who, in secluded retreats of godly learning and holy meditation, pass away their lives in prayer and penance, in self-imposed sufferings for the salvation of their fellow-men, continually offering their lives as an atonement for the wicked deeds of the world without. Of their actions we, who dwell among our kind, reposing in comfort, have but a slight conception. Their lives are passed in the obscurity of the cloister, and their saintly labors are very frequently left unrecorded. God and their simple brethren are the sole witnesses of their self-sacrifice. But there is another class of the Church's defenders, comprising those who are commissioned to visibly uphold its authority, who govern their respective flocks, and lead them, in spite of the world, to the acquirement of that knowledge of the true faith so precious hereafter. Those of the latter order have found numerous historians to perpetuate the memory of their lives for the benefit of posterity, and the world in general possesses a facility for observing their character. Among those who, in latter days, have thus shone prominently forward, none stands more conspicuous than Archbishop Hughes.

He was born in the May of 1798, in County Tyrone, Ireland, and was the son of Patrick Hughes, a farmer of limited means. At a very early age, he evinced a fervent desire to enter into the service of his Maker, and was encouraged by the evident delight which his parents exhibited at his early piety and talents. Still, their poverty prevented them from affording him any great facilities in the pursuit of knowledge, although with loving earnestness they strove to aid him. They could only impart to him such instruction as could be derived from a small school in the neighborhood of his home, and after a while even this opportunity of improvement was withdrawn on account of their indigence. While quite a young man, he left his native land, and followed his father, who had come to this country about a year previous. When he joined his father, he was sent to a gardener to receive instruction in the art; but his inclination prompted him to pursue no other avocation than that fostered even in his childhood, and immediately on the conclusion of his engagement he sought St. Mary's Seminary at Emmettsburg. However, his admittance here was effected principally through the knowledge he acquired at the florist's. It was usual, at that time, to receive young men in the seminary, who, though desirous of being priests, were too poor to advance the necessary amount, on the condition that they should teach the less proficient classes, or perform some slight duties in connection with the garden, etc. When young Hughes applied, Father Dubois informed him that there was no vacancy, and that he could not receive him. He then applied himself to whatever work he could procure, digging ditches and employed in the most humble occupations; but everywhere he was recognized as a man of superior ability, and respected more than any of his fellow-workmen. He applied again, but received the same response, and pursued the same course. Finally, Father Dubois told him that if he had any knowledge of gardening he might take charge of the garden, and after applying himself to the duties of the position could devote some time to study. He accepted, and found frequent opportunities to revise what he had already learned, and to improve himself in many ways. He soon displayed all the richness of his mind, and the president of the college discovered that he was no ordinary student, and that the deep mine of thought and the pious zeal which characterized this young man's disposition, would become a valuable acquisition to the Church. He assisted him on many occasions, and was confirmed in his exalted opinion of his merits. After spending seven years in a preparatory course, he was ordained in 1825, and appointed to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church in Philadelphia. His first sermon was brief but carefully prepared, and when he delivered it, his touching eloquence affected every one, and left a lasting impression upon his hearers.

He repeated this same sermon on several occasions, reasoning that what had a good effect in one place, would also have the same in another; and Bishop Conwell heard it so often that he bestowed upon it the sobriquet of the "Cuckoo Sermon."

His first great lecture was delivered in St. Augustine's, in Philadelphia, before a large and refined congregation.

who had, from the first, been attracted by his superior merits. It was on the important subject, at that time so widely discussed,—“Catholic Emancipation.” In the conclusion of this admirable discourse, he said that with his brethren he would “breathe the prayer of hope, that henceforth the inhabitants of Ireland, and not of Ireland alone, but of every country of the globe, may live as brethren, if not in religion, at least in social kindness, in the bond of holy peace, in the practice of virtue, and of piety and fidelity to one common and blessed God.”

All this time the Catholic Church was advancing steadily, and her power began to be felt the whole country over. This gave rise to a determined opposition on the part of the different sects. Meetings were held denouncing “Popery,” and exposing the “faultiness” of Catholic doctrines and principles. Father Hughes was looked up to as a defender of Catholic rights, and many were the discussions in which he became involved with ministers of different creeds. Young and inexperienced as he was, he displayed foresight and intelligence, far beyond the anticipations of his friends. Calmly and collectedly did he advance and refute arguments; and even while denouncing the infamous transactions and imputations of his opponents, he retained his self-possession as well as when he painted with enthusiasm the beauties of our holy religion. While his adversary would give way to the indulgence of his passion, and make use of expressions which he afterwards regretted, the youthful champion of Catholic rights would serenely but firmly defend his cause in lucid and im-

pressive language. Mr. John Breckenridge, a Presbyterian minister, had challenged any one to a discussion on the question, “Is the Protestant religion the religion of Christ?” A Catholic gentleman, in reply to some of his Protestant friends, pledged himself that Father Hughes would volunteer as a discussionist. Reluctantly did the latter consent to take upon himself a duty which would necessarily engross much of his attention. An agreement was made, however, by which it was arranged that the discussion be carried on through the medium of the press. There being no Catholic paper then in Philadelphia, Father Hughes undertook to superintend the direction of a new publication. The paper which had been issued was styled the *Catholic Herald*, while the *Presbyterian* was the title of the one attached to that sect. The discussion, on its appearance in print, attracted general attention among Catholics and Protestants; the former, enthusiastic in their praise of the wisdom and zeal of their worthy pastor; and the latter, more partial to the religion which so lately they denounced. By the agency of a society composed of young men of different religions, Mr. Breckenridge brought Father Hughes once more into discussion, the subject being, “Is the Catholic religion, in any or all of its principles or doctrines, inimical to civil or religious liberty?” Immediately after this, the Presbyterian religion was treated in the same light. Although the conduct of his opponent towards him was not unexceptionable, Father Hughes said he hoped “that he had made that distinction which Christian feeling suggests, between the cause

and person of the advocate arrayed against him."

On the 9th of January, 1838, he was consecrated bishop, and assumed the title of Bishop of Basileopolis and Coadjutor to Bishop Dubois, then attached to the diocese of New York. It is described as a most touching scene. The benign and holy countenance of the newly consecrated bishop, beaming with a heavenly joy; the serene and cheerful appearance of the venerable consecrators, Bishops Dubois—his former preceptor—Kenwick and Fenwick, implanted such an impression on the minds of the witnesses as time could never efface. In this position, he performed one of the most beneficial acts of his life; and one which not only materially promoted the interests of the Church, but also proved that he could rely upon the ready compliance of the Catholics with his wishes. The overthrow of the trustee system was only initiatory to his other great works. The management of all Church affairs was intrusted, by this system, to laymen, who styled themselves trustees. Under their misgovernment, the churches were deeply in debt, and some of them insolvent. To eradicate this evil, Bishop Hughes directed all his powers, and firmly opposed the attempts of the trustees to govern him. A few incidents proved to him that nothing could be gained by appealing to them, and therefore he addressed himself to his congregations, exposing the danger in which they moved, and exhorting them to put into effect measures to stem the torrent. A meeting of the pew-holders was convened, and about six hundred persons were present. After an eloquent dis-

course by the bishop, a set of resolutions were drawn up and presented to the trustees, informing them that such as disagreed therewith might resign. From that time their power was lost, and the zealous shepherd soon made ample provision for the wants of his flock. In 1839, he was appointed administrator of the diocese, on account of the age and infirmity of Bishop Dubois. Some time after he travelled through the Catholic countries on the other side of the water, seeking pecuniary aid for his diocese, and also to procure the services of the three great religious orders, the benefactors of the human race: the Jesuits, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the Sisters of Mercy. The excellent colleges and schools scattered over the country are sufficient evidences of the success which attended his and their efforts.

During his absence in Europe the school question had been on the *tapis*, and on his return he took an active part in the endeavors of the Catholics. A petition was sent in to the government, and was accompanied by an able speech from Bishop Hughes, but was rejected. He treated the same subject on several occasions, and gained over to his side many who before were most active in opposing him. At the election, the Catholics put forth all their strength, nominated an independent ticket, and were successful in placing in office many who could and would benefit them. Alterations were made in their favor, and the most objectionable points in the system were abolished. For the following nine years he faithfully labored in the cause of the Church, and sustained the honor of his high position. During this time, he erected

the college at Fordham, and promoted the diffusion of knowledge by the establishment of schools under the direction of the Brothers, and Sisters of Mercy. At the request of Congress he delivered a lecture on "Christianity the only source of moral, social, and political regeneration." In 1850, he was raised to the dignity of archbishop, and immediately set out to Rome to receive the distinguishing mark of his office. The Pope conferred an especial honor upon him, by investing him with the pallium from his own hands, instead of the usual practice of doing so by one of the cardinals. He also received other manifestations of regard from the Sovereign Pontiff.

He was engaged in several controversies, among which was the one with Hon. Erastus Brooks, the editor of the *Express*. One great aim of his endeavors was to see a grand cathedral in New York; and to accomplish his object, he solicited and received subscriptions from the most wealthy Catholics and even from a few Protestants. In 1858 the corner-stone was laid, and the ceremony was witnessed by about 150,000 people. Among those present were the archbishop and clergy, besides the bishops of seven other dioceses, and many distinguished and learned followers of the different professions. About three years after this circumstance he travelled to Europe, at the request of the Government, for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Union. He was received with every mark of respect and esteem by the persons in power wherever he went. He visited Rome on his return, and also assisted at the laying of the corner-stone of the University in Dublin.

As monuments to his memory stand the grand edifices to which he contributed so much aid. The seminary at Troy, the college at Fordham, but, above all, the new cathedral, will ever remind us of one who no longer exists except in the hearts of the American people. The last time he appeared in public was during the riots in 1863, when he addressed the crowd from his residence at the request of the governor. On the 3d of January, 1864, surrounded by the present archbishop and other distinguished clergymen with his two sisters, he fled from the cares and dangers of this world.

The new nation of America shadowed forth its political history with the life and services of the patriot Washington: it signalized the era of its religious history, and gave prophetic proof of its ultimate Catholicity, in the existence of Archbishop Hughes. It required the greatest deeds of arms, the labor of the purest men, to mark a change in the history of the government, when the free child of America was born: it needed earnest, practical zeal and transcendent ability to establish the religion of Christ, and its holy conquests were made permanent in the endeavors of its great defender. The last relics of despotism still remained in the evidences of intolerance and bigotry which disgraced the religious freedom of the country: it needed the energy of such a man as Archbishop Hughes to deal unworthy prejudice a telling blow, and forever give a permanent place to religious toleration. As Americans, we must be proud of him, for he fulfilled our standard of an energetic, faithful citizen.

From the humbleness of a farmer's

life he raised himself to a prominent place in the eyes of his fellow-citizens; and even the powers of the nation more than once craved the aid of his advice and intervention. From one end of the land to the other the polished yet keen products of his pen are earnestly perused, and strike all by the force of reasoning and elegance of their expression. But, as Catholics, must we still more admire his greatness. From one grade of life to the other, winning by degrees the esteem and confidence of those of his own creed in America, he at last rose to be the most prominent exponent of Catholicity in the land. When the followers of the faith were yet few in number, deficient in resources, he encouraged them by his example, labored manfully for their advancement, and finally succeeded. When fanatic fury gave vent to its fearful passions, when anarchy and ruin seemed to revivify the scenes of a French Revolution, his calm voice checked the impending calamity, and his determined efforts awed the oppressors. In those stormy days when Know-nothingism was rampant and made itself conspicuous by the light of blazing churches, when more than once bloody riot broke out with all the force of intolerance, he stood forth as a soldier of the Church, and restrained many an impious deed by the force and decision of his character. His literary labors consisted chiefly in controversies, sermons, and letters. However, an extended review thereof cannot be expected, and a reference to the most important productions will amply suffice to give an idea of the wisdom and zeal of this truly great man. His eloquent speeches on the School ques-

tion, the able discourses before the Board of Aldermen, his argumentative dissertation on the School Fund and other important questions, are well worthy of perusal, and clearly expose the defects in the former management of these departments. His letters are written in a plain but neat style, and contain valuable information on different points, while his sermons are replete with profound sentiments of piety and good counsel. "Catholic Emancipation," "Pius VII," and the "Influence of Christianity upon Civilization," are his most important lectures, the two former of which he delivered in Philadelphia. His controversies with "Kirnan" are characterized by keen satire, and successful refutations of the latter's charges; and the same may be said of those with Rev. Dr. Breckenridge and the other Protestant divines. To him must we ascribe the prosperous condition of the Catholics in America. When he first commenced his labors, churches were few, means of resort to religious duty limited; but before he was called to his reward, many majestic edifices, many institutions of learning, and large congregations of devout worshippers,—all testified to the complete success of his endeavors. When the religious history of America comes to be written, a most exalted position shall be reserved for his life. When, through the teachings of that religion whose ministry he so well fostered, the nation shall have been converted to the true faith, then, with one voice, shall the people proclaim Archbishop Hughes as the great American champion of the Catholic Church.

JAMES PHILIP.

BONE AND SINEW AND BRAIN.

Ye white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand !
Ye strong-winged birds, never forced a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land !
Ye are symbols of death and of hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace ;
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a past and puerile race !

Cry "Presto Change !" and the lout is lord,
With his vulgar blood turned blue ;
Go dub your knight with a slap of a sword,
As the kings in Europe do ;
Go grade the lines of your social mode
As you grade the palace wall :
The people forever to bear the load,
And the gilded vanes o'er all.
But the human blocks will not lie as still
As the dull foundation-stones,
But will rise, like a sea, with an awful will,
And engulf the golden thrones.
For the days are gone when a special race
Took the place of the gilded vane ;
And the merits that mount to the highest place
Must have bone and sinew and brain !

Let the cant of "the march of mind" be heard—
Of the time to come when Man
Shall lose the mark of his brawn and beard
In the Future's levelling plan.
'Tis the dream of an easy crown ;
For there is no need for the good and great
In the weakling's levelling down.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,
As well as its might of mind ;
And the culture of either of these alone
Is the doom of a nation signed.
But the cant of the ultra-suasion school
Unsinews the hand and thigh,
And preaches the creed of the weak to rule,
And the strong to struggle and die.
Our schools were pressed to the fatal race,
As if health were the nation's sin,
Till the head grows large, and the vampire face
Is gorged on the limbs so thin.
Our women have entered the abstract fields,
And avault with the child and home !
While the rind of science a pleasure yields,
Shall they care for the lives to come ?
And they ape the manners of manly times
In their sterile and worthless life,
Till the man of the future augments his crimes
With a raid for a Sabine wife !

Ho ! white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand !
Ho ! strong-winged birds, never blown a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land !
Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace ;
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a suicidal race !
Ye have hoarded your strength in its equal parts :
For the men of the future reign
Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts
And bone and sinew and brain.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE VICE OF READING.

There are three bad habits which, if not altogether peculiar to the present generation of men, are supposed,—and we imagine with truth,—to have acquired in its course great extension and intensity. They are dram-drinking, tea-drinking, and tobacco-smoking. Tea-drinking it is difficult to assail, save by public letters and leading articles; and we very much doubt whether mortal nerves would have been able to bear the strain put upon them by modern civilization, had it not been that the East had enriched the West with this non-inebriating beverage. Few persons, however, entertain any doubt that the consumption of spirituous liquors amongst us has already reached a point at which serious injury is being inflicted on the physical strength and mental balance of the community, and that the use of tobacco promises to attain proportions which will eventually cause analogous deterioration of the species.

In all seriousness, we believe that the race is threatened with another danger just as real, just as imminent, and, we fear, yet more deadly, since far more insidious. We have nakedly entitled this paper "The Vice of Reading"; for we are unable to dispel the conviction that Reading, so long a virtue, a grace, an education, and, in

its effects, an accomplishment, has become a downright vice,—a vulgar, detrimental habit, like dram-drinking; an excuse for idleness; not only not an education in itself, but a stumbling-block in the way of education; a cloak thrown over ignorance; a softening, demoralizing, relaxing practice, which, if persisted in, will end by enfeebling the minds of men and women, making flabby the fibre of their bodies, and undermining the vigor of nations.

Why should people read, and what is the real solid value of printed matter? There are three good reasons for reading, and we can think of no others. They are: to be made wiser, to be made nobler, and to be innocently recreated. Books which neither confer information which is worth having, nor lift the spiritual part of us up to loftier regions, nor, by judicious diversion, refreshen the mind for further serious efforts, are bad books, and the reading of such is invariably idleness, and not unoften the most dangerous kind of idleness. Reading is not, as so many people now-a-days seem to suppose, good in itself, as so many things are which are by no means as highly thought of. All energy that is not injurious, wasteful, or subtracted from some other effort incumbent upon him who puts it forth, is good: as walking, riding, boating,

and the rest. But the reading of which we speak cannot, under the most favorable construction, be regarded as energy. On the contrary, it is the very laziest form of laziness. People fly to it when they think they have nothing else to do, and they flatter themselves that by reading they are really doing something; and thus, nine times out of ten, they exonerate themselves from the obligation of performing some duty which is distasteful to them.

Of how many books which are published can it be said that they will add to the knowledge of any human being, or even that they have been written with the object of producing such a result? A certain number of volumes, doubtless, are issued every year which profess to be "serious reading," but all that is really meant by this is that they are not novels. But, far from having been composed with a desire to write a more or less exhaustive monograph on the subject of which they profess to treat, they are for the most part put together with the deliberate intention of making them palatable to the "general public." Thus they teach, not what ought to be taught, but what the writer thinks the reader will consent to be taught. With this aim in view, Histories are made "diverting," Biographies scandalous, Travels sensational; and the author who refuses to spice his dish for the jaded palate of the multitude, has usually the satisfaction of finding that it remains untasted. If we turn to what are called Religion, Philosophy, and Science, we find a very Babel of pens, amidst which one set of readers grow hopelessly confused, another arrive at the conclusion that

these are matters beyond their understanding and their concern, whilst a third set fancy that they must know all about subjects respecting which so much has been written, whereas, in reality, they know just nothing at all. In fact, it is rather by thinking than by reading that any opinion deserving of consideration is to be had upon such weighty matters; and, as we shall see, Reading, as at present conducted, is rapidly destroying all thinking and all powers of thought.

But if so little profit is to be reaped from the books which pretend in a mock manner to instruct, what shall we say of those whose natural duty it would be to elevate? We entertain the profoundest veneration for works of the imagination, and we hope we should be the last to underestimate their value. But we venerate and value them on one condition: that they raise man not only from the slough of despondency, but from the mire of selfish aims, of ignoble desires, cynical beliefs, and purely material views of existence! Works of imagination must operate as a perpetual *sursum corda*, an invitation to us to lift up our hearts, in the midst of so much that is painfully calculated to depress them and induce them to grovel. The immortal words of Schiller best define our meaning, imaginative as they are: "Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it. Truth still lives in Fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored." The imagination is the true refuge against experience; its medicine, its corrective, which restores to it tone, health, and energy. Life is disenchanting, no doubt. Then be enchanted again, by surrendering yourself to the true wiz-

ards, who compel you to believe in goodness, even though you have met it so rarely; to love nobleness, even though your own few noble actions have been ignobly rewarded; to place the spirit above matter, virtue above interest, and to prefer martyrdom to any triumph attained unworthily.

It has often been urged that works of imagination, such as we here describe, have a dangerous tendency; since they encourage hopes which are never fulfilled, nourish nothing but illusions, and by bringing into yet more definite contrast what might be and ought to be and what is, engender a discontent with life as it exists. But it is the very business of imagination, rightly directed, to generate a discontent with life as it exists; since life as it exists requires much changing, or at least much modification; and provided the discontent, which is in itself just and elevated, be not in its effects barren, do not become moody, misanthropical, and indifferent to the welfare of mankind, it is highly desirable that it should be felt. It is the placid satisfaction with the most unsatisfactory arrangements, which the absence of imagination and what is called the practical temperament beget, that is our real danger and bane. Hence, no matter how much cleverness of the beaverish sort,—to borrow, with a fresh adaptation, an excellent phrase of Mr. Carlyle,—may have gone into what is called a “realistic” novel, if the writer remains satisfied with portraying things just as they are, still more, if he portrays the mean and more contemptible phenomena of life, leaving it to the reader to conclude that so it is and it can’t be helped or mended, his book

can certainly be an assistance to no one. It cannot be described as instructive, since its very merit consists in its accurate representation of something, already known, being recognized by the reader; and it obviously is not elevating. It may possibly prove a recreation; and so long as the style of fiction was produced sparingly and read sparingly, it might possibly escape condemnation.

But the mischief is, it is produced in the most prolific manner, and it is not read merely, it is devoured. People do not wait to read it until they are tired, overworked, and jaded, or till holiday time comes round. They rush to the circulating libraries for it the moment it is announced, apply for it, clamor for it, and never rest until they are devoting themselves to its perusal. Having finished it, they hunger for another. The dram-drinker can do no more. Novel-drinking is not so expensive, so outwardly repulsive, nor can it be said that it brings the same ruin and disgrace upon families. But the individual is as surely enfeebled by it, his taste corrupted, his will unstrung, his understanding soddened. And this habit of reading novel upon novel for reading’s sake is the principal cause of the general Vice of Reading of which we complain. If people cannot get novels, they will read anything rather than not read at all; just as the confirmed drunkard will drink spirits of wine, ink, or even water, rather than not drink. Provided he feels a bottle or a tumbler at his lips, it is something. It is better than nothing. See people get into railway carriages. They are going to travel through a delightful country, clad in all the witching garb of vernal

beauty, in summer's magnificent array, in autumn's almost tropical gorgeousness, or in the weird and solemn but deeply interesting and suggestive aspect of winter. They buy a wretched volume of what is called "American humor," or, oh, ye gods! a newspaper,—a newspaper that contains nothing new, and is probably only another version of one they have already perused, or an evening *réchauffé* of the two. That they should contemplate the divine face of Nature, that they should rejoice in the flowery tracery of the hedgerows, in the reedy, sedgy pools, in the swaying corn, in the undulations caused by rise and dip and hollow, all with their special lights and shades; in the half-darkness of bits of well-grown wood; in the growing thickness of young plantations which catch the sunbeams and keep them in a net of half-invisible green and gold,—never seems to occur to them. They ensconce themselves as deep as they can in their stuffy cushions, try to persuade themselves that they are indoors, pull out their paper-cutters, draw their hats over their brows, and imbibe their newspaper or their meaningless book of jokes. If it be late evening or night, they light a reading-lamp, and continue the enervating pursuit. As for thinking, by way of a change, that is out of the question. When they do not read, they sleep; or if they neither read nor sleep, they try to talk. Railway travelling is well calculated to lower considerably one's estimate of one's species.

The modern newspaper is to the full as noxious as the modern novel; but it, too, is ubiquitous and universal. How many times a-year does there occur anything which can really be

called news? Fifty times. We doubt it. Yet more than six times fifty times do newspapers make their appearance in the course of the year. Every day,—nay, every night and every morning,—has its "latest intelligence"; and every night and every morning a dozen subjects, supposed to be of the first importance, are what is called "discussed." One would suppose that so much discussion would settle the various questions thus treated. Not at all. They crop up again week after week, month after month, year after year, "damnable reiterated." The fact is, there is no desire to settle them. Newspapers are financial speculations, and are written, not with the object of settling anything, or of doing good to any human being save their proprietors, but in order that they may be bought. No blame to those who own, and very little to those who write them. But what fools people must be who read them! Some persons accept the facts asserted in them for facts, and the opinions as sound opinions: an unmixed mischief; since it is never desirable to get into the habit of accepting facts on insufficient evidence, and it is fatal to allow one's self to be inoculated passively with another person's opinion, be he who he may. Yet you will see a roomful of people set in a flutter by the arrival of the newspaper, and they pounce upon it with all the eagerness,—we must again use the only analogy that fitly represents the case,—of confirmed drunkards.

We do not affirm that it would be a good thing if a stop could be put to the issuing of novels and newspapers, much less of all printed matter; but we do unhesitatingly assert that it would be

an exceedingly good thing if all printed matter could be withdrawn from the hands of grown-up people for ten years, if the only alternative be that this superabundance of it is to continue. The complaint is an old one, that conversation is a lost art. It is the art of printing that killed it; and the art of printing is rapidly killing something even more precious than good conversation,—namely, thinking. When Bacon said that reading made a full man and writing an exact man, reading and writing were in their infancy. If he had lived to these days, and could have seen how inexact are nearly all writers, and how empty nearly all readers, he would have cancelled one of his most celebrated aphorisms. It is impossible for newspaper-writers to be exact, the conditions under which they write forbidding such a result; and it is impossible for readers who read newspapers and “current literature” to be full, since what they read there is emptier than the wind.

Is it any wonder that people can no longer converse? Conversation implies prior consideration, or the genius which strikes out thought spontaneously. With the last we need not concern ourselves; and the first is not to be provided by desultory reading. “Have you read,” or “Have you seen,” is the opening phrase of nearly all modern talk. If in reply to the inquiry, “Did you read that article in the *Standard*?” you say, “I never read a newspaper,” you are either not believed, or are supposed to be wishing to be rude. If, in answer to an interrogatory whether you have seen the notice of the pictures in the Royal Academy in the *Athenæum*, you observe that you

rarely if ever go to the Academy, but that if you did you should certainly never dream of seeing what was written about them in the *Athenæum* or elsewhere, you are set down as peculiar or conceited. Yet why should you waste your time over the latter operation? Opinion is—well, a matter of opinion; and you can only ventilate your own by discussing its value with some other intelligent person or persons. To talk about pictures, if they happen to be pictures worth talking about, is sensible enough. To read about them, whether you have seen them or whether you have not, is childish. Yet, to return for a moment to novels, people are not satisfied even with reading worthless novels; they must then read still more worthless notices of them in the papers. It is the drunkard, not only draining his glass, but *licking it out*.

We believe that boredom is a word of modern origin. Certainly the thing is. People used to be wearied, to be lonely. But just think what this last word must have meant in days when habitations were placed aloof from each other, far and wide, when roads were few and bad, books unknown, and letters never written! People were not lonely then for the same causes as we are lonely now. They were lonely if they were not loved. They were lonely if they were shut up in prisons, and not allowed to do anything. They were not lonely, much less bored, as long as they were allowed the free use of their eyes, hands, and legs, as long as they could gaze upon the landscape, could walk, dig, ride, shoot, and wrestle with the first physical obstacle that came in their

way. Books were the first parents of boredom, and novels and newspapers are its immediate progenitors. People are bored because what they do is not worth doing, is not really either profitable or amusing, whilst the habitual doing of it has incapacitated them from turning to other and better occupations. Their minds, their whole natures, have become subdued to what they work in. They have become of the books, booky. They find no books in the running brooks, no sermons in stones, no good in anything.

And as their minds, so their bodies. We do not forget that the present generation has invented croquet, and this admirable game has been the saving of many women. Still, books are used as an excuse for coddling and laziness, when the weather is not propitious or it is not summer; and women who would take a good long walk on a winter's day, grub in their gardens, plant their own bulbs, take a turn at their own green-house, or weed their own gravel-walks, if there were nothing else they could do, do none of these things because they can sit over the fire and read a new novel or pore over a dreary journal. Thus they are defrauded of their proper amount of exercise, get their muscles relaxed and their health out of gear, and lose golden opportunities of watching nature in her endless aspects, the sight of which is a joy in itself, a subtle training towards the love of nobleness, the greatest, the truest, the most profitable of tutors. They bend over vapid pages till everything in the world seems stale, flat, and unprofitable, and till, in the current language, they are bored out of their lives. If they could have had

but a Wordsworth at their side to call them forth from the threshold!

"One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

"Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

"And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

"Then come, my sister, come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness."

We do not think there has ever been a man of the first rank who was what would now be called a great reader. Only second-rate men are that. To be a well-read person, is one thing, to be a great reader, another; and it is pretty certain that the two never go together.

We should be glad to think that our observations had led even one person to pause and consider, and had acted as a note of warning to him. So surely as he surrenders himself to mere printed matter, to mere books and newspapers, so surely will he end by being, like most of his neighbors, a poor creature, with a flabby, flaccid, aqueous, unstable sort of a brain—a mere copy of somebody else, such as our truly Chinese civilization occupies itself with producing. Let him not fear to say that he has not read such and such a book, though "the whole world" may be chattering about it; and that he has never seen more than the outside of such and such a journal, though it lies on everybody's table. Let reading

continue to be a part of his life, but a subsidiary part to thinking, seeing, observing, and energizing. We do not expect to change the general current, for no individual can do that. But that such reading as at present prevails has, by reason both of its quality and quantity, led to a deterioration of the human species, physically, men-

tally, and morally, we entertain no doubt; nor do we see how, unless the vicious habit be somehow corrected, the race can escape from being ultimately divided into two sections, the members of one of which will be little removed from invalids, and the members of the other scarcely distinguishable from *crétins*.

In a certain part of Hungary, there was once a splendid castle, and near it a poor Capuchin monastery, whose inmates lived on the charity of the faithful. One of their greatest benefactors was the lord of the castle. Whenever the purveyor of the monastery came, he received a generous alms. But this good and pious Count went at last to enjoy the reward of his liberality; and his son, a worldly youth, succeeded to the inheritance. He was fond of dress, and took particular care of a very long and carefully trimmed beard. According to custom the purveyor of the monastery came to solicit his wonted *dole*. The young Count very politely replied in Latin—the language used at the time in conversation between the clergy and nobility—“*videbimus*,” we shall see; and then lifted his jewelled hand to his face and complacently stroked his whiskers. The good old times had passed away, and the Count, like a true child of this enlightened age, had quite other opinions than his father’s upon the subject of almsgiving. The old prior, tired of the unsuccessful application, and the unfailing “*videbimus*,”

at last answered: “Illustrious sir, in your departed father’s time I used to hear another word. He, too, would smooth his beard when I accosted him, but instead of your unmeaning ‘*videbimus*,’ he would answer with a hearty ‘*dabimus*.’” So saying, the good father stroked his own long beard, and departed, leaving the worldly young Count overwhelmed with confusion.

A tree, bending under the weight of its fruit, is a very beautiful object. We may gaze upon it, and partake of its gifts. But it would be foolish in the proprietor to dig around the roots in order to show how the earth’s moisture is absorbed, and the fruit brought to maturity. For this would ruin the tree. Just so, our virtue may delight and benefit numbers of men, but its root, that is, our interior life in God, must not be exposed to the gaze of the crowd. The tree of life, planted in the soil of the heart, would be seriously injured by the blighting influence of vain ostentation.

A NIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

In the winter of the year 18—, business of an important and peculiar nature obliged me to leave home, and travel into the western part of Virginia. Roads were bad, and as to stage-coaches, the probability is they had never been dreamed of. In that good old time everybody rode his own horse. Mine was the exact counterpart of Rosinante, but without that extraordinary length of tail which the genius of Cervantes has ascribed to that famous charger. Yet, he was a faithful beast, and carried me many a rough mile on very short commons. Peace be with his memory!

It was a period of unexampled cold, though unaccompanied by snow.

Owing to quite a singular conjunction of circumstances, there was less travel than usual, this year, through the mountains. I recollect that the northern papers, which were rarer in those days than the London journals are now, were filled with dreadful accounts of extreme weather in the interior of New York and Ohio; canals and rivers frozen up; men found dead in the road; heartrending suffering in the cities.

It was a very chilly evening in the latter part of February. A freezing wind shook the dry leaves that still clung in some places to the oak trees, and swept the little dust that lay along

the road-side in fantastic circles round my head. The sun was low, and partially obscured by a mass of black cloud that lowered on the horizon. I had given the reins to my horse, and fallen into a brown study, as was very much my habit. A sharper gust than usual restored me to perfect consciousness, and I began to look around me in some alarm. I had wandered on without taking note of passing objects, and now everything was new to me. Before me lay a waste, desolate tract of thinly-scattered pines, and in the distance (an unusual sight in the backwoods), an old frame-house. This, in some degree, relieved my apprehensions. For, somehow or other, all the stories I had ever read of lost travellers, robbers, murderers, or ghosts, seemed to come up before me unbidden, and would not down. But the sight of a human habitation, the blue smoke curling from the chimney, and the cheerful crow of the cock, speedily reassured me, and brought me back to common-sense.

As I approached the house and began to examine it closely, I remarked an air of dilapidation and extreme age about it, not at all calculated to allay the slight tremor which I still felt, in stopping for a night in a country I knew nothing about, and especially in such a desolate wilderness as this.

As the shadows of the night began

to brood over the earth, my old terrors returned. I thought of Audubon's adventure, one night, with an old hag, in just such a place as this. But Audubon was always scrupulously armed, and, upon the occasion in question, saved his life only by a timely resort to his double-barrelled gun. I now sincerely regretted my folly in not having provided myself with a brace of pistols. As it was, I had nothing but a stout hunting-knife, with which to defend myself in case of danger.

As I looked up from these reflections upon the scene that was spread around me, I could not fail to see that a storm was brewing, and that, too, of no common character. Notwithstanding the season of the year, the air was surcharged with electricity. A short time before, the sun had gone down under a cloud, with a sort of lurid and unnatural splendor. A portentous rack was now coursing furiously through the fields of air. In the west was a billowy pile voluminously massed up, big with thunder, and black as Acheron. The far-off pines, which looked preternaturally dark to me, shook with the distant premonition of the tempest.

There was always something peculiarly awful to me in a distant storm. To stand in temporary safety and look out upon the horizon, darkened by descending rain—to see the battle from a safe height, and to brave the brunt of the engagement, are two different things. But there is a situation still more impressive than either. It is, to be for the present removed from the field of conflict, but in close proximity to it, and in momentary expectation of becoming an actor in the bloody scene. The excitement of action conquers fear.

But suspense is horrible. We endure imaginary tortures tenfold more poignant than the extremities of war. Besides, we see and hear, what we could not, of the horrors of the battle, were we actively engaged ourselves. The upturned faces of the dying; the mingled groans of agony and execration; the demoniac howl of victory; the indiscriminate slaughter; the shriek of despair; the gory heaps of slain and wounded; the cruel clang of trumpets and the din of drums:—these things, in the cool composure of inaction, ring in the ear and cause the eye to blench that would else be unmoved.

I stood for a moment, and gazed around me in every direction. The silence was unbroken save by the swift rush of the wind as it sighed through the pines, and shook down the last red leaves from the oak at my side. Occasionally the cloud in the west would part and suddenly fly asunder, disclosing a blaze of intense light, then as suddenly flash back again, leaving the world around me blacker than before. I listened in vain, as yet, for the sound of the thunder. The silence was almost insupportable. I felt that it must inevitably come at last, and I could not bear to wait. I shuddered. The awfulness of the night and the mystery of the place appalled me.

Just then a flash of lightning showed me that the door of the house was ajar; a moment after I heard the first mutterings of distant thunder. A red light, apparently from the hearth, streamed through the opening, and threw a weird glare over the bare patch in front of the building. There was no fence—nothing grew there. The space was covered with stones and scrubby bushes.

I thought, also, that I saw the outlines of a dog moving over it; but just then the door was shut, and I was left again in the dark. This glimpse of life gave me new courage, and I proceeded in the direction of the house, which was now not far off. The nearer I got, the older and grayer did it appear. The very configuration of its mouldy boards had an air of antiquity about it. I could just see that there was moss among its black shingles, when the door was reopened from within, and I entered. I found no one inside but a decrepit woman and a child. For an instant I thought of Audubon, but I beat back the reflection, and sturdily asked for a night's lodging. I found the old crone very deaf, but, as soon as she comprehended my question, she readily consented to give me a supper and bed. Her countenance at once disarmed my fears; for, though she was old and shrivelled, there was nothing harsh about her physiognomy. She was a very lean, withered old woman, in a faded calico gown, and an old-fashioned white cap. There was nothing very singular about her appearance, except her extraordinary height, which I remember well. The boy was one of remarkable beauty. She said he was her grandson, and that his father was dead. The woman, after a little bending over a roaring wood-fire in the chimney-place, set before me a savory dish of venison, with a plate of hot-corn hoe-cakes. My appetite, always good, was sharpened by a long ride and an equally long fast; and my native hardihood having now completely passed out of its brief eclipse, I did full justice to the old woman's smoking viands. I had risen early that day, and had taken very lit-

tle rest on the road, and, being comparatively unused to long journeys in the saddle, felt considerably fatigued, and retired early to bed. I was conducted up a very wide and somewhat rickety staircase into a large unfurnished room overhead. The floor was unplanned, and the cracks gaped so that I could see the old woman walking nervously about in the lower apartment, apparently scouring some kitchen utensil. The same cracks afforded a partial entrance to the broad glare of the fire, which illuminated the room with a strange and fitful light. There was but one window, and many of the panes were cracked. As I looked out, I saw that the storm was rapidly coming up, and would soon be upon us, in all probability, with tremendous power. There was nothing in the room but a plain bedstead of antique figure, two rush-bottom chairs, and a long, narrow hair-trunk. I love to dwell upon the most trifling particulars of that night,—a night that will haunt my dreams forever.

And now, in the dimness and silence of my chamber, a strange fear came over me. I could not account for it. I tried to shake it off. It still clung to me, or rather overshadowed me—like a chill, dark shadow.

I am a believer in presentiments. I am firmly convinced that a great crime or a great sorrow sometimes anticipates its coming, and shows its dread disk above the horizon before it has actually risen upon us. I am fully persuaded that I had that night, in the horror that preceded sleep, a faint adumbration of the horror that was to succeed. I flung myself into bed and wrapped the covering around me, with a determination to reason myself into sense

again. Reason seemed for the time palsied. But what reason was powerless to do, fatigue accomplished. I fell asleep.

And as I lay there sleeping, I had a dream. I thought that the loneliness of the house was increased tenfold. I thought that I was alone in it, owing to some strange, fantastic whim of fortune, such as only exists in dreams. And I thought that I was lying in the same queer, quaint old bed, with its four tall, spectral posts, listening to a dog that was howling outside, and going round and round the house. It must have been a confusion of the dog I thought I had seen in the bright patch before the door, and the dog Mephistopheles pointed out to Faust, coursing the meadow in mysterious circles. And I thought that this dog troubled me exceedingly, so that I could not sleep. There was something unearthly in its wail; and sometimes I thought there was blended with it another sound, a sound as of one in the extremity of mortal anguish. At last I could stand it no longer, and thought I descended to the door and opened it.

I had scarcely touched the latch when a female figure fell into my arms, and, as I thought, no tongue could describe the expression of her face. It was an expression of the most fearful amazement, mingled with one of the most poignant suffering. And I thought that her fearful gaze was directed towards an obscure corner of the room, which had escaped my eye. And as I turned to look in the direction indicated, the figure of a man rose suddenly before me, out of the corner, with every limb and lineament of his body in a bright, burning blaze. He seemed to me per-

fectly transparent, and, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he was pure flaming fire. I stepped back aghast, as this appalling vision burst upon me, and was sinking away in a fainting-fit, when the apparition suddenly seized the woman in his blazing arms, and vanished through the roof with a shriek and a terrific clap of thunder which awoke me.

My eyes opened upon a spectacle never to be forgotten. I knew instantly that the house was struck by lightning. The luminous fluid was darting down the wall, just opposite to my bed, and the room was in a blinding blaze of light. In the twinkling of an eye all was dark again.

I was terribly jarred, but otherwise unhurt. As soon as I could recover from the shock, I called to the old woman.

There was no answer. The thunder was still roaring overhead.

I called again with a louder voice, in a great alarm, but with no better success.

I then got up, slipped on my clothes, and crept down stairs.

By my watch it was a quarter past one. The lightning had passed down very near the chimney, and had left a blackened track behind. There were a few half-smothered coals on the hearth below, which served to give me a little light. I looked around at first, in vain, for the woman. I tried to call, but the sound stuck in my throat. At last, attracted by the scorched boards, I drew near the corner of the room opposite the door, and beheld with horror the object of my search. She was a blackened corpse. The boy was bending over her—stark-blind.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

The light is fading out, and the shadows slowly darken—
All day the dreary mists have been clinging to the hills;
All the earth is wrapt in silence as a garment. If you hearken,
You can only hear the murmur of the little swollen rills.

You can only hear the gushing of the heavy waters rushing
Underneath the leafless hedges, through the fields that late were gay
With their grass waves brimming over with the white and crimson clover,
And the golden-headed buttercups that light the path of May.

You can only hear the sighing of the winds, like heralds flying,
Bearing into woods and valleys Winter's declaration stern,
That sweet Summer's reign is ended, with her days so fair and splendid,
That no more her flowers shall cluster, or her gorgeous sunsets burn.

Or the much-despised singing of the cheerful robin flinging
His carol of thanksgiving from the chestnut branches bare:
The very sky seems bending with its weight of clouds unending,
And a weary weight of shadows is oppressing all the air.

O November! dark and lonely would be your pathway only
You have two faithful flowers that bloom about your lingering feet:
The lilac Autumn daisies and chrysanthemums' bright faces
Come like little children playing in a dreary, sunless street.

And I think their blossoms show us that, although dark days come to us,
We may do our duty just as well in shadow as in sun;
Knowing well that these are given by our Father, and in heaven
We shall surely know the meaning and the use of every one.

WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

THE PRINCE OF HUMBUG.*

I think I hazard little in saying that there are a great many of us who would contemplate almost with complacency the utter destruction of what the newspapers call "modern civilization," could we be thereby relieved of the tribe of orators who din its praises unceasingly in our ears. From the college fledgling who has not yet come to value thoughts more than words, to the would-be philosopher whose bosom expands with pride as he traces back the pedigree of the race to the tadpole and the monkey, we have to endure one continued torrent of laudation, all the more disagreeable because we know exactly beforehand the form in which it appears.

The orators of progress always make it a point to be lost in a by-no-means speechless admiration of that wonderful giant power of steam, which, in its character as a friend of "human advancement," fills the pockets of some people with fat dividends, while it places the necks of many thousand others in jeopardy. They never tire in their poetical conceits upon that lightning drawn down from the great clouds above to do the petty tattling and scandal-monging of the world; their souls invariably expand with enthusi-

asm over the absolute sway of a free and sovereign press,—that attentive caterer to the public taste, whose dainty dishes are so impartially seasoned with truth and falsehood alike, they please the negatively virtuous as well as the most positively vicious. How often have the changes been rung on these weary old tunes! So often, so persistently, that many an honest man has wished himself back in the good old times when there were no such things utilized as steam or electricity, when immorality could not be legalized in divorce courts, and lying and stealing were *not* called "Enterprise."

But it is not merely for the annoyance caused by these self-constituted prophets of "Enlightenment" that we would rid ourselves of them and their system. We have a more formidable indictment against them. Their praise, though at best a very cheap coin, should at least be doled out justly—while it is their policy to wilfully ignore one of the most important elements of the very advancement they profess to extol. High above their cables, their steamboats, and their printing presses, considered merely as representatives of material civilization, there is a power of which they affect to be ignorant, though, in their hearts, they recognize its vast dominion and sovereignty. Yes, these

*From an address delivered before the De La Salle Catholic Association.

claqueurs of progress wrong the star actor in the great drama (as the newspapers have it) of the nineteenth century.

This mighty personage, to give him a location and a name, is the PRINCE OF HUMBUG, whose dynasty, tracing back into the past, has found in the present epoch all the prestige of fame and success. The empire of this potentate is the world; his brilliant court speaks a language of its own, known as Cant; and his ministers, decorated with the order of Sham, are to be found in every clime where there are such institutions of progress as silly newspapers, pretentious scribblers, and babbling orators.

It was with strict propriety that I ventured to style this sovereign Prince of Humbug the star actor in a great drama. He has a truly wonderful faculty of appearing in the most widely different characters. Take him in his merry mood, and you have the jolliest prince that ever covered a fraud with a smile; whose mirth is so infectious that his fellow-men are moved to wildest laughter even while he cheats them to their very faces. As a romantic ruler, whose proclamations breathe the fervor of an enthusiastic soul, he has no rival. With a strict economy of deeds, and a boundless generosity of sentiment, he manages to obtain fame at the very lowest price in the world's market. But it is in the "heavy parts" that he rises to greatness. As a stern, solemn philosopher he has been known to transfix the spectator with an astonishment of admiration, all the more intense because above the petty questionings of reason. It has been reserved for him to break the bonds of

common-sense as unfit restraints for royal blood, and to utter what the audacious scoffer might style "bosh," wrapped in such weighty words, that thousands have bowed before the oracle, impressed by the *sound* alone!

In his hands Vice shines with a brilliant glory that entirely overshadows prosaic Virtue, while Falsehood, lavishly gilded with sentiment, makes Truth appear by comparison the dullest of commonplaces.

These qualities of greatness in the Prince of Humbug are reflected in the character of his courtiers. The genius that can render villany respectable, and honesty a vulgar superstition, has no lack of emulators.

Foremost in his train, appears the Statesman whose ponderous mind is bent upon entangling the nations in that labyrinth of deceit and deception, of blustering and compromise, known as modern diplomacy. I shall pass by the latest triumph of this system, where two nations threatening each other for years, like bragging school-boys, have at last hit upon a manner of settlement, so economizing their honor and their treasure, that they heartily join hands in congratulating one another upon their own ingenuity. In the pompous language of Cant, their method has been styled "Arbitration," which the poet rather better expresses when he says:

"The jingling of the guinea helps
The hurt that honor feels;
And the nations do but murmur,
Snarling at each other's heels."

But for the model statesman of the period—the one who ranks first in the courts of Humbug—give me that famed Prussian Count who, in the height of

his glory, brings all the energies of his genius, all the resources of an empire, to bear in the gigantic task of bullying defenceless priests, and insulting the religion of thousands of honest patriots who risked their lives to secure his fame. This is the one finishing touch to a modern diplomat's career, and, even more than that other masterpiece of Cant, German Unity, entitles Bismarck's name to a prominent place in the annals of Humbug.

Another important member of the cabinet of our doughty prince is the Historian, whose serious mission it is to reverse the judgments and records of the world, ever since the creation of man. With a peculiar charity, closely allied to malicious intent, those reforming revisers of history so transform the blackest villains of the past, that such personages as the murderer Cain, the butcher Cromwell, and the adulterer Henry VIII, are made to appear before an astonished world as much-abused benefactors of humanity! Two years ago, there visited our shores one, who had, with a ready command of language, a studied elegance of manner, and a thoroughly modern facility for falsehood and misrepresentation, assailed in cold blood the fair fame of one of the world's dearest heroines—for it is the policy of these historians to malign the good and pure, that the vile outcasts of bygone ages may usurp their places. To the thousands who have sorrowed over the sufferings of Mary, the gentle Queen of Scots, who have held her picture in their hearts as the type of a sadly beautiful womanhood, the name of Mr. James Anthony Froude will always revive the recollection of his brutal attack upon her memory. And

it is one thing we Catholics of this country have reason to be proud of, that in our ranks was found a defender of Mary Queen of Scots, whose chivalric devotion and masterly power produced such a vindication of her fame, as challenged the admiration of hostile critics; and which shall place before posterity at least one of the Historians of Humbug in his true light. The name of Meline (honored be his memory!) should long be held in grateful remembrance among Catholics and all lovers of the truth.

Time will not allow me to do justice to the many other ministers of His Royal Highness. I should like to pay a tribute to the imposing scientist and philosopher who condescends to enlighten the ignorance of an inquiring world—who invents his own premises and forms conclusions thereon, with a complacent disdain of facts—who so dexterously mingles old theories with his own absurd new ones, that he is held in high repute in the land of Humbug. Then there is the poet who, with the blankest of verse and the most mysterious of metres, revels in such unintelligible jargon that only a stray word reveals his modest intention to revolutionize every institution of society. Among the common people of the Prince of Humbug I would fain move a while, had I the opportunity; among the well-to-do of his subjects, who are disposed to value dollars above brains; among the shiftless ones of poverty, who rather declaim of their rights than labor for them—who substitute for energy and the honest purposes of life the cheap logic of the demagogue, and the miserable expedient of the "strike."

Not only must I pass over these features, but I cannot even venture to dwell upon my theme as applied to things nearer home. The Prince of Humbug has a good many subjects in this republican land. Our Fourth of July orators, catching inspiration from the screech of the American Eagle, have often revelled in the rhetoric of Cant; and while memories remain with us of the liberty that cut off Quakers' ears, and of the wooden-nutmeg Yankee of yore, we shall be entitled to some consideration from his Highness. And, by the way, there can hardly be found a better specimen of these decorated with the order of Sham, in our midst, than the inevitable, irrepressible descendant of the Pilgrims, who goes about picking up stray dollars, and bragging incessantly of his forefathers. I remember once reading of an irate individual so pestered with all that had been said of the New England Puritans, and the wearisome praise of

their rather peculiar views of religious liberty, that in a moment of desperation he fervently expressed the wish that, instead of the Pilgrims landing upon Plymouth rock, Plymouth rock had landed upon the Pilgrims.

But, my friends, I must tax your patience no further. Let me say, in conclusion, that I trust we are all determined never to swear fealty to that despicable power which enters so insidiously into the influences every day around us; which often gives to public opinion a deceptive tone, and places honesty and plain-dealing at a discount. In these days when it is the fashion to bow down before idols misnamed "Progress," "Civilization," and the like, let it be said of us that, though all the "enlightened" world was against us, we never spoke the language of Cant, never deserved the decoration of Sham, nor gave in our allegiance to the Prince of Humbug.

THE WINTER TREE.

I saw it late in July—then it towered
 Like a well-laden ship, the merchant's hope;
 A thrush rose piping on its mast-like top,
 Viewing his neighboring nest in ivy bowered.
 Hither, by burning noonday overpowered,
 The kine came sauntering from the grassy slope
 And dreamy stood beneath the leafy cope,
 Or placid, on the shadowy carpet, cowered;
 But songless, leafless, kine-forsaken now,
 Torn by November's desolating gale,
 It seems a standard ship without a sail,
 That soon to earth in wreck forlorn must bow!
 "Nay!" sings prophetic Spring, "that shall not be!
 I come to bloom with joy that winter tree."

PAUL TEMPLAR: A PROSE IDYL.

(By the Author of "Ginx's Baby.")

Thirty years ago! And now as the wild, gray sky is fast glooming to utter darkness, and the ragged clouds, urged on by the mad north-east wind, are hurrying across the smooth face of heaven, and I feel all the chill and depression of the dying hour of day palling upon my soul,—I bring to memory this night thirty years ago. A night so like to this one—as wild, as cold, as joy-killing, with just such a gray-clouded, harsh-breath'd sunset, the sun unseen, its heat unfelt, and all nature shuddering because the Angel of the North had wrapped it in his deadly embrace.

The shadow of that night hath ever since been round me: I have dwelt in it, walked in it, worked in it; and out of it have been evolved, for good or evil, all the issues of my life.

Thirty years ago, this November day, I, PAUL TEMPLAR, son of a Yorkshire farmer, living far up near the Durham border, inwards a mile or two from the great eternal rocks that breast the waves of the Northern Sea, had wandered to some familiar caverns, deep under the jutting cliffs, where I loved to sit and hear the sea bellowing through the resounding vaults, or hearken to the curlew's scream, or watch the scurry-

ing gales as they whirled past thick and misty—while through and above it all rolled the ceaseless noises of the distant waves, murmuring in their deepest tones, and clapping their hands to God.

A queer, bookish fellow was I, not over-loved of my father, who strengthened his hands and loins to win his bread, and little cared for my idle fingers and mooning brains about his house. But he had to yield to the necessity of my laziness. I was deformed in the shoulders, and my pale face marked me out as a weakling, from four brawny, herculean youths who were the pride of our homestead. How much they four loved and pitied me! How gentle were they to their "gentleman brother," as they used to call me—given to books and lounging, while they worked hard and sweatfully, tending and forcing the fitful, often too thankless, soil, under the invidious sky.

My mother was dead—died in bearing me.

Noblest of these noble brothers was the eldest. I see him now, Harold, with his great ruddy face, the broad forehead, and the curly auburn hair, and the brown eyes, deep and lustrous, and the well-knit, massive form.

I see, too, that fair girl he brought

from Devon, whither he went to serve his farm apprenticeship, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, coral-lipped beauty that she was; and so tender and fragile, our big folk for a while looked at her with gentle awe, knowing not what to do with her, or how to entreat her. As if some rare Dresden vase had fallen into the hands of brutish hinds, who recognized only its beauty, not its use, and cherished it fearfully, with a feeling something between worship and wonder.

Fondly did I love Eva with a pure brotherly love; and more fondly still I loved Eveline, the double image of her father and mother, the pet of all our hearts.

And it is of these two, that, recalling the events of this night thirty years ago, the bright, fair figures stand out to my eyes as real as at the time, against the background of gray and black and stormy eve. O bright, fair figures, long since translated and transfigured, where my eyes can no more behold your beauty!

The morning had risen as glum and cold as the evening afterwards went out. Fast drove the steel-shaded clouds, harsh was the voice and angry the breath of the wind. A sort of day I loved much, when I could get down on the shore behind some rock, and shelter myself from the chilling blasts. Eva intended to go to N——, a town twelve miles off, down in a little vale, that carried a small stream to the sea, where a few houses and fishermen's huts sheltered a community quaint and quiet; living mostly on the trade done with the surrounding thinly-populated district. Part of the way was over a hill, nearly four miles from our house, and along its top, where it was scarp-

ed away in a huge titanic break straight down to the sea. Great rocks jutted out here and there, and many a cave and fissure pitted its black face; below, was a pavement of tremendous fragments strewn and piled with the strengthful abandon of nature, among which the high tide surged and boiled and hissed. Over this hill, down again, to a valley and then along the shore round the next headland went the road to N——.

They had promised Eva the light two-wheeled cart; and Eveline, who was to have a new dress, the main object of the journey, was to accompany her. A farmer's wife thinks little of such an excursion, and, though the giants humorously warned Eva, at breakfast, of the roughness of the day, they never thought of dissuading her from the drive. I offered to go with her as far as the cliff, about four miles, taking with me my dinner and some books, and to await her return in the early afternoon. So Harold brought round the cart, with the patient old mare, and lifted in Eva and Eveline, and last of all, in the wantonness of strength, me, amidst jokes and laughter, and away we went. . . .

I wandered about, above, and below, and by and by sat down secure in a favorite cave, reached by a path from the top, which only a light body and cunning hands and feet could safely use. My eyes, weary with reading, had been resting sleepily on the weird, troubled scene beyond; my ear had been lulled by the thunder of the waves on those glistening rocks. I knew not the hour, but I was so intimate with nature, I felt sure that Eva should long since have been with me on her way home.

Twice had I gone out and struggled up to the highest point of the cliff, whence I ought to have seen her cart climbing the hill. After noon the weather had grown colder, angrier, and more gloomy. Grand, indeed, were the waves, with their tossing manes of snowy foam under that black sky.

As I descended the second time disappointed to my cave, I saw, with alarm, the north and east growing more desperately dark—the clouds quickened their speed to a riotous rate—and the drizzle blew cold and hard upon my face.

“Come, Eva!” I said, “come along soon, Eva and Eveline! Storm and night are behind ye. Come on safe and speedily, my darlings!”

By and by the storm drove up fell and furious. Oh, how the monster sea lashed out and roared amain! The scouring drifts of rain dashed past my cave’s mouth, and flung their cold drops back into my face as I shrunk to the farthest end.

“Nay,” said I, peering out anxiously, “God save thee, Eva! Mayst thou not leave the shelter of the cosy haven till this be over!”

I grew uneasy. There was danger now, so vicious was the gale, in climbing even the few feet between me and the top; but, after waiting vainly a long time for a lull, and finding that the air grew darker and darker and the storm more fierce, I braved my heart for another effort and went up again.

Whiff!—whirl!—what a gust! It nearly blew me off my feet. I stood as manfully as I could, and tried to make out the line of road. I could not see a hundred yards. The mist and rain and falling darkness veiled every feature of

the landscape from my sight. I listened trembling.

“God help ye!” I cried. “Oh! where art thou, Eva? O little Eveline, evangel, where are now thy little face and feet, the sunshine and the music of our home?”

At this moment I heard a shrill cry coming through the storm. It was a seamew surely? It seemed not far from me, and it was sharp and so inhuman!

There it was again! And now another fainter, sweeping by my ear on the loud-voiced wind. I breasted the storm down the hill, shading my eyes with my hand from the blinding drift, and pressing on desperately with a strength I was unconscious of. Two hundred yards—and I heard the shriek again, more subdued, but this time quite close to me. Yet I could see nothing in the road. It was certainly the cry of a child.

Good heavens! am I bewitched! It is in my ear. Eva! Eveline! The little cry again. I looked about me. I was standing at a well-known point of the road. Here there jutted up two great pinnacles of rock, named the Danish Twins, and the road-maker had carried his road round them on the land side. Betwixt the pinnacles, which were about twenty feet apart, was a chasm, which came up to the edge of the road, in the shape of a letter V, sloping gradually from the apex. Around its slips and sides were mingled together rocks and brushwood and broom. It sloped down some fifteen feet towards a broad ledge of rock, a vantage place sheltered by the pinnacles, where I had often stood and gazed at the glorious prospect; and then there was a sheer fall over the ledge of two

hundred feet, down to the monster rocks that threw up their jagged points below.

I leaned over the lip of the upper end of the chasm, peering down through bush and brier, towards the first ledge, and then, as my eyes fell on two light objects stretched upon the ledge, with the wind and rain whirling about them, my heart nearly stopped its beat, and the breath went out of my body.

I stooped down and examined the road. 'Twas clear enough what had happened. Here was the mark of the wheel which had come too near the treacherous point of the chasm, and had broken away its crumbling apex. There just below were the bruised bushes to show how the cart had turned over—cart and horse and precious freight—and, for the rest, by some God's chance, there, before my eyes, were the two figures lying upon the ledge. As for the cart and mare——

I remember how, when, seeing that sight and taking into my soul all that it implied, there seemed to well up within me a fountain of devotion and resolve, such as I had never felt before. Of a sudden it was as if I had become possessed with a supernatural power. My heart grew like steel. I forgot, in the mastering enthusiasm of the moment, my poor, nerveless body; and the soul within me, big with the idea of saving those two loved and precious lives, seemed to swell with a giant's strength.

"Eva!" I shouted in the mad noise of the elements.

The larger of the two dim figures did not move. The smaller I thought I could see take an arm from the other's neck. Then it cried out piping and shrill:—

"Uncle Paul! Uncle Pau—u—u—l!"

"Eveline!" I cried, "darling Eveline, keep still for God's sake! What's mamma doing?"

"Oh, Oh, Oh, Uncle Paul, come here!"

Down I dashed in a stupid frenzy, headlong and careless, and missing my grasp of a bush, stumbled and fell. A sharp scarp of rock received my thigh on its point, rent it down for twenty inches, and then let me drop on my back, roughly on the ledge, beside the figures.

It was many minutes before I recovered my senses. All the while the pitiless storm beat on us three. I came to myself to find Eveline with her arms round my neck, calling still, "*Uncle Paul!*"

The blood was running copiously from my wound. I tore the skirt from the little girl and bound up my thigh as well as I could. I felt that their lives depended on mine. When I turned to look at Eva, I found her lovely face pallid and wet, her clothes and hair drenched with the rain. On her right temple was a bruise. She showed no signs of life. I chafed her hands. I breathed into her cold lips. I dragged her in under some sheltering bushes, and urged the little one to help me rub her mamma's hands. At length there were symptoms of life, and by and by she opened her eyes and spoke to me. She could lie there conscious, but she could not move.

We could now scarcely see each other's faces. I drew the child in under the brush, and tied her to her mother. I besought them both not to stir hand or foot. I took off my coat and threw it over them. I buttoned my waistcoat about the little one. And then I resolved, wounded and half-naked as I was, to try and get to Win-

nersly, our home, for help. There was no dwelling nearer. I hoped that Harold's anxiety might bring him out in search of us, and that I should meet him on the way. By this time, what with loss of blood and the forlorn responsibility of my situation, I began to feel giddy and weak.

Then I knelt down and prayed. I know not what I said. I only know I pleaded for their precious lives, and offered my own as a ransom for them if it might be. I only know that, in the course of that transcendent appeal, I seemed to see new light and gain new strength, though the sharp pain in my thigh warned me that the work I had to do would task my very life. Then I kissed them both—I could no longer see their faces—and commending them to the God of the winds and storms, I essayed to climb to the top of the cliff. Into the rough bushes, among the thorny broom, grasping and letting go—feeling and doubting—step by step upward I fought my way. I forgot the anguish of my wound, in the freshness of my spirited resolve to save the dear ones below. Twice or thrice I heard Eva's gentle voice cheering me and saying—

“Are you up yet, Paul? Save us, Paul! God help you, Paul!”

I kept my groans quiet, thrilling as was my pain. Twice I missed my hold and nearly fell backwards, twice recovered with bleeding hands and fainting breath, but my soul was strong and hopeful.

“God bless you, Uncle Paul! Save us, Uncle Paul! God help you, Uncle Paul!” echoed a tiny voice, and my heart leaped to hear it.

Paul, weakling! now for a steady, determined heart. They must and shall be saved!

At length I stood on the brink. The most dangerous part of my work was over. For the sake of their lives it had been carefully and slowly done. But the exertion left me feebler. I had to stop and adjust the bandage. The lacerated thigh was so painful, I could scarcely bear to touch it. With a grim resolution I clenched my teeth, and drew the cloth tight, until the anguish was intolerable. I hoped to stay the bleeding.

Good God! how shall I ever do these four miles? I had not even a stick to lean upon, to relieve my leg. Yet I set out briskly. On my back was hurled the fury of the storm as I stumped and limped toilfully along. Every step was a fresh agony. But every moment I seemed to hear: “*Save us, Paul! God help you, Uncle Paul!*”

And it formed a sort of burden and refrain, keeping time with my trembling footsteps as I labored along. It was so dark I could never have kept the road had it not been very familiar to me. An age seemed to have passed when I knew, by a change in the level, that I had gone only one mile. My heart began to sink, and I sat down a moment to rest. The stiffness and soreness of my wound were keenly brought home to me by the act. Could I possibly go three miles more in my present state? I ran over in my mind the difficulties of the way. There was not a hut or a house between me and home. A long piece of common, a deep dip in the road, and a hill, up which I had often bounded,—these things lay before me, and here was I groaning with pain, and the very life flickering in me.

“But,” I said, “Harold's wife and Harold's child must be saved. Courage, Paul! ‘*God bless you, Paul! God help you, Uncle Paul!*’”

As I put my hand on the ground to raise myself, it lighted on a round object. I seized and felt it. It was some wayfarer's staff. He had gone on his journey, but he had left this here for me, I thought. My spirit revived.

Bravo, Paul! push on. God hath sent thee a staff to lean upon.

I was so encouraged that I did the next mile almost rapidly. My thoughts went back to the two poor things behind me—"Oh! shall I be in time?"—and then went on to the house before me, with the five sturdy, unconscious men, who, had they known, would have swept along this road with great rapid strides, and have borne my beauties in their giant arms home to life and warmth.

So I seemed to walk and leap and praise God for the help of the staff. But in the faith of it I was doing too much. I was using up my strength at a terrible rate. When I knew I had gone more than another mile, my steps slackened, and with my heart palpitating and my breath gone, I tumbled on the ground. The shock wrung from me an irrepressible shriek of agony.

O via dolorosa! I cannot go on. This anguish is greater than I can bear. God himself seems pitiless, as his storm comes down so ruthlessly, and the awful gloom drapes and stifles my ardor and my hope. *O via crucis!*

These last words reminded me of the Redeemer. "Is it not so, ever?" I said. "Is not the way of love the way of tears?"

Here was I wailing over my own anguish, and there were the two lives, and the voices ever in my ear, yet unregarded in that moment of selfish depression. "*God help you, Uncle Paul!*" I staggered again to my feet, and with

desperate slowness and patience halted along—that torn hip excruciating me at every movement.

How I got on I know not. Weakness and pain were fast subduing my zeal. So how often succumbs the noblest soul to bodily anguish! I must have become delirious. I shouted and sang—I adjured my own body to be patient—I called aloud to Heaven to help me. I said: "They *shall* be saved, Paul. '*God help you, Paul!*'"

And then I stumbled again, coming cruelly to the ground. The staff flew out of my hand, and I sank down with a groan, thinking that at last God had deserted me.

"Oh!" I said, "I had hoped that this poor, weak, and worthless life might have been redeemed from its abjectness in my brother's sight, in my own consciousness, in God's estimation—by the saving of those two lives. Gladly then would I have lain down to die, rewarded by the manly shout of my manly brothers. 'Oh, well done, Paul! Well done!'"

But, as it seemed, it was not to be. I lay on my side unable to move. The groans I could not repress answered the wild menace of the winds, and said—"I yield ye all."

I groped for the staff. It was past recovery. Vainly I tried to get upon my feet without it. My wounded leg was now useless.

Then I was tempted to lie still there and die. The life was gradually chilling in me. My head swam. I nearly swooned. But again there came before my vision the two pictures: the precious lives to be saved, there on the ledge behind me—in front of me the noble hearts to be blessed.

O Paul! if every step were bloody, yea with great drops of blood, and every movement a new torture, it were thy meed to save them.

My heart grew stronger at the thought. I dragged myself along on hands and knees, weeping, with anguish, as I went, but praying and hoping still. . . . I cannot describe the horrors of that part of my way. A good deal of it I must have gone on unconscious. I was losing my reason. Hands and knees were bleeding. The cold driving into my exposed body made my teeth chatter. At length I swooned in good earnest. . . .

I know not how long I had lain thus, when suddenly I woke up, with a vividness that was startling. I thought I heard a terrible shriek, which pierced, through swoon and deadness, to my very soul.

"Paul, for God's sake save us, quick!"

I could just lift my head. It was all I could do. The numb, stiff, bruised limbs, I no longer had power over them. There was only one more effort left to me. I shrieked with all my remaining strength like the voice I had heard—like a maniac; shrieked out unceasingly, the wild wind carrying away my cries from me on its wings, God knew whither. I thought, I will spend my last breath to save them. And so thinking, as my voice grew weaker and I felt myself to be dying, I concentrated my strength in one last effort.

Yes! Oh, thank God! there was a responsive cry close at hand! Voices and lights, and in a minute or two the four strong men with Harold at their head had reached me!

"Paul, for God's sake, Paul, what does this mean? Where are they?"

He had gently taken up my head.

while the lantern glow fell upon my ghastly face and on my glazed eyes. I could not answer him. I simply clasped my hands in token of thankfulness.

The strong man wrung his hands.

"Give him brandy, quick. Do you know where they are?" I tried to nod. *"He does. O Paul! wake up and tell us. Nay, look here, look here, brothers! How dreadful!"*

They looked at my bleeding hands, then at my knees, then at the bloody wrappings round my thigh. I began to revive. In a few minutes I told them slowly where I had left Eva and Eveline.

"Where did you hurt yourself?"

"There. At the Hurry Scar, below the Twins."

"Have you come all the way like this?"

I nodded.

"Oh, well done, Paul, bravely done!" cried the lusty giants in a chorus, and I swooned away for joy.

* * * *

Long was I the hero of that homestead. Sweet, sweet and priceless to me, are the memories of the grateful devotion of them all to me—still further wrecked and weakened by the terrors of that night. For my wounded thigh long kept me in peril of my life, and when it was healed, had so shrunk up, I could only walk with the help of crutches.

* * * *

Nevertheless, from that night, the imbecility of my past years went away. I had learned a lesson in the mysteries of life. It were possible, I had then discovered, that even I should hold in my hand the precious balances of human fates, and with weakling, but determined zeal, there were yet left to me by Providence powers of good, of rescue from evil.

NEW YORK

DISCIPLINE.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard,
For "I will make an angel of it!"
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon mallet and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The wak'ning eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles to my feet!
O joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of souls! I lift to thee
Encumbered heart and hands;
Spare not the chisel! set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to thee,
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

DESULTORY READING.

Some distinguished writers have laid down a very simple principle for the guidance of ordinary readers. Read, they have said, good books and good books alone. Be familiar with the great masters of thought, and preserve your mind from the trash of the circulating library.—The motives which prompt the advice are only too palpable. In days when a large proportion of the population is more or less capable of reading, it is melancholy to see that the effect is in one respect the very reverse of what might have been hoped. The greatest writers, though they may have positively a larger audience, have relatively a smaller audience than ever. Their works are pushed aside by masses of ephemeral literature, and even when read they are read with little attention. The mind becomes demoralized by the habit of desultory and superficial study; and a man who reads at a gallop, expects that Shakespeare will yield up his secret as easily as the last new novelist. The greatest men are distinguished from the little men in nothing more than this, that the tenth or twentieth reading of their books is more fruitful than the first; whereas a modern reader is far too impatient to give more than one audience to the most venerable of teachers. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than to denounce as a debilitating practice all study of inferior authors. Life is shorter than ever in proportion to what has to be crowded into it, and our minds are not larger. We should, therefore, lay down immovable regulations against the invasion of distracting influences. The time which we dawdle away over the valueless parts of newspapers would enable us to become familiar with the thoughts of the wisest and best of men. If a man had to choose whether a few months hence he would be familiar with the ins and outs of the Tichborne case or have made a careful study of all the Greek dramatists, no reasonable being could hesitate. In one case he would simply have enjoyed a questionable amusement which leaves no traces behind it; in the other his imagination would have been stored with a perpetual source of delight. Yet hardly anybody has sufficient foresight or resolution to sacrifice the temporary excitement in consideration of the permanent advantage. The case, indeed, is, up to a certain point, too plain to admit of argument. Everybody should have an inner circle of friends amongst books, to which none but the really great writers should be admitted. So far as the reading is not a mere pastime, but a part of the systematic cultivation of the faculties, it is only valuable in proportion as it implies close and intimate knowledge

etry is really worth reading unless worth learning by heart. A man may say that he has read Shakespeare's plays, if he has glanced through them; he glances through a leading article; he has not read them in any profit-sense, until they have fascinated his imagination and sunk into his memory. Really great books, in fact, must be assimilated, and they only begin to produce their true influence, until we know so well that actual reference becomes almost superfluous. It is clearly desirable that every man should have thoroughly absorbed some of the masterpieces of literature, as a true believer absorbs a book of religious devotion. If the task could be accomplished only by the sacrifice of all inferior work, perhaps it would be desirable to make the sacrifice.

Holy Writ often compares trials to overwhelming floods. They may terrify and threaten to engulf you, yet, midst their wildest fury, you have at hand a means of escape. Provided you do spiritually what swimmers do bodily, you shall rise above the waves of tribulation, impatience, diffidence, despair, and, after such a salutary bath, you shall appear more pure and pleasing than ever in the eyes of God. Swimmers first extend themselves on the water, then they push the water back with their feet, fold their hands, separate them, and finally draw them back again to their breasts. This completes one stroke, after which they repeat the same actions as before, and thus propel themselves gradually. Upon the precision, force, and continuance of these motions, depend the ease and rapidity with which they swim. Those who know the art safely breast the tide, while others struggle in vain and find a watery grave. Imitate swimmers whenever you are in the midst of tribulations. Throw yourself by an act of great confidence into the hands of

God's Providence, without whose permission no trials can come upon you. Push back with the greatest contempt the sinful means which the devil may suggest to deliver you; fold your hands in prayer that thus you may steer your course aright; separate them to implore aid; but, fully resigned whether it come or not, bring your hands back to your breast in childlike submission to the will of Heaven. Renew these pious affections while your troubles last; pray with increased fervor and devotion, and you will glide securely through the swelling tide.

It may be that God has spoken to your heart, and that, like David, you can "run and fly" without losing breath. But after a time you will, perhaps, reach a steep and dangerous road. Then move slowly and carefully, if you wish to avoid a fall, involving all the more serious consequences in proportion to the height which you have attained.

THE MADONNA OF EINSIEDELN.

A German Legend.

In a vast hall, whose walls were adorned with paintings, and around which were stone benches, such as are seen in the old castles of Germany, was seated a party of gentlemen, drinking Rhenish wine from large old-fashioned goblets. In the midst of the banquet, while an officer named Berthold was uttering some of the most extravagant nonsense, a pilgrim was ushered in. He was going alone and barefooted to visit Our Lady of the Hermits, when the approach of a violent storm forced him to ask hospitality at the castle.

The host arose from his seat and courteously conducted his new guest to the corner of a vast fireplace, where whole oaks were burning. This duty being accomplished, Berthold, without any respect for the austere presence of the pilgrim, resumed the silly and impious discourse which his entrance had for a moment interrupted, casting from time to time a glance at the stranger to see what effect his words produced on him; but the face of the holy man remained perfectly calm and motionless. The banquet being over, the guests ordered their horses and prepared to go to their several homes.

"The night is dark," said the host to Berthold, who was a relative of his. "You will have to pass through a lone-

ly glen, and something might happen to you. Be advised by me, and stay here to-night." "Pshaw!" laughed the officer, "I fear neither God nor the devil!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" demanded the pilgrim.

"So sure, honest pilgrim, that I now drink to Lucifer, and beg the favor of his company, if it be convenient, to escort me home to-night."

"And you would deserve it well," cried the host, turning pale.

"We will petition Our Lady for you," said the pilgrim; "you will need her help."

"Oh! pray do not trouble yourself; I can dispense with your prayers," and he bowed ironically to the holy man.

Some minutes after, he was in the stirrups and dashing down the hill on which the castle stands, singing the chorus of a drinking song. The night was far advanced; the moon shone out at times through thick, dark clouds, and flashes of lightning darted at intervals along the horizon. At last the young man reached the dangerous place which was known by the name of "The Devil's Road." It was a deep gorge between two mountains, a wild and gloomy spot where the Alpine goat would scarcely have ventured. At that

dread hour, when the deep stillness called forth every superstitious feeling, the young man, becoming somewhat uneasy, placed his hand on his sword; then, ashamed of himself, he began to laugh at his own fears. "I have invited Lucifer to see me home," said he, willing to indulge his pride by an idle boast; "but he is deaf, it seems, or hell is empty."

The thunder rolled in the distance and a flash of lightning illumined the woods and mountains, showing him two hideous dwarfs at his horse's head.

"Ha!" cried the officer, with a shudder; but quickly resuming his wonted insolence. "Avaunt, ye fiends!" he cried, proudly waving his sword; "two wretched dwarfs would be a fitting escort for some Alpine cow-herd!"

The dwarfs disappeared, and the gallop of two horses, rapidly descending the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, made Berthold turn his head. The horsemen were two knights in black armor, mounted on steeds of the same color. Their eyes shone like blazing coals through the bars of their closed helmets, and streams of fire waved above their heads. The gloomy knights drew up in silence on either side of the terrified officer, snatched the reins from his trembling hands, and the three horses dashed along at lightning speed. Mountain after mountain disappeared; frail bridges spanning cataracts so fearful that even the boldest hunter would scarcely set foot upon them, were crossed with the swiftness of the wind. The region of eternal snow was quickly gained, and the horses, redoubling their fury, made straight

for a tremendous gulf, where, far down as the eye could see, rolled a mountain stream, its noise hardly perceptible from the immense height above. Suddenly, from amidst those gloomy waters, reddened at times by subterranean fires, a multitude of hoarse, hollow voices were heard. "Revenge! Revenge!" they cried; "give us the seducer, the false friend, the duellist!"

"We bring him!" replied the knights, brandishing their swords.

A cold sweat bedewed Berthold's brow, his hair stood on end, and his features were convulsed with terror; for among those accusing voices, there were many that he well knew,—voices that pierced his very soul: and remorse began to speak as loudly as fear within.

"Give us the gambler, the slanderer, the blasphemer, the perjurer!" cried the voices from the abyss; and Berthold's gloomy companions, with a horrible laugh, answered the voices from below: "We bring him! we bring him!"

"Give us the impious!" "We bring him!" still answered the black knights, and Berthold wellnigh lost his senses.

Already were the three horsemen upon the edge of a steep rock overhanging the dread abyss. Another moment, and all would be over. But suddenly, the two black knights stood still and mute as statues. The light tinkle of a bell was heard from afar; it was the midnight office ringing in Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln.

Berthold understood that Mary's influence had paralyzed the fearful power which was dragging him down to hell; and, hastily making the sign of the cross, he

cross, he fervently recommended himself to the protecting Virgin, who seemed to interpose between him and the punishment which his conscience told him he so well deserved. The bell ceased ringing, and the young officer felt his heart sink as he saw the knights once more moving on their black couriers. But the voice of repentance had ascended to the starry throne of Mary; and the demons, with a gesture of rage and despair, plunged headlong into the chasm, leaving Berthold alone on the brink.

The moon, just then emerging from a mass of dark clouds, shone brightly

down, and the officer discovered, to his great surprise, that he was on the highest ridge of the mountains, and that it would be with great difficulty that he could descend. Invoking once more the aid of Mary, he began the descent, which he accomplished in safety after many hours' labor.

Some days after, to the great amazement of his companions, he went barefooted to Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln. Here he made a vow never to drink any other beverage than the pure water from the spring, and by prayers and penance to atone for his many sins.

Exterior wants and vexations can give us no idea of the interior trials that sometimes prey upon the soul. If you feel cold in your body, you can, at pleasure, kindle a fire and warm yourself. If you are hungry, you can purchase, or, at least, beg some morsels to satisfy the cravings of your appetite. If you find yourself in the dark, you can light a candle; besides, you are certain that the sun will soon rise again. But if your soul is benumbed with cold, it is not so easy to find the means to send renewed vigor through its torpid faculties. If you experience the pangs of spiritual hunger, it is not so easy to satisfy its cravings. If you grope in mental darkness, you may remain, perhaps for years, uncheered by a ray of consolation. But there is one solace, which soothes every pain; there is one remedy for every ill, whether of body or of soul, and that is

death. There is another death, which spares the body, whilst it relieves the soul in her acutest interior pains. This is the death of *self*, which lies in an entire, unreserved submission to the holy will of God. But how few, alas! how few, are willing to undergo this death!

Nature itself seems to indicate, by the very structure of our bodies, that we should not be selfish, but should labor for others with the same zeal as for ourselves, seeking in all only the fulfilment of God's holy will. For man has two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet. Even the heart, the lungs, the breast, and the shoulders, consist of two parts united together. Reflect upon this suggestion, and see how it may be applied in the virtue of charity towards your neighbors.

RENÉ THE CONSCRIPT.

It was a dull garrison town in France. I was utterly weary of the place. Business took me there, and business detained me longer than suited either my pleasure or my pocket. I had reason to hope that the affair I was engaged in would prove lucrative in the end, but that end was long in coming: and in the meantime I was not flush of cash, and had to economize strictly.

With this laudable end in view, I generally dined at a small restaurant in one of the streets leading from the market-place. It had the advantage of being decently kept, and was much frequented by the subalterns of the regiment in garrison.

One of the most regular customers at this restaurant was a sous-lieutenant. He was a man of middle age. His grave countenance was tinged with melancholy; his thick moustache was already grizzled, and a scar across the cheek added to the general grimness of his appearance. There was something about this man that attracted me in spite of his grimness. By the medals on his coat, he had evidently been distinguished in active service, and, by the manner of his brother officers, he was evidently held in respect. What attracted me so much in this man was the singular change that came over his countenance when he spoke and smiled.

It was as if he had two natures; one overlaying and keeping back the other, that was only allowed to appear on the surface at rare intervals. That man has a history, I said to myself, and I watched him with interest.

The good people who kept the restaurant had one child, a chubby round-eyed urchin they called Babot: what his real name was I never heard. The favorite amusement with the boys of the town was playing at soldiers. Babot had one day got possession of an old tin saucepan; this he had converted into a drum—to his own infinite satisfaction—when a party of older boys, marching past, seized the mimic drum and made off with it, leaving Babot howling.

Hearing the outcry, Fabre—that was the name of the sous-lieutenant I have been describing—started up from the table and strode to the door. I followed, fearing the child had met with an accident. Fabre was first. Finding what had happened, he took the boy in his arms and carried him to the nearest toy-shop; and a smart scarlet and tinsel drum soon turned tears into crowing laughter.

“There!” said the sous-lieutenant setting the child down; “if any of the boys try to take this from you, tell them that Fabre will be after them.”

Poor little fellow! we none of us like to lose our treasures, do we, Babot?"

As he spoke there came into his face that sudden change I have spoken of. He sighed deeply, and as he pronounced the word "treasures" his voice faltered.

This trivial incident led to conversation, and from that time Fabre and I became friends. When he was off duty, we frequently strolled together along the walls, or the poplar-lined banks of the sleepy river. He had been in both the Crimean and Italian wars, was a man of keen observation, and excellent company when once the ice of habitual taciturnity and reserve was broken through.

One evening we were sauntering about the town, when a party of conscripts was marched in. They were evidently country lads for the most part,—the raw material, slouching and awkward. Each had the number he had drawn stuck in his hat. Some were indifferent or sullen; others laughed and shouted; one or two looked dangerous, and a few were sunk in the deepest dejection.

"Poor fellows!" Fabre exclaimed, with an emotional ring in his voice, regarding them compassionately as they passed.

I was surprised. Fabre was so completely the soldier that till that moment it had never occurred to me to question his motive for entering the army. Then it flashed across me.

"You were a conscript, perhaps?"

The thought seemed to have found utterance almost involuntarily. I was vexed with myself; fearful lest he might be offended. He had always maintained a degree of reticence as to his personal history.

"If m'sieu has any interest in the matter he shall hear," Fabre replied. "It is a simple story scarcely worth the telling."

Relieved from the fear of having given offence, I assured him, with perfect sincerity, I should feel an interest in all he chose to tell me. We were now in a boulevard where there were shady trees, and seats at intervals.

"Let us sit down, then," Fabre said; it is cool here," and he lifted his military cap. "M'sieu shall hear all, if he pleases."

"We were only peasants," he began, as we sat down under the acacia trees and lighted our cigars:—"we were born a few miles from Foix, in Ariège, I and my father and my father's father before him. My father was a vine-dresser. When my brother Pierre was a mere youth, and I little more than a child, my father met with an accident that lamed him; and after that he was unable to work at the vines, and was glad to take any odd jobs that came to hand. Pierre did not count for much; he was idle and had a roving disposition. Instead of helping, he was always getting into trouble.

"I was a strong, well-grown lad, and had no fear of work, and I was ambitious. You will smile, monsieur. What has a peasant to do with ambition! you will say. Ah, well! the hearts of the rich and poor are much alike, I suppose.

"I had set my heart on one day being a proprietor; and when I went to work in the vineyard, I said to myself, I will one day have a vineyard of my own. I had to labor hard, not only to keep myself, but to help poor old father. By working early and late, and by a.

bit of carpentering I took up at odd hours, I not only kept the pot boiling, but week by week contrived to lay a trifle by. Each vintage I added to my store, for I had an end in view, you see, monsieur.

“In a few years I expected to have enough saved to buy a horse and cart. Father could not do much amongst the vines, but he could drive a cart, and earn money as a carrier. This would be a beginning. After that we should be able to hire a bit of garden-ground, and when father no longer needed my help I would bring Toinette home. She would feed poultry and attend to the garden. We could send poultry and vegetables to the market at Foix in the cart, and so it would go on by degrees, till at last I should find myself master of a vineyard. Oh, it was a beautiful plan of life I had laid down! A thing to laugh at—was it not, monsieur?

“Toinette and I had been playfellows when we were children, and whenever I pictured a home of my own it was with Toinette there. I dare say there were prettier girls in the village: I do not know. I only know that I loved her, and love is not critical.

“Years went on, and I grew from youth to manhood. The little store accumulated slowly, for you see it was but a few francs here and there that I could save. But I thought when father had the carrying business, we should get on rapidly. Toinette listened to all my projects, and encouraged me in what I was endeavoring to do. I was now nearly twenty-five, and I had all but a few francs of the sum I had been working and saving nine years to gain. Nine long years!

“I knew I should be able to earn the rest of the money wanted before the winter was over. Toinette was weaving some pretty scarlet fringe to trim the harness of the horse I was going to buy. She was to meet me on the road home from Foix, and have the first ride in the new cart; and when father was fairly started as a carrier, I was to speak to the *curé* about our marriage. We had settled it all, you see.

“Were you ever in our part of the country, m’sieu? No? Ah, it is grand and beautiful there! There, instead of this dead level, we have the mountains, and the river flashes along in a rapid current, foaming and dashing against the rocks when the snows are melting from the upper mountains. On the opposite side of the river to where we lived, was an old ruined castle, on the summit of a rounded hill. The ascent to the castle was planted with trees, and was a favorite walk. Here often in the long summer evenings when work was over, or on our rare holidays, Toinette and I used to wander, talking about our future that was to be spent together—always together. Or we used to sit beneath the old walls overlooking the river, and were as happy as the birds that flew in and out of the ivy over our heads.

Fabre paused for a while. Then drawing the back of his hand across his brow, and clearing his throat, he resumed:—

“Just for the moment, m’sieu, it almost seemed to me as if I could hear the murmur of the river, and Toinette’s voice, that was as sweet as the falling of waters, or the songs of birds—at least it was so to my ears.

"When we have fixed in our own minds the way we will go in life, it seems that the good God—for our benefit, no doubt—stops us, and turns our steps into a different path altogether. The time for drawing for the conscription was approaching, but it gave me no concern: I had drawn a lucky number before, and should do so again, I made no doubt. I had great faith in my luck, because all had gone so well with me hitherto.

"When the day came, Pierre and I and the other young men of the district assembled to draw the numbers. Monsieur, I thought the earth had given way from beneath my feet when the number I held was read out. I have no doubt my cheeks were blanched, for the sergeant whispered 'coward' as he passed me. I think when we were before Sebastopol he recalled this word.

"I was not a coward in the sense he meant. But it is no light thing to have all one's hopes and all one's efforts for nine years annihilated at a blow—brought to nothing, like the ashes of this cigar that I knock away.

"At first I had some hope that Pierre might offer to take my place; for when father was angry with him for his unsteady ways, he used to talk of going for a soldier. But talking and doing are two different things, as I found. Father urged me to pay for a substitute. But a substitute was not easily to be found. It would have taken all my money—just all that I had saved.

"Toinette, too, begged me to stay; but to what end? We could not marry if I had nothing but my daily work as a *vigneron*, and father and mother to keep. It might have been better to have done as they wished; but what would you?

We are but human, and I *could not* begin again.

"I determined to go. There would be the money, so that father could make his living as a carrier, and Toinette I knew would be true to me; and when I came back—we should see.

"I found it the hardest to part from poor old mother. You see, father being lame, and Pierre not good for much, she leaned upon me. When she hung crying round my neck, I began to wish I had let the money go, and consented to remain at home. But it was too late; and we were marched away, just as you saw those poor fellows a while ago.

"I did not like a soldier's life, my heart was not in it—it was always in our valley, amongst the vines and olive-trees; and I longed continually for the time of service to be over. I did my duty. Time would have gone no faster for shirking that; and when our regiment was ordered to the Crimea, I caught something of the excitement, and was glad to go,—glad at the prospect of change and of active service.

"I was no great hand at letter-writing. I had not time for much learning; but I managed to write home to tell them I was going, and to bid them keep up their hearts.

"You know all about the war, m'sieu. Our regiment had its share in all that was going on. I escaped for a time, but at the taking of the Malakoff I got this ugly sabre-cut across my face, and my arm was broken by a bullet. I suppose I fainted from loss of blood: they told me afterwards I was taken up for dead.

I was a long time in hospital. I had fever, and it was months before I could crawl about again, and was strong enough to be shipped off for France, with other invalids like myself.

"All the voyage I thought of father and mother and Toinette, and how glad they would be to have me back, and how soon I should get strong again at home. It was four years since I had left the village; and I thought, with my heavy moustache, and the sabre-cut across my face, and my uniform, no one would recognize René the *vigneron*; and I would go first to the *auberge*, and hear the news before making myself known.

"My heart leaped within me as I approached the village, and saw the old castle upon its rounded hill, and the swift-flowing river. I said to myself, perhaps I shall meet father in his cart, or perhaps Toinette may be at her door as I pass; but though I met several of the villagers, who turned to look with interest at the weather-beaten and wounded soldier, I saw neither father nor Toinette, and no one recognized me.

"I was still weak from illness, and when I reached the *auberge*, I was glad to sit down and call for some wine. The landlord brought it. I asked him to sit down and partake. First, I had to answer many questions about what was going on in the East, and then I asked for news of the village. I had my cap drawn down over my forehead, and was sitting with my back to the light, but once or twice I saw my companion looking at me narrowly, as if he suspected I was some one he ought to know.

"This was the news I heard: Fabre

and his wife were both dead. The old man had no heart to do anything after his younger son, 'who was the stay of the family,' the landlord said, 'had been drawn for the army.' Had I happened to meet with René Fabre? He was killed at the taking of the Malakoff—his name was seen in the list. That just broke the hearts of the old people; they never lifted their heads again, either of them. The mother went first. Old Fabre died only three weeks ago.

"Had they never received a letter? I asked, making my voice as steady as I could; for one of the kind nurses at Scutari had written for me.

"No. What letter should they receive when René was dead?"

"It had been lost, then. I could not repress a groan. 'Was my wound paining me?' the landlord asked. 'Could he do anything for me?'

"I shook my head. Where was Pierre Fabre? I asked.

"Pierre had got into fresh trouble, and had gone away two years before. No one knew anything about him.

"Then came the name that had been trembling on my lips all along—Toinette Dufour.

"Again I observed the landlord look at me inquisitively: 'That was the girl René was to have married,' he said. 'Her mother always wanted to marry her to Barbel's Ambrose, because old Barbel was rich. Toinette would not hear of it till the news came that René was killed, and then somehow it seemed as if she did not care what became of her, and the mother had her way. It had not been a very happy marriage hitherto; as, indeed, how should it be, with a bride with no more heart in her than a ghost?'

"This, monsieur, was my coming home. I did not make myself known. Where was the use? I engaged a bed for the night, and then I wandered out. I went first to the little cemetery, then I watched for one sight of Toinette. I saw her just at dusk, pale and sad-looking, at her husband's door. I did not dare to present myself before her; I could not trust myself to hear her speak. I turned away and climbed the hill to the castle, and there I threw myself down on the spot, where we had sat so many summer evenings, dreaming dreams—nothing but dreams, monsieur.

"I do not know how long I lay there. It seemed during these hours as if there was neither past nor future any more, only one long ever-present agony.

"At last the glimmering lights in the village were being extinguished one by one, and I knew I must return to the *auberge*. Early the next morning I left my old home forever and returned to Marseilles, where I waited till my regiment came back from the East. Both officers and men were glad to receive me amongst them again, and I had no wish to leave them any more. Why should I? This is all. It is quite a simple story, you see, monsieur.

"This medal was won before the Malakoff, and this at Solferino. *Allons, vive la gloire!* A few broken hearts, more or less—what does it matter! I am a sous-lieutenant, and perhaps may die capitaine. That ought to be enough for my ambition, you will say. But people are not all alike, and it seems to me that my ambition is over. *Tiens!* Let us go and have a cup of coffee; I am not accustomed to talk so much; my throat is dry." Pitching away the end

of his cigar, Fabre rose from the bench, where we had been sitting, and led the way to the café.

I followed slowly. We were both silent. What could I say? Where would have been the use of commonplace words of pity or consolation? Fabre never again made any reference to his past life in talking to me, and I was careful not to allude to so sad a theme.

Shortly after this a change was made in the garrison, and Fabre's regiment was ordered to Algeria. A crowd followed the troops as they marched away to the roll of the drum. Fabre waved his hand to me as he passed. Will his weary spirit find rest in a soldier's grave, under the burning sun of Africa, was my thought; or will he live a superannuated officer, to potter about some provincial town, shouldering "his crutch to tell how fields were won"? Most probably I shall never know. Such was my conclusion, as I sighed over the departure of my pleasant friend and companion.

The business that had detained me so long was brought to a successful issue, and it was upwards of three years before I had occasion to revisit *la belle France*. This time my affairs led me to Bordeaux, and afterwards to Marseilles. As time was not pressing, I determined to take holiday for a few weeks, in order to visit the places most worth seeing on my route.

I had heard nothing of Fabre since we parted, but when I arrived at Foix, the place brought him vividly to my recollection, and I determined to ride over to Varilhes, and thence walk to the village Fabre had described to me. I found the castle was connected with some interesting historical associations:

it had been an appanage of the Counts of Foix, and had suffered in the wars of the sixteenth century. So I had a double object in my ride.

It was a lovely day. The vintage had commenced, and the vineyards were alive with busy groups of men, women, and children. I rode slowly, enjoying to the utmost the gay and animated scene, and it was already afternoon when I came in sight of the little town of Varilhes.

Putting up my horse, I set out for my walk; but after proceeding for about half a mile, I began to feel uncertain whether I had taken the right direction, and looked about for some one of whom I could make inquiry. There was no one to be seen on the road, but to my right was a small country house, a *bastide* as it is called there. It stood in the midst of a garden, where fruit and flowers grew together in all the luxuriance of the south; and from a vineyard at the back I heard the sound of voices. I opened the gate, thinking I would skirt the garden to the vineyard, and there make my inquiry of the first persons I met.

I had the gate still in my hand, and was just about to enter, when I was held spellbound in astonishment as if I had seen a ghost. A weather-beaten, military-looking man issued from the house at that moment, and at a glance I recognized René Fabre. He perceived me at the same instant, and advanced with open arms.

"*Quel bonheur!* I am overjoyed! Did monsieur drop from the clouds?"

I returned his hearty greeting, for I was truly rejoiced to see him again.

As for my leaving him that day or the next, it was not to be thought of

for a moment. Anything I needed could be sent for to Foix, but stay I must.

"Toinette!" he cried. "Come out then, my child. Here is my good friend; come and bid him welcome."

At this summons a pale, dark-eyed, Spanish-looking woman made her appearance, who was introduced to me as Madame Fabre.

"Oh!" cried Fabre, "Monsieur is surprised; and well he may be. But dinner is ready, is it not, *mamie*? Afterwards m'sieu shall hear.

I was altogether surprised at such a turn of events, but at nothing more than the change in Fabre himself. The nature that had formerly always been subdued and kept back, was now triumphant. He was absolutely radiant.

After an excellent dinner we strolled into the vineyard to smoke our cigars, and then I asked Fabre how it had all come about.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I never thought to visit my native place again. But when I returned from Algeria, something seemed to draw me here in spite of myself. On All-Souls' day I said to myself, I will go and hang a wreath of immortelles over father and mother's grave. So I came to the village, thinking just to visit the cemetery, and walk up to the old castle once more.

"There were many people in the cemetery, for it was All-Souls' day, you see; and I saw Toinette there among the rest. I did not accost her, but when she had hung her wreath, and gone away, I went to see whose grave it was she had been visiting, and I found it was Ambrose Cauvin's—that

was the name of the man they had married her to.—I can't tell you how I felt at that moment, monsieur; it seemed suddenly as if all the clouds had rolled away from the sky, and the sun was shining, as if life were opening afresh.

"Toinette was free then! and I had only to resign to be free also. I was no longer poor, for I had shared in prize money, and I had saved more from habit, and from not having anything I cared to spend money upon, than because I had cared to save. But now I was glad—oh, how glad! I felt like a boy again.

"Well, monsieur, to cut my story short, I got the good *curé* to break the news of my being alive and at home, to Toinette, gently; for she had suffered much unhappiness, and her health was not strong. When we first met, we wept in each other's arms—wept over all we had suffered before we could begin to take joy in being together once more.

"Toinette had been a widow four years. Her husband was killed by the machinery of the oil-mill where he worked. I resigned my commission, and then we were married. I looked

about and found this little place that happened to be for sale. I could not quite compass the purchase-money, but the mortgage will be cleared off in a few years, God willing. So you see my dream has come true, after all, monsieur. If only poor old father and mother could have lived to see the day! But what would you? We cannot have everything, and they are in a better place, I trust," and Fabre reverently lifted his cap.

I heartily congratulated him upon the change that had taken place in his circumstances, and then we talked about Algeria and other subjects.

I spent two pleasant days with Lieutenant Fabre and his gentle wife, and then I took leave, but not before I was made to promise to pay them a long visit at some future time.

"Then I hope monsieur will not come alone," said Fabre, who is disposed to commiserate my bachelor state.

I shook my head laughing. His pleasant smile, as he stood on the platform of the railway station at Foix, looking after me as the train whirled me away, is the last recollection I have of him.

On the high sea but little is to be feared from storms: the danger is near the coasts. As long as we sail with full confidence in God and his fathomless goodness, our bark is comparatively safe. But dangers beset us when we try to escape the storm, seeking help from shore, accommodating ourselves to the maxims of the children of the world.

This comparison has a special reference to those who have been called to the government of a society or congregation. If superiors reveal, without prudence and consideration, all they meditate for the common good, their plans may be wholly unsuccessful, and instead of promoting the glory of God, foster only dissension and ill-will among their subjects.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The first bible printed in America was printed in Mexico.

The Roman Catholic population of New York city is 400,000 souls, for whom there are about 40 churches.

The Catholics of Wheeling, Va., are to erect a monument chapel over the late Bishop Whelan of that Diocese.

We are happy to hear that the Paulist Fathers are about to erect two new churches and a monastery. They are among the most zealous priests in the United States, and have done wonders for the Church.

The Catholic Benevolent Society at Fortress Monroe, numbering 43 members, has issued an address to the Catholic soldiers of the U. S. Army, urging them to organize similar societies.

The *Wyoming Post* says the only church where sermons are preached in Irish in this country, is located in Elmira, Ill. A priest from Canada preaches a sermon in English, and, after a short intermission, repeats it in Irish.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Philadelphia intends to erect a Centennial fountain, surrounded by the statues of the prominent Catholics who were active in the Revolutionary war.

In 1834 there were but seven Catholic papers in the United States. There are now 37 weeklies, eight monthlies, and one quarterly. Canada has four Catholic weeklies.

The *Louisville Catholic Advocate* says:—"As

matters stand now there are nearly 800,000 Catholics in the country for every Catholic periodical published; and there are millions of Catholics who never see a printed word about religion except such as they see when they take a prayer-book to Mass or Confession.

The Southern Catholic, of Memphis, Tenn., reports one hundred students in attendance at the Christian Brothers' college of that city, with increasing popularity and appreciation of the Brothers.

The Young Men's Catholic Association, of Newark, N. J., have decided to issue invitations to similar societies throughout the United States to send delegates to a National Convention, to be held in the Catholic Institute, at Newark, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1875.

Statistics gathered by the *Pittsburg Telegraph* show that the number of children attending the Catholic parochial schools in the diocese of Pittsburg, is about 15,000. Of these 5,000 are taught by the Sisters of Mercy. The Common School Superintendent's report shows the whole number of pupils in the city of Pittsburg to be 20,282. Of this number 7,800 attend the Catholic schools.

Father Byrne, of Toledo, Ohio, is engaged on a work entitled "The Free Schools of Ancient Ireland." It is a matter of pride to us that Ireland in olden times abounded in schools; but it is a more honorable boast still that those schools were free. The work—and no man in America is more fitted to undertake the task—will contain many valuable hints for the conductors of our Ameri-

can schools, and will reflect credit on the Irish race. The book will be given to the world the coming spring.

The daughter of Maria Monk, a name connected in the public mind with some infamous publications against the Church and convents, has become a Catholic. The mother, whose stories furnished so much capital to the enemies of Catholicity, has gone to her last account, but the daughter is a devoted Catholic, giving most of her time and means to religion. She built a church in honor of St. Genevieve in Kentucky, which the French ambassador at Rome, Count de Courcelles, provided with an altar service, and the venerable Father P. Bapst, S. J., dedicated.

The New York *Independent* asks: "Is there any reason for surrendering to the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Unitarians so legitimate and ancient a symbol as the cross?" Confining the question to the Roman Catholics, the conundrum finds easy solution. There is no reason except the commandment of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not steal." The uncrossed sects have enough self-respect to prevent them from glorying in dishonesty and from sailing under false colors.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

The *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, has a most interesting article on the silence of the congregations in our American churches. The *Telegraph* says:—

No thoughtful person, who has travelled in Catholic countries, can avoid being struck with the contrast which all our churches in this country, if we except a few where Catholic Germans congregate, present to a vast number of Catholic churches in Europe. The travelled Catholic American has heard in some mediæval Cathedral on the banks of the Rhine the pealing sounds of a thousand adoring voices, and he returns to marvel that, save the priest and the choir, all the rest of the congregation, at all services of the church, is ever mute. . . . A Catholic congregation *hears* Mass, and therefore does not join in the parts that are sung; but a Catholic congregation should *sing* Vespers. The children of the schools should be train-

ed in the knowledge of the music of the psalms and hymns of the Church, and they should be present every Sunday to unite in sending forth before the Blessed Sacrament their voices of prayer and praise.

The Duke of Norfolk, first in the roll of the peerage of Great Britain, and now twenty-seven years of age, has entered the Novitiate of the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri, with the intention of becoming a priest. One of his sisters has become a Religious.

In the Catholic College shortly to be opened in Kensington (says *Nature*), the natural sciences will be taught without restrictions. A museum, a laboratory, and lecture-rooms are in readiness; and in the educational department more than one appointment has already been made. Mr. St. George Mivart is to lecture on zoölogy during the winter months, and on botany in the summer. Mr. Barff is to lecture on chemistry.

Archbishop Manning thus describes the present state of England, and the description suits America perhaps equally as well:

"Christianity is being pushed out of public life; it is vanishing out of private society; the press teems with books against Christianity; the growing multitude of so-called scientific men in all branches of literature and science are now telling the people that there is no God, no Creator, no Redeemer—that miracles are impossible—that there is no resurrection, no immortality, no soul, no conscience, no law, no right, no wrong."

Men who hated his Church learned to love Father Mathew. Some came to their doors in a spirit half bitter and jeering; but strong Protestants and Presbyterians as they were, they yielded to an unaccountable impulse, and falling on their knees, humbly received the blessing of a man of God. "Why did you kneel to him?" asked one of the "True Blues" to another. The answer was—"Who the d—l could resist him?—who could help it?" "Father Mathew," said one, "here am I, an *Orangeman*, kneeling to you, and you blessing me!" "God bless you, my dear!" was the reply, "I didn't care if you were a *Lemon-man*!"

The Protestants in France number less than one million out of thirty-six millions of people.

Our Lady of Boulogne is thus described by a correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*:—"It is not a large, unwieldy figure, as might be imagined, but a graceful silver image of the Madonna, crowned with gold, and bearing in her arms the Holy Child. Standing as she is in a brightly burnished silver boat, under a canopy of silk, richly bespangled with gold, she presents a singularly graceful and artistic appearance, and one can but admit that, if doubtful on the score of religious belief, 'Our Lady of Boulogne' is faultless in point of taste. Close by is another canopy, this time of straw, accurately representing a modern stable, and covering a manger, in which lies the waxen image of the Infant Saviour. Here, too, devout ladies are kneeling, and with busy fingers telling their fast-passing beads, while even the crowd, as it moves forward, crosses itself out of respect for the devotion of the place. But the altar of Our Lady is the chief point of attraction. Here, in front of the archway which leads to the recess, are numberless hearts of gold and silver, carefully framed, each bearing an inscription indicative of their origin and the reason why they appear here. On the altar is another representation of Notre Dame in silver, backed by a dark yet lustrous blue, and surmounted by the inscription, 'Patrona nostra singularis ora pro nobis.' Close by, on a velvet cushion, is a bejewelled silver hand, with a transparent back, disclosing a petrified hand, over which is the inscription, *Dans cette main d'argent repose la main droite de la statue miraculeuse de Notre Dame de Boulogne*; while still closer, under yet another canopy, is a miniature representation of the Host, ready to be carried presently by the procession. Candles, wellnigh innumerable, blaze on all the rings which are found in the cathedral, the day being one

on which special grace is offered to such as remember with love the Lady of Boulogne. Ever and anon the bell inside the church is rung, when those who are kneeling at the chairs must needs rise and make room for new and waiting worshippers, and as they leave the church they prepare to join the procession which is now beginning to form."

A tax of no less than thirty per cent has been imposed by the Italian Minister of Finance upon the College of the Propaganda, which is supported by and for the entire Catholic world!

In one of his works, Chateaubriand speaks of the great increase of suicides which occurred in Paris in the early part of this century, and very justly observes: "Suicide is an offspring of corruption. The more corrupt a people is, the greater the number of suicides which occur amongst it." In Italy, just at the present, suicide has become alarmingly frequent, so much so, indeed, that the attention of the Government has been called to the subject, and the other day an Italian deputy thus expressed himself: "Suicides are very prevalent just now. I fear that they indicate terrible social corruption."

"Indeed, sir, they do," answered another gentleman from an opposite side of the house. "Never, even in the sixteenth century, have manners or morality been at so low an ebb as they are at present in our unhappy country. We have freed ourselves of our foreign enemies and oppressors, but I much fear we have introduced into the land some that are far worse. They are much more difficult to get rid of, and infinitely more dangerous. Their names are immorality and irreligion." A young man of twenty committed suicide the other day in Rome. "I am tired of life," said he before he died, "and I believe in nothing. I am an atheist."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The phosphorescence of the sea is due to the presence of immense numbers of microscopical animals.

In relation to "Sounding Flames" an Edinburgh student writes: "In the practical class we produced sonorous flame vibrations in iron tubes three to four inches in diameter and about two feet long, held over some tubes covered with wire gauze. These instantly produced a noise like the roar of a lion."

A two-inch thick wire-rope was lately made in England for a telegraph company, which was eleven and a quarter miles in length and without a single splice. The coil formed by this monstrous rope was five feet high and twenty-four feet in diameter.

A recent invention deserves the commendation of housekeepers. It is a dough-kneader, a cutter, a scraper, and rolling-pin—all combined in one handy machine.

In 1873, 2,906 patents were issued in England against 12,864 in this country.

• By a process of scientific cookery old boots can be converted into a very good jelly.

At the recent meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Prof. Redfern took occasion to define "hash" as "about as indigestible a mass as can well be imagined."

Some new instances are reported by the Michigan State Board of Health of severe illness caused by living in rooms papered with green hangings. Two cases are mentioned of families becoming sick; and on the paper being examined, 116 grains of arsenic to a square foot of surface were found.

In an ordinary open fire grate 75 per cent of the heat arising from the combustion of the fuel goes up the chimney and is wasted, only 25 per cent being radiated into the apartment.

A curious and interesting series of experiments recently took place in France under the auspices of the Directors of the Museum of St. Germain, which consisted in tests upon ancient war engines constructed after the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column. An onager—variety of catapult—threw stone balls to a distance of 640 feet. Bolts from another kind of catapult travelled 960 feet in six seconds of time, showing a velocity of progression of 160 feet per second. The range and adjustment of the engines were readily calculated, and accurate shots were made at a distance of 480 feet. It would seem therefore that ancient Roman artillery included weapons of by no means contemptible effect, particularly since the musket of 70 years ago failed to carry with accuracy over a distance equal to but little more than a half that last mentioned.

In regard to the height which travellers are able to attain, Alexander Von Humboldt, in his ascent of Chimborazo, was compelled to stop at a height of 16,000 feet, at which point he had to give up from suffocation, but in late years the brothers Schlagintweil ascended the Himalayas and slept all night in bivouac, at a height of 19,200 feet; and later, ascended a peak 22,000 feet high. The English astronomer, Mr. Glaisher, claims that he has ascended to a height of 26,000 feet without feeling any discomfort, and that only when reaching 32,000 feet, he experienced any very serious sensation of suffocation.

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DRYDEN.

We have often noticed that our Catholic children are carried through a course of literature without acquiring any clear or reasonable ideas in regard to the authors whose productions they have enjoyed, and perhaps without learning that many of the best writers of ancient or modern times were Catholic.

Dryden stands thus among the long array of British poets, and is seldom pointed out as one who, becoming a Catholic in prosperous days, clung humbly to his Faith when deprived of all his honors, and obliged to depend for subsistence upon the efforts of his muse. Protestant writers are pleased to call him a weathercock, a man without sound principles either in morals or in religion; and yet we know that, although the noble family of Howard objected to the marriage of Dryden with a member of their house, they were soon reconciled to the match, because "his manners were amiable, his reputation as an author high, and his *moral character unexceptionable*."

It is true one of his earliest poems was laudatory of the tyrant Cromwell, whose iron hand worked such direful

woe to English liberty; but we must remember that Cromwell was the patron of Dryden's family, and the young poet saw in him only the benefactor and the friend. He was but a college lad, easily won by military glory, and full of enthusiasm for the victories achieved over the Dutch and Spanish. On the restoration of Charles II to the throne of his fathers, Dryden wrote a "Panegyric to his Sacred Majesty," which is certainly not more fulsome in its praise of a king who promised happiness to his subjects, than was to be expected from a courtier of that time.

Other bigoted writers tell us that, "when Popery became the chief qualification for court favor, Dryden renounced Protestantism and turned Papist." And then, with an exulting voice, they add: "He gained but little by it, though he wrote in defence of the Romish faith in the 'Hind and the Panther.'"

Yes, no one will dispute the fact, that he gained nothing by his change of religion, as far as honors or emoluments were concerned; but, like his illustrious and noble patron James II, he gained that which made his life

peaceful, and his death one of entire submission and perfect resignation to the will of God.

It is our intention to hold Dryden up, not to the pity and lukewarm praise of Protestants, but to the admiration and esteem of our Catholic youth.

Dr. Drake speaks of him thus: "No writer, indeed, seems to have studied the genius of our language with happier success. If in elegance and grammatical precision he has since been exceeded, to none need he give way in point of vigor, richness, and spirit."

Dr. Johnson says, speaking of Dryden's account of Shakespeare: "In a few lines is exhibited a character so extensive in its comprehension and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakespeare, in all their emulation and reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence — of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value though of greater bulk."

Mr. Malone, the critic, pays Dryden the highest compliment when he records that Edmund Burke imitated his diction, "who had very diligently read all his miscellaneous essays, which he held in high estimation, not only for the instruction they contain, but on account of the rich and harmonious prose in which that instruction is conveyed."

Campbell, in the *Retrospective Review*, says of our poet: "This great High-Priest of all the Nine was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of Eloisa fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draft of her passion."

That is to say, Dryden's honest genius could not, or rather would not, embellish crime; and, however winning the sinner might be, he knew it was not a Christian's part to add a charm to the sin itself.

Dryden's description of the Church of Christ is very fine, and comes home to the hearts of all Catholics in this, her time of persecution:

"Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fears no danger, for she knows no sin."

Timid souls wonder at the grand fearlessness of the Church in striking at popular errors, indifferent whether the powerful ones of this world are thereby pleased or not. But the poet's lines reveal the secret of her most marvellous strength, and make this wonder disappear. The lines in which he records that

"Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen—"

is the testimony of all those who have been blessed by a vision of Christ's Immaculate Spouse. Alas! the world is so determined she shall not be seen in her intrinsic loveliness, that it persistently endeavors to clothe her with a robe of many-colored falsehoods, or to desecrate her brow with a fool's cap of ridicule and contempt!

Dryden's translations of Virgil, Juvenal, and Perseus are lasting proofs of his genius; and we may be permitted to regret even, with Pope, that he did not live to complete his translation of the Iliad.

The paraphrase of the Latin hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, so familiar to all Catholic readers, commencing with the words,

"Creator spirit, by whose aid,
The world's foundations first were laid,"

should often remind us of the humble Catholic and great poet who knew so well how to praise virtue, satirize vice, and pay homage to excellence.

It is thought by many that Dryden's prose excels his poetry, and that it is worthy of the very highest commendation. In fact, his translations are better known to-day than his original poetry, except the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

His dramas, twenty-eight in number, were popular in his time; but their quaint imagery and local interest have consigned many of them to oblivion.

His style is always dignified, and his sarcasm most poignant; and as an example of his delicacy in handling a subject, we refer to the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," in which Dryden is so careful of the fame of Monmouth, the king's ignoble son, as not even to offend the wife of that unworthy prince.

We quote a few lines from his description of the character of a good priest, to show how beautiful was his fancy and how clear-sighted was his faith:—

"For priests, indeed, are patterns for the rest,
The gold of Heaven who bear the God impressed;
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished and to clothe the bare;
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the Word,
Were only stewards of their Sovereign Lord."

As a man, he had his faults, of which he writes:

"My thoughtless youth was winged by vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights, and when their glimpse was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own."

However, these few suggestions will show our school children that the celebrated Dryden, who became a Catholic in the time of James the Second, and remained one until the hour of his death, is no mean versifier, no unworthy scribbler, but a poet well deserving our admiration, and a Christian who is entitled to our grateful recollection and our fervent prayers.

N. O. Morning Star.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

Brief hour for thought! the dark and wintry day
Is deepening into night, though no pale star,
To guide the traveller with its timorous ray,
Yet glimmers in the purple depths afar.
Darkness comes stealing on;—from labor free,
The weary woodman seeks his cottage door,
Where mirthful children on the sanded floor
Leap at his coming, and press round his knee.
From distant casements lights are twinkling now,
Where busy matrons still the needle ply,
Or some pale student strains the anxious eye,
And bends o'er classic page with thoughtful brow.
Stir we the fire, seek fancy's wild domain,
And rear some airy fabric's dizzy height again.

A FALSE GENIUS.

I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple-winged and eagle-eyed,
Looking like a heavenly guide.

Though he seem so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little, and beware !

If he bid thee dwell apart,
Tending some ideal smart
In a sick and coward heart ;

In self-worship wrapped alone,
Dreaming thy poor griefs are grown
More than other men have known ;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere
Though God's work is waiting here,
And God deigneth to be near ;

If his torch's crimson glare
Show thee evil everywhere,
Tainting all the wholesome air ;

While with strange, distorted choice,
Still disdaining to rejoice,
Thou *wilt* hear a wailing voice ;

If a simple, humble heart
Seems to thee a meaner part
Than thy noblest aim and art ;

If he bid thee bow before
Crownèd Mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore ;

And with starry veil enfold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold ;

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee : Arise,
He is a Demon in disguise !

Adelaide Procter.

A THOUGHT ON THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

From the lives of great men and the relation of their achieved triumphs has often been drawn the useful moral of man's capability to secure for himself undying fame, and youth has been taught to find therein the secret of success. But history conveys a far more practical lesson than this; and he is no careful student who cannot discover upon its pages something more than the glitter which surrounds illustrious personages and their deeds.

It is a common fault with young minds not to profit by the experience of others, and with unreasonable enthusiasm to picture for themselves a most brilliant future, forgetting that there is a dark side to life. Thus they read history as they would a romance, absorbed in the excitement and pomp of its stirring scenes, and neglecting the grave and more serious teachings of which it has a fruitful store.

They follow the course of ancient empires and republics, but fail to impress upon their minds that, in the destruction of these nations, is shown forth the inevitable fate of all human institutions. They know of Cæsar, Brutus, Marc Antony, and of Rome; but do they ever reflect that as citizens they may yet be called upon to deal with the same ambition, demagogism and unbridled passion which proved the ruin of that mighty power? They pore over the sayings and doings of the philosophers of Greece, but rarely distinguish in the thoughts of these wise men that glimmering idea of a Supreme Being, which asserts the dominion of a Higher Will over the human heart, and reproves those who in these days would revive the doubt-breeding influences of Paganism. Nor, more than all, they are not led to despise the Dead-Sea fruit of empty fame, and to discern behind the artificiality of the world the spectres of despair, remorse, and affliction, which have haunted men vaunted in history. They are lost in admiration of the brilliant reign of an Elizabeth, and even, perchance, respect the boldness of a Cromwell, passing over the unscrupulous rule of the one, and the brutal fanaticism of the other; thus deluded by those who would make History (paradoxical though it seem) the enemy of truth! Philosophers, statesmen, and poets are the idols of their lives, and eagerly do they strive to emulate them. They forget that merit lies not in the sentiment, but in the application. History is full of illustrious Pecksniffs, who express beautiful and even sublime ideas as readily as they degraded their own natures and the character

of others. It is painful to contemplate that pearls of thought should so come from the mouth of swine; but no less true. Bacon, fresh from trickery and unmanly intrigue, writes sublime philosophy, destined to receive the plaudits of posterity. Pitt has oppression and the tyrant's lash for poor Ireland, but the most impassioned eloquence in the cause of the American Colonies—less a contradiction than the characteristic of a wily politician. Byron, favored of the Muse, pours forth most beautiful melody, though tarnished by the evil of the author, and yet base passion has woven around him her fatal toils and blasted his whole career. Thus genius in many cases proves its own condemnation; for, knowing and praising virtue, it is really the slave of vice.

Another lesson of importance may be gleaned from the trials, difficulties, and disappointments which history too truthfully portrays. Much of the arrogant presumption of youth might be removed by a contemplation of the sad career of men who purchased fame by misery and death. He who would go out into the world ready only to conquer, may find that those possessing the highest genius have been unable to successfully resist the buffets of misfortune. Let him follow the

course of a Columbus if he will; and after all the triumph of a new world's discovery, the popular applause, and the favor of kings, the hero of that drama becomes an outcast beggar. From which scene can more be learned,—Cortez, Conqueror of Mexico, surrounded by untold wealth and splendor, hailed as a God by a barbarous people; or afterwards vainly suing in the streets of his native land for the reward of his services?

The student's soul may fire with inspiration as he drinks in the music of poetic harmonies, but it would be well for him to remember that these very melodies may have come forth from broken hearts and withered lives. Ah! how many a poet has sung sweetly even with grim want staring him in the face! How many sublime utterances have been expressed solely to secure the bare means of existence! These are the gross material facts which destroy much of the attractive fiction and sentiment of history. These are the sorrowful realities that form the dark side of the world's record; and though they need not curb the generous impulses of youthful enthusiasm, they bid us make preparation for hopes to be destroyed and ambition to be defeated.

ALFRED YOUNG.

A young libertine, whose levity of mind corresponded with that of his manners, presented himself to M. Oudin, a learned and pious ecclesiastic, and impudently said, "I feel much pleasure, sir, in informing you that I am an atheist." At those words, the man of God recoiled with horror; then, putting

on his spectacles, he steadfastly gazed at the silly fop, who, after a few moments, demanded why he stared at him. "I gaze," he replied, "upon the strange being called an atheist, having never seen one till now." Disconcerted at this answer, the athetical youth hastily withdrew.

THE CHAPEL OF THE PALMS.

Oh, the long suffering of him who threads a narrow trail over the brown crust of a hill where the short grass lies flat in tropical sunshine! On one side sleeps the blue, monotonous sea; on the other, crags clothe themselves in cool mist, and look dreamy and solemn.

The boy Kahele, who has no ambition beyond the bit of his footsore mustang, lags behind, taking all the dust with commendable resignation.

As for me, I am wet through since the last shower; I steam in the fierce noonday heat. I spur Hoke the mule into the shadow of a great cloud that drifts lazily overhead, and am grateful for this unsatisfying shade as long as it lasts. I watch the sea, swinging my whip by its threadbare lash like a pendulum,—the sea, where a very black rock is being drowned over and over by the tremendous swell that covers it for a moment; but somehow the rock comes to the surface again, and seems to gasp horribly in a deluge of breakers. The rock has been drowning for centuries, yet its struggling for life is as real as ever.

I watch the mountains, cleft with green, fern-cushioned chasms, where an occasional stream silently distils. Far upon a sun-swept ledge a white, scattering drift, looking like a rose-garden after a high wind, I know to

be a flock of goats feeding. But the wind-dried and sun-burnt grass under foot, the intangible dust that pervades the air, the rain-cloud in the distance, trailing its banners of crape in the sea as it bears down upon us,—these are what fret me a little, and make life a burden for the time being; so I spur my faithless Hoke up a new ascent as forbidding as any that we have yet come upon, and slowly and with many pauses creep to the summit.

Kahele, "the goer," belies his name for he loiters everywhere and always; yet I am not sorry. I have the first glimpse of Wailua all to myself. I am not obliged to betray my emotion, which is a bore of the worst sort.

Wailua lies at my feet—a valley full of bees, butterflies, and blossoms; the sea fawning at the mouth of it, the clouds melting over it; waterfalls gushing from numerous green corners; silver-white phaetons floating in mid-air, at a loss to choose between earth and heaven, though evidently a little inclined earthward; for they no sooner drift out of the bewildering bowers of Wailua than they return again with noticeable haste.

Down I plunge into the depths of the valley, with the first drops of the heavy shower pelting me in the back; and under a great tree, that seems yearning

to shelter somebody, I pause until the rain is over.

Anon the slow-footed Kahele arrives, leaking all over, and bringing a peace-offering of ohias, the native apple, as juicy and sweet as the forbidden fruits of Paradise. As for these apples, they have solitary seed, like a nutmeg, a pulp as white as wax, a juice flavored with roses, and a thin skin as red as a peony, and as glossy as varnish. These we munch and munch while the forest reels under the impetuous avalanches of big rain-drops, and our animals tear great tufts of sweet grass from the upper roadside.

Is it far to the chapel, I wonder? Kabele thinks not—perhaps a pari or two distant. But a pari, a cliff, has many antecedents; and I feel that some dozen or so of climbs, each more or less fatiguing, still separate me from the rest I am seeking and hope not to find until I reach the abode of Père Fidelis, at the foot of the cross, as one might say.

The rain ceases. Hoke once more nerves himself for fresh assaults upon the everlasting hills, Kahele drops behind as usual, and the afternoon wanes.

How fresh seems the memory of this journey! Yet its place is with the archives of the past. I seem to breathe the incense of orange flowers, and to hear the whisper of distant waterfalls as I write.

It must have been towards sunset. We were threading the eastern coast, and a great mountain filled the west, but I felt that it was the hour when day ends and night begins. The heavy clouds looked as though they were still brimful of sunlight, yet no ray escaped to gladden our side of the world.

Finally, on the brow of what seemed

to be the last hill of this life, I saw a cross,—a cross among the palms. Hoke saw it, and quickened his pace; he was not so great an ass but he knew that there was provender in the green pastures of Père Fidelis, and his heart freshened within him.

A few paces from the grove of palms I heard a bell swing jubilantly. Out over the solemn sea, up and down that foam-crested shore, rang the sweet *Angelus*. One may pray with some fervor when one's journey is at an end. When the prayer was over I walked to the gate of the chapel-yard, leading the willing Hoke; and at that moment a slender figure clad all in black, his long robes flowing gracefully about him, his boyish face heightening the effect of his grave and serene demeanor, his thin, sensitive hands held forth in hearty welcome,—a welcome that was almost like a benediction, so spiritual was the love which it expressed,—came out, and I found myself in the arms of Père Fidelis, feeling like one who has at last been permitted to kneel upon the threshold of his Mecca.

Why do our hearts sing *jubilate* when we meet a friend for the first time? What is it within us that with its life-long yearning comes suddenly upon the all-sufficient one, and in a moment is crowned and satisfied? I could not tell whether I was at last waking from a sleep, or just sinking into a dream. I could have sat there at his feet contented; I could have put off my worldly cares, resigned ambition, forgotten the past, and, in the blessed tranquillity of that hour, have dwelt joyfully under the palms with him, seeking only to follow in his patient footsteps until the end should come.

Perhaps it was the realization of an ideal that plunged me into a luxurious revery, out of which I was summoned by *mon père*, who hinted that I must be hungry. Prophetic father! hungry I was indeed.

Mon père led me to his little house with three rooms, and installed me host, himself being my ever-watchful attendant. Then he spoke: "The lads were at the sea fishing: would I excuse him for a moment?"

Alone in the little house, with a glass of claret and a hard biscuit for refreshment, I looked about me. The central room, in which I sat, was bare to nakedness; a few devotional books, a small organ high up on the wall, with a short, wagging pendulum, two or three paintings, betraying more sentiment than merit, a table, a wooden form against the window, and a crucifix, complete its inventory. A high window was at my back, a door in front opening upon a veranda shaded with a passion-vine; beyond it a green undulating country running down into the sea; on either side a little cell containing nothing but a little bed, a saint's picture, and a rosary. Kahele, having distributed the animals in good pasturage, lay on the veranda at full length, supremely happy as he jingled his spurs over the edge of the steps, and hummed a native air in subdued falsetto, like a mosquito.

Again I sunk into a revery. Enter *mon père* with apologies and a plate of smoking cakes made of eggs and batter, his own handiwork; enter the lads from the sea with excellent fish, knotted in long wisps of grass; enter Kahele, lazily sniffing the savory odors of our repast with evident relish; and then supper in good earnest.

How happy we were, having such talks in several sorts of tongues, such polyglot efforts towards sociability—French, English and native in equal parts, but each broken and spliced to suit our dire necessity! The candle flamed and flickered in the land breeze that swept through the house—unctuous waxen stalactites decorated it almost past recognition; the crickets sung lustily at the doorway; the little natives grew sleepy and curled up on their mats in the corner; Kahele slept in his spurs like a born muleteer. And now a sudden conviction seized us that it was bed-time in very truth; so *mon père* led me to one of the cells, saying: "Will you sleep in the room of Père Amabilis?" Yea, verily, with all humility; and there I slept after the benediction, during which the young priest's face looked almost like an angel's in its youthful holiness, and I was afraid I might wake in the morning and find him gone, transported to some other and more lovely world.

But I didn't. Père Fidelis was up before daybreak. It was his hand that clashed the joyful *Angelus* at sunrise that woke me from my happy dream; it was his hand that prepared the frugal, but appetizing meal; he made the coffee,—such rich, black, aromatic coffee as Frenchmen alone have the facility of producing. He had an eye to the welfare of the animals also, and seemed to be commander-in-chief of affairs secular as well as ecclesiastical: yet he was so young!

There was a day of brief incursions mountainward, with the happiest results. There were welcomes showered upon me for his sake; he was ever ministering to my temporal wants, and

puzzling me with dissertations in assorted languages.

By happy fortune a Sunday followed when the Chapel of the Palms was thronged with dusky worshippers—not a white face present but the father's and mine own; yet a common trust in the blessedness of the life to come struck the key-note of universal harmony, and we sang the *Magnificat* with one voice. There was something that fretted me in all this admirable experience: Père Fidelis could not touch either bread or water until after the last Mass. Hour by hour he grew paler and fainter, in spite of the heroic fortitude that sustained his famishing body.

"*Mon père*," said I, "you must eat, or go to heaven betimes." He would not. "You must end with an earlier Mass," I persisted. It was impossible; many parishioners came from miles away; some of these started at day-break, as it was, and they would be unable to arrive in season for an earlier Mass. Excellent martyr! thought I, to offer thy body a living sacrifice for the edification of these savage Christians! At last he ate, but not till appetite itself had perished. Then troops of children gathered about him, clamoring to kiss the hand of the priestly youth; old men and women passed him with heads uncovered, amazed at the devotion of one they could not hope to emulate.

Whenever I referred to his life he at once led me to admire his fellow-apostle, who was continually in his thoughts. Père Amabilis was miles away, repairing a chapel that had suffered somewhat in a late gale; Père Amabilis would be so glad to see me; I must not

fail to visit him; and for fear of some mischance Père Fidelis would himself conduct me to him.

The way was hard—deep chasms to penetrate, swift streams to be forded, narrow and slippery trails to be threaded through forests, swamp, and wilderness. These obstacles separated the devoted friends, but not for long seasons. Père Fidelis would go to him whom he had not laid eyes on for a fortnight at least.

The boy Kahele was glad of companionship; one of the small fishers, an acolyte of the chapel, would accompany us, and together they could lag behind, eating ohias and dabbling in every stream.

A long day's journey followed. We wended our way through jungles of lauhala with slim roots in the air, and long branches trailing above them like vines: they were like great cages of roots and branches in a woven snarl. We saw a rocky point jutting far into the sea. "Père Amabilis dwells just beyond that cape," said my companion fondly, and it seemed not very far distant; but our pace was slow and wearisome, and the hours were sure to distance us. We fathomed dark ravines whose farther walls were but a stone's throw from us, but in whose profound depths a swift torrent rushed madly to the sea, threatening to carry us to our destruction—green, precipitous troughs, where the tide of mountain rain was lashed into fury, and with its death-song drowned our voices and filled our animals with terror.

Now and then we paused to breathe, man and beast panting with fatigue; sometimes the rain drove us into the thick wood for shelter; sometimes

a brief deluge, the offspring of a rent cloud at the head of the ravine, stayed our progress for half an hour, until its volume was somewhat spent and the stream was again fordable. Here we talked of the daily miracles in nature. Again and again the young fathers are called forth into the wilderness to attend on the sick and dying; little chapels are hidden away among the mountains and through the valleys; all these must be visited in turn. Their life is an actual pilgrimage from chapel to chapel, which nothing but physical inability may interrupt.

At one spot I saw a tree under which Père Fidelis once passed a tempestuous night. On either side yawned a ravine swept by an impassable flood. There were no houses within reach. On the soaked earth, with a pitiless gale sweeping over the land, from sunset to sunrise he lay, without the consolation of one companion. Food was frequently scarce; a few limpets about as palatable as parboiled shoe-leather, a paste of roast yams and water, a lime perhaps, and nothing besides but lumpy salt from the sea shore.

While we were riding a herald met us, bearing a letter from *mon père*. It was a greeting from Père Amabilis, who announced the chapel as rapidly nearing its complete restoration. Père Fidelis fairly wept for joy at this intelligence, and burst into a panegyric upon the unrivalled ingenuity of his spiritual associate. We were sure to surprise him at work; and this trifling episode seemed to be an event of some importance in the isolated life they led.

At sunset we passed into the open vale of Wailuanui, and saw the chapel

looking fresh and tidy on the slope of the hill towards the sea. Two waterfalls that fell against the sunlight flashed like falling flame, and a soft haze tinged the slumberous solitudes of wood and pasture with the dreamlike loveliness of a picture. There seemed to be but one sound audible—the quick, sharp blow of a hammer. Père Fidelis listened with eyes sparkling, and then rode rapidly onward.

Behold! from the chapel wall, high up on a scaffolding of boughs, his robes gathered about him, his head uncovered and hammer in hand, Père Amabilis leaned forth to welcome us. The hammer fell to the earth. Père Amabilis loosened his skirts, and clasped his hands in unaffected rapture. We were three satisfied souls, asking for nothing beyond the hem of that lonely valley in the Pacific.

Of course there was the smallest possible house that could be lived in, for our sole accommodation, because but one priest needed to visit the district at a time, and a very young priest at that. A tiny bed in one corner of the room was thought sufficient, together with two plates, two cups, and a single spoon. Luxuries were unknown and unregretted.

“Well, father, what have you at this hotel?” said Père Fidelis, as we came to the door of the cubby-house.

“Water,” replied our host with a grave tone that had an undercurrent of truth in it.

But we were better provided for. Within an hour's time a reception took place; native parishioners came forth to welcome Père Fidelis and the stranger, each bringing some voluntary tribute—a fish, a fowl lean enough to quiet

the conscience of Père Fidelis, an egg or two, or a bunch of taro.

Long talks followed, the news of the last month was discussed with much enthusiasm; and some few who had no opportunity of joining the debate, gave expression to their sentiments through such speaking eyes as savages are usually possessed of.

The welcome supper hour approached. Willing hands dressed a fowl; swift feet plied between the spring, and the kettle swung over the open camp-fire; children danced for very joy before the door of the chapel, under the statue of the Virgin, whose head was adorned with a garland of living flowers. The shadows deepened; stars seemed to cluster over the valley and glow with unusual fervor; the crickets sung mightily—they are always singing mightily over yonder; supper came to the bare table with its meagre array of dishes, and, since I was forced to have a whole plate and a bowl, as well as the solitary spoon, for my sole use, the two young priests ate together from the same dish and drank from the same cup, and were as grateful and happy as the birds of the air under similar circumstances.

A merry meal, that! For us no weak tea, that satirical consoler, nor tea whose strength is bitterness, an abomination to the faithful, but *mon père's* own coffee, the very aroma of which was invigorating; and then our friendly pipes out under the starlight, where we sat chatting amicably, with our three heads turbaned in an aromatic Virginian cloud.

I learned something of the life of these two friends during that social evening. Born in the same city in the north of

France; reared in the same schools; graduated from the same university, each fond of life and acquainted with its follies; each in turn stricken with an illness that threatened death; together they came out of the dark valley, with their future consecrated to the work that now absorbs them, the friendship of their childhood increasing with their years, and sustaining them in a remote land; where their vow of poverty seems almost like a sarcasm, since circumstance deprives them of all luxuries.

“Do you never long for home? do you never regret your vow?” I asked.

“Never!” they answered; and I believe them. “These old people are as parents to us; these younger ones are as brothers and sisters; these children we love as dearly as though they were our own. What more can we ask?”

“What more, indeed? With the rain beating down upon your unsheltered heads, and the torrents threatening to engulf you; faint with journeyings; an-hungered often; weak with fastings; pallid with prayer:—what more *can* you ask in the same line?” say I.

Père Fidelis coughed a little, and was somewhat feverish. I could see that his life was not elastic; his strength was even then failing him.

“Père Amabilis is an artisan; he built this house, and it is small enough; but some day he will build a house for me, but six foot long and so broad,” said Père Fidelis, shrugging his shoulders; whereat Père Amabilis, who looked like a German student with his long hair and spectacles, turned aside to wipe the moisture from the lenses. and said nothing, but laid his hand significantly upon the shoulder of his friend, as if

imploring silence. Alas for him, when those lips are silent forever!

I wondered if they had no recreation.

"Oh, yes! The poor pictures at the Chapel of the Palms are ours, but we have not studied art. And then we are sometimes summoned to the farther side of the island, where we meet new faces. It is a great change."

For a year before the arrival of Père Amabilis, who was not sooner able to follow his friend, Père Fidelis was accustomed to go once a month to a confessional many miles away. That his absence might be as brief as possible, he was obliged to travel night and day. Sometimes he would reach the house of his confessor at midnight, when all were sleeping: thereupon would follow this singular colloquy in true native fashion. A rap at the door at midnight, the confessor waking from his sleep.

Confessor. "Who's there?"

Père Fidelis. "It is I!"

Conf. "Who is 'I'?"

Père F. "Fidelis!"

Conf. "Fidelis who?"

Père F. "Fidelis kahuna pule" (Fidelis the priest).

Conf. "Aweh!" (An expression of the greatest surprise.) "*Entre, Fidelis kahuna pule.*"

Then he would rise, and the communion that followed must have been most cheering for both, for *mon père* even now is merry when he recalls it.

These pilgrimages are at an end, for the two priests confess to one another. Conceive of the fellowship that hides away no secret, however mortifying!

The whole population must have been long asleep before we thought of retiring that night, and then arose an ar-

gument concerning the fittest occupant of the solitary bed. It fell to me; for both were against me, and each was my superior. When I protested, they held up their fingers and said, "Remember, we are your fathers and must be obeyed." Thus I was driven to the bed, while mine hosts lay on the bare floor with saddles for pillows.

It was this self-sacrificing hospitality that hastened my departure. I felt earth could offer me no nobler fellowship—that all acts to come, however gracious, would bear a tinge of selfishness in comparison with the reception I had met where least expected.

I am thankful that I had not the heart to sleep well, for I think I could never have forgiven myself had I done so. When I woke in the early part of the night, I saw the young priests bowed over their breviaries, for I had delayed the accustomed offices of devotion, and they were fulfilling them in peace at last, having me so well bestowed that it was utterly impossible to do aught else for my entertainment.

Once more the morning came. I woke to find Père Amabilis at work, hammer in hand, sending his nails home with accurate strokes that spoke well for his trained muscle. Père Fidelis was concocting coffee and directing the volunteer cooks, who were seeking to surpass themselves upon this last meal we were to take together. In an hour *mon père* was to start for the Chapel of the Palms, while I wended my way onward through a new country, bearing with me the consoling memory of my precious friends. I can forgive a slight and forget the person who slights me, but little kindnesses probe me to the quick. I wonder why the twin fathers

were so very careful of me that morning? They could not do enough to satisfy themselves, and that made me miserable; they stabbed me with tender words, and tried to be cheerful with such evident effort that I couldn't eat half my breakfast, though, as it was, I ate more than they did—God forgive me!—and altogether it was a solemn and a memorable meal.

A group of natives gathered about us, seated upon the floor: it was impossible for Père Fidelis to move without being stroked by the affectionate creatures who deplored his departure. Père Amabilis insisted upon adjusting our saddles, during which ceremony he slyly hid a morsel of cold fowl in our saddle-bags.

That parting was as cruel as death. We shall probably never see one another again: if we do, we shall be older and more practical and more worldly, and the exquisite confidence we have in one another will have grown blunt with time. I felt it then as I know it now: our brief idyl can never be lived over in this life.

Well, we departed: the corners of our blessed triangle were spread frightfully. Père Fidelis was paler than ever: he caught his breath as though there wasn't much of it, and the little there was wouldn't last long. Père Amabilis wiped his spectacles and looked utterly forsaken: the natives stood about in awkward, silent groups, coming forward, one by one, to shake hands, and then falling back like so many automatons. Somehow, genuine grief is never graceful; it forgets to pose it-

self: its muscles are perfectly slack and unreliable.

The sea looked gray and forbidding as it shook its shaggy breakers under the cliff; life was dismal enough; the animals were unusually wayward, and once or twice I paused in despair under the prickly sunshine, half inclined to go back and begin over again, hoping to renew the past; but just then Hoke felt like staggering onward, and I began to realize that there are some brief, perfect experiences in life that pass from us like a dream, and this was one of them.

In the proem to this idyl I seem to see two shadowy figures passing up and down over a lonesome land. Fever and famine do not stay them: the elements alone have power to check their pilgrimage. Their advent is hailed with joyful bells—tears fall when they depart: their paths are peace. Fearlessly they battle with contagion, and are at hand to close the pestilential lips of unclean death. They have lifted my soul above things earthly, and held it secure for a moment. From beyond the waters my heart returns to them. Again at twilight, over the still sea, floats the sweet *Angelus*; again I approach the chapel falling to slow decay: there are fresh mounds in the churchyard, and the voice of wailing is heard for a passing soul. By and by, if there is work to do, it shall be done and the hands shall be folded, for the young apostles will have followed in the silent footsteps of their flock.—Here endeth the lesson of the Chapel of the Palms.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE MEANING OF TENNYSON'S "KING ARTHUR."

"Shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Rather than the gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

When, as "little more than a boy," Tennyson first chanced upon a copy of Mallory's "King Arthur," till then an utterly unknown subject to him, the world at large was as ignorant as he. And if, since then, a whole school of Arthur literature has arisen, it is to him that it is mainly traceable.

The story kindled in him a fire of enthusiasm and delight, and at once the vision of a great poem rose before him. Schemes for its treatment are still extant, and prove the consistency and tenacity with which through evil report and good report the leading idea of it and the original determination have clung to him.

The "evil report" took the shape of a discouragement of any such large project, and caused its abandonment for a time. The "Mort d'Arthur" was published as a fragment, but with an introduction which is easily readable between the lines, and shows how thoroughly a great plan was already in the author's mind.

Then came after a long interval the first four "Idyls of the King," made as four separate pictures, each according

to the character of its heroine—and so made while still the earlier design was given up—but, nevertheless, pervaded by the one leading and cardinal thought which always lay at the bottom of the writer's mind about it. So that when after their immense success, and the consequent importunities for more about Arthur, the abandoned plan was at length revived, scarce any remodeling of these was needed save here and there of a phrase, but the four already finished pictures fell at once into their natural places as parts of a series.

The remaining pictures being by degrees completed, the whole are at last arranged in proper order and sequence; and we can now walk, as it were, through this new "painted chamber" from beginning to end, to see the effect and learn the import of the most considerable work of art done in our times.

The first result of such a general survey is not at all necessarily to exhibit the inward thought or connecting under-meaning, which really knits the whole together, and makes its vital thread and clue.

On the contrary, the first impression is rather one of simple and complete external loveliness—of a series of gorgeous landscapes taken exactly from nature—of a glittering and splendid revival of the past—of knightly days and doings set to mellifluous music under the shining skies of chivalry. The eye is satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing, and nothing more or further is desired or asked.

Soon, however, artistic unities begin to emerge, and add the charm of purpose and intention—if only in the sense of æsthetic completeness. For instance, we soon perceive that each after each of the series of pictures presents a different local coloring and dominant landscape effect. The various backgrounds, before which the actions of the poem pass, are seen to change from earliest spring to latest winter; and comparing these differences, we come to find that all the seasons of the year are, turn by turn, set before us.

We go from the marriage season of spring in the "Coming of Arthur," where the blossom of the May seems to spread its perfume over the whole scene, to the early summer of the honeysuckle in Gareth; the quickly following mowing-season of Geraint, and the sudden summer thunder-shower of Vivien—thence to the "full summer" of Elaine, with oriel casements "standing wide for heat;" and later, to the sweep of equinoctial storms and broken weather of the "Holy Grail." Then come the autumn roses and brambles of "Pelleas," and, in the "Last Tournament," the close of autumn-tide, with all its "slowly mellowing avenues," through which we see Sir Tristram riding to his doom. In Guinevere the creeping mists of

coming winter pervade the picture, and in the "Passing of Arthur" we come to "deep midwinter on the frozen hills,"—and the end of all, on the year's shortest day—taken as the end of the year—"that day when the great light of heaven burned at his lowest in the rolling year." The King who first appears on "the night of the New Year," disappears into the dawning light of "the new Sun bringing the New Year;" and thus the whole action of the poem is comprised precisely within the limits of the one principal and ever-recurring cycle of time.

But no sooner is this cycle perceived, than we perceive also a "keeping" which exists between the local color in each poem proper to the season, and the dramatic action which is presented in it. The scenic background of the piece is evidently set with due regard to the events and persons for which it is to form the framework. And so exactly is this done that, had the deliberate object of the author been to write a poem of "The year and the Soul," it could hardly have been better contrived.

Thus, in the clear and brilliant air, jocund with the sights and sounds and hopes and promises of spring—in air so clear that all the most distant things seem plain and obvious—"and even in high day the Morning Star," Arthur wins his crown and wife, and sets up the great Order which is to change the world.

In such like time and season the young Gareth, full of great heart and faith and innocence, passes through all his vassalage to the fresh and merry insolence of Lynette. The light-heartedness and enthusiasm of the

young knight—the unpoisoned darts of Lynette's gay sauciness—the laughable overthrow of the surly Kay—and the delicious surprise of the ending when life leaps out of seeming death:—all are in most perfect tune with spring. No trace of canker or of grief mars the sweet air which breathes throughout, and the poem closes as if a door had been shut upon a southwest breeze.

The same harmony and keeping may be traced throughout the Idyls. The sometime wavering and uneasy love of Geraint settles down into a full and steady summer blaze; the sudden-passing thunder-storm of Vivien striking down untimely the tallest spire of earthly wit wantonly exposed to it, divides it from the later and more timid heats of love under which the "lily maid" is withered up; and then the broken weather comes.

The melancholy autumn of the knight-hood follows—knight after knight, as leaf after leaf, decaying and dropping off from all attempt to keep the promise of the spring—till everything that seemed so clear to Arthur becomes wreathed and lost in mist—all that was warm and living lies round him cold and dead. From beyond the limits of this world his only comfort comes to him in voices, of which he alone can understand the words; yet at the very last we see, in token of rekindled hope and trust, his face set towards the East, and "the new sun rising—bringing the new year."

But by the time, or before the time, that we have discovered and followed out such unities as these, we find that the whole series of poems as pictures is gradually transforming itself into a moral series and unity, with a sig-

nificance far greater than any æsthetical one.

The men and women in the pictures are becoming alive, and their life is far more than their raiment. It is at a real, living tragedy, and not a painting of one, that we find ourselves gazing. Presently we come to see that the high cycle of the soul on earth is set before us as completely by the human actions and passions of the piece, as the cycle of the year by its landscapes and seasons.

And here we come upon an aspect of the matter which makes it intelligible why and how any great and thoughtful man should give his mature life to such a work as these Idyls, which else, however exquisite, might stand with other "idle singing of an empty day" as the mere "fiddle-playing" of Carlyle's scorn. We come upon the practice of the great canon, "Art for man's sake," rather than of the little canon, "Art for art's sake;" and on some such canon all art work that is meant to last must surely be built.

The central figure of the hero appears and reappears through all the series of events in a way which irresistibly suggests that more, if not quite clearly what, is meant by his kingship than mere outward kingliness. So that when we are at last plainly told in the Epilogue that he shadows soul in it, war with sense, a "sudden clearance of haze" seems to take place, and a sort of diffused and luminous gleaming of which we had been dimly conscious all along, "orbs into a perfect star" of meaning.

If now we read the poems again by the light of this meaning, we shall find the soul come first before us as a con-

queror in a waste and desert land, groaning under mere brute power. Its history before then is dark with doubt and mystery, and the questions about its origin and authority form the main subject of the introductory poem.

Many, themselves the basest, hold it to be baseborn, and rage against its rule,—

“And since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, that hold him less than
man;
And there be those who deem him more than
man,
And dream he dropped from heaven.”

Of those who recognize its claim, some, as the hoary chamberlain, accept it as the word of wizards who have written all about it in a sacred book, which, doubtless, some day will become intelligible. Others, as Ulfias and Brastias, standing for commonplace men with commonplace views, are satisfied to think the soul comes as the body does, or not to think at all about it. Others, again, as Bedivere, with warmer hearts, feel there is mystery, where to the careless all is plain, yet seek among the dark ways of excessive natural passions for the key, and drift towards the scandalous accordingly. Then comes the simple, touching tenderness of the woman's discovery of conscience and its influence, given by Queen Bellicent in the story of her childhood; and this, again, is supplemented and contrasted by the doctrine of the wise men and philosophers put into Merlin's mouth. His “riddling triplets” anger the woman, but are a wonderful summary of the way, part earnest, part ironical, and all pathetic, in which great wit confronts the problem of the soul.

The inscrutableness of its origin being thus signified, we see next the re-

cognition of its supremacy, and its first act of kinghood,—the inspiration of the best and brayest near it with a common enthusiasm for Right. The founding of the Order of the Round Table coincides with the solemn crowning of the soul. Conscience, acknowledged and throned as king, binds at once all the best of human powers together into one brotherhood, and that brotherhood to itself by vows so strait and high,

“That when they rose knighted from kneeling,
some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost;
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who
wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.”

At that supreme coronation moment the Spirit is surrounded and cheered on by all the powers and influences which can ever help it—earthly servants and allies, and heavenly powers and tokens: the knights, to signify the strength of the body; Merlin, to signify the strength of intellect; the Lady of the Lake, who stands for the Church, and gives the soul its sharpest and most splendid earthly weapon; and, above all, three fair and mystic queens, “tall with bright, sweet faces,” robed in the living colors sacred to love and faith and hope, which flow upon them from the image of our Lord above. These, surely, stand for those immortal virtues which only will abide “when all that seems shall suffer shock,” and, leaning upon which alone, the soul, when all else falls from it, shall go towards the golden gates of the new and brighter morning.

As the first and introductory idyl thus seems to indicate the coming and the recognition of the soul, so the ensuing idyls of the “Round Table” show

how its influence fares, waxes or wanes, in the great battle of life. Through all of these we see the body and its passions gain continually greater sway, till in the end the Spirit's earthly work is thwarted and defeated by the flesh. Its immortality alone remains to it, and, with this, a deathless hope.

From the sweet spring breezes of Gareth and the story of "Geraint and Enid," where the first gust of poisoning passion bows for a time with base suspicion, yet passes and leaves pure, a great and simple heart, we are led through "Merlin and Vivien," where, early in the storm, we see great wit and genius succumb; and through "Lancelot and Elaine," where the pitious early death of innocence and hope results from it, to the "Holy Grail," where we find religion itself under the stress of it, and, despite the earnest efforts of the soul, blown into mere fantastic shapes of superstition.

In "Pelleas and Ettarre" the storm of corruption culminates, whirling the sweet waters of young love and faith (the very life-spring of the world) out from their proper channels, sweeping them into mist, and casting them in hail upon the land. A scarcely-concealed harlot here rides splendid to the Court, and is crowned Queen of Beauty in the lists: the lust of the flesh

is all but paramount. Then comes the dismal "autumn-dripping gloom" of the "Last Tournament," with its awful and portentous close; and then, in "Guinevere," the final lightning stroke, and all the fabric of the earthly life falls smitten into dust, leaving to the soul a broken heart for company, and a conviction that, if in this world only it had hope, it were of all things most miserable.

Thus ends the "Round Table," and the story of the life-long labor of the soul.

There remains but the passing of the soul "from the great deep to the great deep," and this is the subject of the closing idyl. Here the "last dim, weird battle," fought out in densest mist, stands for a picture of all human death, and paints its awfulness and confusion. The soul alone, enduring beyond the end wherein all else is swallowed up, sees the mist clear at last, and finds these three crowned virtues, "abiding" true and fast, and waiting to convey it to its rest.

Character, upheld and formed by these, is the immortal outcome of mortal life. They wail with it awhile in sympathy for the failure of its earthly plans, but at the very last of all are heard to change their sorrow into songs of joy, and, departing, "vanish into light."

Maundy-Thursday is the Thursday before Easter, and is the Thursday of the poor, from the French *mendier*, "to beg." It was formerly the custom of the kings of England to wash the feet of poor men, in number equal to the years of their reign, in imitation of the humility of our Saviour; and to give them shoes, stockings, and money. James the Second was the last king who performed this in person. The custom of giving alms is still continued.

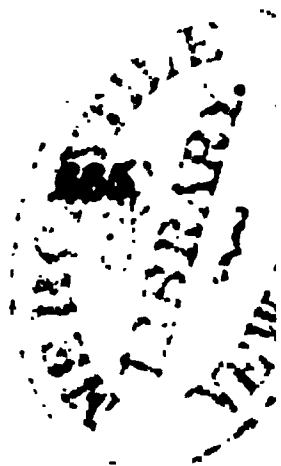
LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary :
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh ! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride :
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.



Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow:
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore.
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

Lady Dufferin.

SOME THOUGHTS OF RUSKIN'S ON PLAY.

What is the proper function of play, with respect not to youth merely, but to all mankind?

It is a much more serious question than may be at first supposed, for a healthy manner of play is necessary in order to a healthy manner of work; and because the choice of our recreation is, in most cases, left to ourselves, while the nature of our work is as generally fixed by necessity or authority, it may well be doubted whether more distressful consequences may not have resulted from mistaken choice in play than from mistaken direction in labor.

Observe, however, that we are only concerned here with that kind of play which causes laughter or implies recreation, not with that which consists in the excitement of the energies whether of body or mind. Muscular exertion is, indeed, in youth, one of the conditions of recreation; "but neither the violent bodily labor, which children of all ages agree to call play," nor the grave excitement of the mental faculties in games of skill or chance, is in anywise connected with the state of feeling we have here to investigate: namely, that sportiveness which man possesses in common with many inferior creatures, but to which his higher fac-

ulties give nobler expression in the various manifestations of wit, humor, and fancy.

With respect to the manner in which this instinct of playfulness is indulged or repressed, mankind are broadly distinguishable into four classes: the men who play wisely; who play necessarily; who play inordinately; and who play not at all.

First: Those who play wisely. It is evident that the idea of any kind of play can only be associated with the idea of an imperfect, childish, and fatigable nature. As far as men can raise that nature, so that it shall no longer be interested by trifles or exhausted by toils, they raise it above play; he whose heart is at once fixed upon heaven and open to the earth, so as to apprehend the importance of heavenly doctrines, and the compass of human sorrow, will have little disposition for jest; and exactly in proportion to the breadth and depth of his character and intellect, will be, in general, the incapability of surprise, or exuberant and sudden emotion, which must render play impossible. It is, however, evidently not intended that many men should even reach, far less pass their lives in, that solemn state of thoughtfulness which brings them into the nearest

brotherhood with their Divine Master; and the highest and healthiest state which is competent to ordinary humanity appears to be that which, accepting the necessity of recreation, and yielding to the impulses of natural delight springing out of health and innocence, does, indeed, condescend often to playfulness; but never without such deep love of God, of truth, and of humanity, as shall make even its slightest words reverent, its idlest fancies profitable, and its keenest satire indulgent.

Secondly: The men who play necessarily. That highest species of playfulness, which we have just been considering, is evidently the condition of a mind, not only highly cultivated, but so habitually trained to intellectual labor, that it can bring a considerable force of accurate thought into its moments even of recreation. This is not possible, unless so much repose of mind and heart is enjoyed, even at the periods of greatest exertion, that the rest required by the system is diffused over the whole life. To the majority of mankind, such a state is evidently unattainable. They must, perforce, pass a large part of their lives in employments both irksome and toilsome, demanding an expenditure of energy which exhausts the system, and yet consuming that energy upon subjects incapable of interesting the nobler faculties. When such employments are intermitted, these nobler instincts, fancy, imagination, and curiosity, are all hungry for the food which the labor of the day has denied to them, while yet the weariness of the body, in a great degree, forbids their application to any serious subject. They therefore exert themselves without any

determined purpose, and under no vigorous restraint, but gather, as best they may, such various nourishment, and put themselves to such fantastic exercise, as may soonest indemnify them for their past imprisonment, and prepare them to endure its recurrence. This stretching of the mental limbs as their fetters fall away—this leaping and dancing of the heart and intellect, when they are restored to the fresh air of heaven, yet half paralyzed by their captivity, and unable to turn themselves to any earnest purpose,—I call necessary play.

Thirdly: The men who play inordinately. The most perfect state of society which, consistently with due understanding of man's nature, it may be permitted us to conceive, would be one in which the whole human race were divided, more or less distinctly, into workers and thinkers; that is to say, into two classes, who only play wisely, or play necessarily. But the number and the toil of the working class are enormously increased, probably more than doubled, by the vices of the men who neither play wisely nor necessarily, but are enabled by circumstances, and permitted by their want of principle, to make amusement the object of their existence. There is not any moment of the lives of such men which is not injurious to others; both because they leave the work undone which was appointed for them, and because they necessarily think wrongly, whenever it becomes compulsory upon them to think at all. The greater portion of the misery of this world arises from the false opinions of men whose idleness has physically incapacitated them from forming true ones.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth which we should have known; and the guilt of a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure is twofold, partly consisting in the perversion of action, and partly in the dissemination of falsehood.

There is, however, a less criminal, though hardly less dangerous, condition of mind, which, though not failing in its more urgent duties, fails in the finer conscientiousness which regulates the degree, and directs the choice, of amusement, at those times when amusement is allowable. The most frequent error in this respect is the want of reverence in approaching subjects of importance or sacredness, and of caution in the expression of thoughts which may encourage like irreverence in others; and these faults are apt to gain upon the mind until it becomes habitually more sensible to what is ludicrous and accidental, than to what is grave and essential, in any subject that is brought before it; or even, at last, desires to perceive or to know nothing but what may end in jest. Very generally minds of this character are active and able; and many of them are so far conscientious that they believe their jesting forwards their work. But it is difficult to calculate the harm they do, by destroying the reverence which is our best guide into all truth; for weakness and evil are easily visible, but greatness and goodness are often latent; and we do infinite mischief by exposing weakness to eyes which cannot comprehend greatness. This error, however, is more connected with abuses of the satirical than of the playful instinct.

The men who do not play at all: those who are so dull or so morose as to be incapable of inventing or enjoying jest, and in whom cares, guilt, or pride repress all healthy exhilaration of the fancy; or else men utterly oppressed with labor, and driven too hard by the necessities of the world to be capable of any species of happy relaxation. We have next to consider the expression throughout of the minds of men who indulge themselves in unnecessary play. It is evident that a large number of these men will be more refined and more highly educated than those who only play necessarily; their power of pleasure-seeking implies, in general, fortunate circumstances of life. It is evident, also, that their play will not be so hearty, so simple, or so joyful; and this deficiency of brightness will affect it in proportion to its unnecessary and unlawful continuance, until at last it becomes a restless and dissatisfied indulgence in excitement, or a painful delving after exhausted springs of pleasure.

A dutiful son holds his father's name in benediction: his greatest pleasure is to hear him praised; his greatest affliction, to see him despised. Such are the sentiments which a good Christian entertains for God. He is animated with zeal for the glory of so good a Father; he is afflicted at beholding the indifference of the lukewarm among Christians; and is horrified at hearing the blasphemies of the wicked.

THE WARM FULL MOON.

Poets have so long sung of the cold, chaste moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the earth, that it seems strange to learn from science that the full-moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected: in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does—not, indeed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans—the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the mid-day heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away, that snow crowns forever the mountain heights. Yet, although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface, any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveller from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Accordingly, Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar mid-day—or rather, at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about two o'clock in our afternoon—to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown, by experiments which need not here be described, that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which of course must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not, perhaps, appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth, but not too well polished, metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced: this is reflected sun-heat; but if we wait, while so holding the metal, until the plate has

become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognize a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try, first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full-moon sends, earthwards, both kinds of heat: she reflects solar heat just as she reflects solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full-moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full-moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to *look* just as large as the moon does. Or a disc of metal would serve equally well. Now, the experiment may be easily tried. A bronze halfpenny is exactly one inch in diameter; and as the moon's average distance is about one hundred and eleven times her own diameter, a halfpenny at a distance of one hundred and eleven inches, or three yards and three inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a halfpenny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin taken

quickly and set three yards from the observer will give out, for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water, as much heat to the observer as he receives from the full-moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter and full of water at boiling heat, would serve as a mere constant artificial moon in respect of heat-supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full-moon is not easily measured, or even recognized. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence, in a room no otherwise warmed, of a one-inch globe of boiling water, three yards away! And, by the way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Prof. C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Teneriffe experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of three feet.

But, after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We cannot but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon, unless it be underground life like that of the Modoc Indians. And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical process at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvellously as the alternate waves of heat and cold

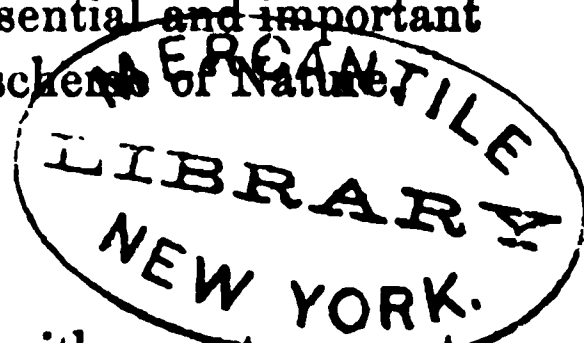
pass over it. The material of that crater-covered surface must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon: a wall sinking here, or a crater vanishing elsewhere. The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundations.

Our moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to us terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet. She follows a path round the sun which so nearly resembles that pursued by the earth, in shape as well as in extent, that if the two paths were traced down on a quarto sheet it would not be easy to distinguish one from the other. Our earth is simply the largest, while the moon is the smallest of that inner family

over which the sun bears special sway; nor does Mercury exceed the moon to so great a degree in mass and in volume as the earth or Venus exceeds Mercury. Yet the moon, with her surface of fourteen millions square miles, seems to be a mere desert waste, without air or water, exposed to alternations of heat and cold, which no living creature we are acquainted with could endure; and, notwithstanding her position as an important member of the solar system, as well as the undoubted fact, that in her motion she obeys the sun in preference to the earth, she has, nevertheless, been so far coerced by the earth's influence as to be compelled to turn always the same face towards her larger companion orb, so that not a ray from the earth ever falls upon fully five millions of square miles of the farther lunar hemisphere. A waste of matter here, we might say, and a waste of all the energy which is represented by the moon's motions, did we not remember that we can see but a little way into the plan of Creation; and that what appears to us waste, may in reality be an essential and important part of the great scheme of Nature.

A certain nobleman, who had refused to pardon his enemy, was induced by St. John the Almoner to assist at his Mass in a private oratory. It being then the custom for all the assistants to recite the Lord's prayer aloud at Mass, the saint made a sign to his attendant to stop when he came to the words, *forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us*, so that only the nobleman's voice was heard. The holy bishop

soon afterwards, with great earnestness, thus addressed the nobleman: "My Lord! what have you said? You have just pronounced your own sentence! you have prayed that God would not forgive you, as you are resolved not to forgive your enemy!" The nobleman, affected by these words, prostrated himself before the altar, and declared that he forgave him. The reconciliation was speedily and permanently effected.



SOME QUESTIONS, AND AN ANSWER.*

(The "Children of Mary.")

The following communication addressed to the "AVE MARIA" will be found of some interest:—

We hear of pious congregations of "Children of Mary," both in the New World and the Old. They are everywhere; yet to many they are a mystery. Will the "Ave Maria" tell us what it is to be a "Child of Mary?" In the first place, is every one justified in assuming such an appellation? In some Catholic countries—for instance, in Poland—no woman is allowed to bear the name of Mary, lest perhaps she desecrate it by any act of human frailty. Why, then, permit young people to form associations under so holy a name? Do not, indeed, such associations present, in their very vocable, *prima-facie* evidence of lack of sense, or, at least, of a singular absence of thought? But if such congregations are to be tolerated, would it not be best to confine the knowledge of the fact to the spiritual director, especially in this non-Catholic land, where every demonstration of piety meets only with a smile of pity? But if you insist on

exhibiting your "Children of Mary," what do you intend by it? What is your idea of a "Child of Mary"? Is it your purpose thereby to drive such large flocks to the convent and the monastery? But you ought to know that the majority in your pious associations will never embrace religious life. Then you waste your time; for when they are married, as most of them eventually will be, it will avail them little to have been "Children of Mary." Will it not even sound thereafter in their hearts as a reproach, as a mark of some infidelity? Do you pretend to say that there is something in the nature of the association which will fit youths for society as well? Something which will add to the personal worth of its members in every position in life? If so, let the world hear it, and I, for one, will readily yield to evidence, if evidence in the case is possible.

INQUIRER.

Without waiting to enumerate our interlocutor's questions, it will readily be seen that they are involved in three general ones:

1. What is the Association of the "Children of Mary?"

* In copying this interesting and instructive article, from the "Ave Maria," for the benefit of our readers, we take the opportunity to express our high appreciation of a periodical so admirable in its design, and so well calculated to foster a spirit of love and devotion for our Blessed Mother.—[Editor.]

2. What are the characteristics of true "Children of Mary?"

3. What relation does the Association of the "Children of Mary" hold to society?

1. There is no secret in the origin, the constitution, or the practices of the Society. On the contrary, it invites the examination of every mind. The Association was founded by Father Claudius Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, in Rome, about 1574, and inherits the dignity and prestige of three centuries of holy fervor. It was originally known as the "Sodality of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin," and under this title it received apostolic sanction from Pope Gregory XIII. The primary Sodality was composed of young men studying in the Jesuit College at Rome, but the General of the Society was authorized by the Holy Father to institute similar sodalities in other colleges, affiliating them with the primary Sodality, so that they might enjoy the indulgences with which he had enriched the first Association. Pope Sixtus V extended the apostolic concessions of his illustrious predecessor, in order that similar societies, under the title of the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," or other titles, might be formed in other colleges and among the faithful generally, all to be regularly affiliated to the primary Sodality as a necessary condition. These grants Pope Benedict XIV confirmed and enlarged in 1748, and again in 1751. Pope Leo XII, to spread the beautiful devotion, as our correspondent says, "everywhere," extended all the spiritual favors of the sodality to all similar societies, wherever organized. Gradually the title has

been shortened from its original form into the happy and significant one of "Children of Mary." The object of the Society is "to aid and promote, with the Divine assistance, by all means consonant with its institute, the salvation and spiritual perfection of our neighbor." This object is to be accomplished under the patronage of the Mother of God, by a tender and persevering devotion to her, that thereby her Divine Son may receive greater homage. Plenary indulgences are granted to the members on the day of reception; on the principal feast-days of the Church; once a week, on the day appointed for the meeting, on specified conditions, and at the hour of death. An indulgence of seven years may be gained by attending the funeral of a deceased member, by praying for the recovery or the happy death of those who are dangerously ill, or for the repose of the souls of the dead; by attending Mass on week-days; by an examination of conscience before going to bed, by visiting the sick and those who are in prison, and by reconciling enemies. All these indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory, and can be obtained only by complying with the prescribed conditions. The members of the Society are required to go to confession and communion the first Sunday of every month, and on certain festival days especially consecrated to our Lord and his blessed Mother. They are required to perform certain spiritual exercises, especially on Sundays and holydays of obligation; to hear Mass, if possible, on week-days; to love one another in a spirit of true charity, and to cultivate the Christian virtues by

precept and example among their associates. They are required to avoid evil companions and occasions of sin; and in an especial manner to practise the crowning virtue of purity. They are required to be industrious in the discharge of whatever duties their respective states of life may impose; and are expected to set an example of virtue, propriety, and Christian goodwill.

Such is the origin, the history, and the institute of the "Children of Mary."

The first question being answered, "Inquirer" need not exercise any great ingenuity of mind to dispose of the rest. The reply to the first contains all the evidence which reason can possibly require to remove his objections.

2. But what are the characteristics of the "Children of Mary," by which they are distinguishable from other youth who are not members of the Sodality?

A true Child of Mary, whether young man or young woman, is known conspicuously by that uprightness of character which arises from an habitual avoidance of sin. A true Child of Mary is courteous, obliging, deferential to the old, exemplary to the young, kind to the sick, charitable to the poor, obedient to Superiors, tender towards the unfortunate. A true Child of Mary is modest in dress and conduct, reserved in expression, and temperate in action; chivalrous to the weak, courageous for those in distress, generous to associates, diligent in worldly business. This is the Child of Mary exteriorly. The heart of a true Child of Mary adores the God who made us, and who will judge us according to

our works—adores, with a lively sense of the dependence of the creature on the Creator; and, next to God, cherishes an ardent love for his blessed Mother, and a tender and fervent attachment to her service. It is the ambition of the heart of a Child of Mary to be a knight of his Blessed Lady; or, of the young girl, to be one of her maids of honor. Such a heart, therefore, is loyal to the personality of Mary; and since to wish to imitate is a natural consequence of to love, the heart of the Child of Mary cultivates, above all, for Mary's honor, the queenly virtue of purity. Its loyalty in this regard grows exquisitely sensitive. It knows that it must bring to her service

That chastity of honor
Which feels a stain like a wound.

Such a heart cultivates her characteristic virtues: her docility, her marvellous trust in the love and providence of God, her quiet cheerfulness, her simple, unquestioning devotion to her Lord while on earth, her consuming desire to be reunited to him in heaven as soon as the reunion was his divine pleasure. Because she is generous and loving, the heart of the Child of Mary is generous and loving; because she is pitiful and tender, such a heart will quickly sympathize with others, ready alike to increase her companions' happiness by felicitation, or to lessen their sorrow by sharing it; because she forgave even those who crucified her Divine Lord, such a heart will know no enmity save towards sin. Because she loves all God's creatures, prays for them all, and is solicitous that not one immortal soul shall be lost, such a heart will be

inflamed by charity to assist in the spiritual welfare of its neighbors. The nature and constitution of the Society having been frankly explained, the distinguishing characteristics of the true Child of Mary being fully set forth, can there be any doubt as to the relation which such an Association holds to society at large?

The idea, that it is destined to send "such large flocks to the monasteries and convents," is absurd, for the very reason which our correspondent states,—because the majority of mankind are not born with religious vocations. It is true that the name of Mary is not lightly to be adopted, even for purposes of edification; but she who declared that all generations should call her blessed, will protect and reward those who seek her protection. Moreover, our Lord himself gave her to us all for a mother, in his supreme hour of agony. That the existence of an Association for honoring the Mother of God should be secreted from the knowledge of the non-Catholic world, is as reasonable as to insist that Christianity shall not be preached to the heathen. Rather let the spirit and the practices of this ennobling devotion be gently and persistently spread; that they who have not learned how

blessed it is to know and to love such a Mother, may be brought, in regret and fervor, to her feet. Lastly, our correspondent must surely lament his thoughtlessness in supposing that one ceases to be a Child of Mary after marriage. Does he assume that one must, of necessity, fall hopelessly away from grace on embracing that state of life? How, then, can it be a reproach, a mark of infidelity, to have been a Child of Mary? Does he forget that God himself instituted marriage—that our loving Lord established it as one of the great sacraments of the Church, and testified his divine sympathy with nuptial joy by attending the wedding at Cana, and working there his first miracle? The virtues which the precepts and the practices of the Association teach, are especially required in the marriage state; and the Children of Mary who enter therein, instead of suffering remorse in the remembrance of their piety, will thank their dear Protectress the more, and will feel freer to call upon her in their certain trials, with an assurance, learned in grateful experience, that she will not fail to come to their relief.

Does not our "Inquirer" see that society is in actual need of Children of Mary? Can there be too many of them?

A priest visited a very poor man, who was dangerously ill. He consoled him and said: "For my trouble, you must bequeath me something." The poor man said: "How can I make you a bequest, since I am so poor?" The priest replied: "You can *bequeath* me

the greatest treasures you have, *and these are your two children.*" The sick man wished to thank him, but the joy was too great to allow him to speak: he departed this life in this joy. But the priest led the ragged children to his house, and became a father to them.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face .
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair ;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night !

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought ;
Some gentle word the frozen lip had said ;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside.
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay ?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends ! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn ;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged ! forgive, I plead !
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS REVELS AND CUSTOMS.

As soon as December comes round, young heads and old hearts are naturally turned towards Christmas. We may say, indeed, that as coming events cast their shadows before, the effect of the happy festival commences within the octave of Thanksgiving; for, no sooner has the echo of the one holiday died away, than the young are anxiously calculating the days to come before Santa Claus will make his appearance. Where young heads with bright eyes and expectant faces lead, loving old hearts and generous purses are sure to follow. Hence all hearts throb through December with Christmas feelings and Christmas hopes. What a word is "CHRISTMAS!" It is talismanic! It is synonymous with all good thoughts—identical with the great virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity! as well as provocative of memories inseparably linked with mirth and music, joy and generosity, love and truth; and last, but not least, good eating and drinking. Although the winds may moan through the bare and mournful forests, and pleasant streams and brooks are bridged over with ice, and the snow patters against the windows and falls in flakes down the wide chimneys of the older homesteads, and lies piled in drifts by barn gables and fences, and clothes the branches of the disrobed trees with various expressions of weird and ghastly form,—though all out of doors indicates winter with its necessities and warnings for the poor, still is Christmas associated with blissful thoughts and jollity—making it, in fact, the heart-summer of the year. Sad, indeed, must the heart be into whose recesses the coming of dear Father

Christmas brings no cheering ray. Even though circumstances, which can not be guarded against by the most far-seeing and provident, may tend to waylay our paths and disturb the equanimity of the most Christian, ought we not find elevating comfort in the grand suggestiveness of this glorious anniversary,—that He who brought us all the means of salvation, vouchsafed to come upon earth at this period of the year? How beautiful and consolatory the thought that He, who is all life, became man for man's benefit in the period of nature's discomfort and desolation! The summer of the heart overbalances the wintry chill of nature. There is a girdle of joy surrounding the Christian world at this period, brilliant with revelry and memories of the good old times.

"The brave old times are dead and gone,
And those who hailed them passed away;
Yet still there lingers many a one
To welcome in old Christmas Day.
The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor think not of his debt,
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it was Christmas all the year.

"And still around these good old times
We band like friends, full loth to part;
We listen to the simple rhymes
Which somehow sink into the heart—
Half musical, half melancholy,
Like childish smiles that still are holy—
A masquer's face, dimmed with a tear—
For Christmas comes but once a year."

On Christmas-eve in the "brave old times" there was much rejoicing ushering in the great morn. In our own time there used to be much jollity; brewing and drinking of *lamb's-wool* on Christmas-eve as on Hallow-E'en. This beverage is made by roasting apples on a string over a bowl or tank-

ard of ale, spiced or otherwise to suit the taste, until the former melt and drop into the latter. Brand thinks this delectable beverage derived its name from "the softness of the composition," but the derivation given by another writer we deem most correct:—"The 1st day of November was dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits, seeds, etc., and was therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*—that is, the day of the apple fruit—and being pronounced lamasool, the English have corrupted the name to lamb's-wool."

Shakespeare makes *Puck*, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," allude to this drink:

"Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale."

It was formerly, says Hone, a custom in England on Christmas-eve to *wassail*, or wish health to the apple-tree. Herrick enjoins to

"Wassaile the trees, that they may beare
You many a plum, and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
And you do give them wassailing."

In illustration of this belief, it was related to Brand, in 1790, that it was customary on Christmas-eve for the country people in some parts to sing a wassail or drinking-song, and throw the toast from the wassail bowl to the apple-trees, in order to have a fruitful year.

In Ben Jonson's "Masques for the Court" we find an allegorical personification of Christmas and its attributes, which indicates a popular old form of revel. The characters are *Christmas* and his children: *Misrule*, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, cheese, and basket; *Carol*, torch-bearer carrying an open song-book; *Minced Pie*, her attendant bearing pie, dish, and spoons; *Gambol*, his torch-bearer "armed with cole-staff and blinding cloth;" *Post and Pair*, "with a royal pair of aces

in his hat," his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters; *New Year's Gift*, torch-bearer carrying "a march pain with a bottle of wine on each arm;" *Mumming*, in a masking suit with visor; *Wassail*, her page bearing before her a brown bowl decked with ribbons and rosemary; *Offering*, torch-bearer with basin; etc. The dresses are minutely described, and carry out the ideas suggested by the titles.

In several collections of old songs and ballads, we have specimens of the popular revels or carols enacted or sung at Christmas in England. In one of these we have one peculiarly popular among the Cornish men, which is enacted to this day, we believe. It is called "St. George." The principal characters are *St. George* and *The Dragon*, a *Turkish Knight*, an *Egyptian King*, and sometimes others, as *Father Christmas*, a *Doctor*, etc. The costumery is of course of the extra-burlesque order, something in the style of the "fantastical" corps which occasionally parade. The chief business of Father Christmas, who is armed with a cudgel, is to preserve order, and see that his festival is kept with decorum; he announces himself, singing thus:

"Here comes I, old Father Christmas.
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot."

The Turkish Knight challenges St. George:

"Here comes I, a Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
And if St. George do meet me here,
I'll try his courage without fear."

The saint of course takes up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and, after a "terrific combat," despatches the turbaned Turk, much to the delight and satisfaction of the lookers-on. St. George has a busy time, like all stage heroes. His "business" consists in killing the Turk aforesaid, slaughtering the Dragon *twice*, encountering every-

thing he meets, and, to use a South-western phrase, expressive if not elegant, "whipping his weight in wild-cats" generally. He is ultra-national, and is intended to convey a popular idea of the character known in our day as John Bull. He is not modest. Hear him :

"Here comes I, St. George,
That worthy champion bold,
And, with my sword and spear,
I won three crowns of gold.
I fought the Dragon bold,
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter."

The Doctor is equally good for those suffering from "the flesh and the devil." Hear him :

"I cure the itch, the palsy, and the gout,
And if the devil's in him, I'll pull him
out."

St. George is like the negro preacher, and has an eye on all those who leave before the collection is taken. He doggerelizes his epilogue :

"Gentlemen and ladies, the sport is almost ended;
Come, pay to the box, it's highly recommended;
The box it would speak, if it had a tongue,
Come, throw in your money, and don't think of it so long."

This doggerel is supposed by some writers to have been invented by the Crusaders on their return from Palestine.

Sir Walter Scott, with his usual vivid felicity, gives a brilliantly suggestive and picturesque description of the religious rites, generous joy, outdoor hilarity and indoor hospitality, peculiar to the season; and pointedly alludes to the personal equality induced by the good old customs, based on the reverential acknowledgment of the occasion which brought tidings of salvation to all men :

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the misletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'Post and Pair.'
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Scott's description of the feast,—the grim boar's head "crested with bays and rosemary," the huge sirloin, the plum porridge, savory goose, and good brown bowls—is vigorous and appetizing; and his indication of the mummers and carollers, all that is necessary to those who have ever enjoyed the grotesque theatricals of the one, or the variously peculiar vocalizations of the others :

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went, roaring, up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din:
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supply the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visor made;
But, oh! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

In a note to "Marmion," he illustrates a passage preceding the above, in which the wild customs of the heathen Danes at *Iol*, from which we get the word *Yule*, are alluded to. The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed in this manner, that he constructed, out of bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment to defend himself against those who continued the raillery. The dance of the Northern warriors round the great fires of pine trees are commemorated by Claus Magnus, who says they danced and whirled round with such fury, holding each other by the hand, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity and force as if hurled from a sling. The sufferer on such occasions was quickly pulled out, and obliged to quaff a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for spoiling the King's fire.

In modern times a Yule-time was celebrated in Scotland in an equally wild and not so innocently boisterous a manner—not by pagan Norse warriors either, but by men claiming to be Christians, and in the very name of religion. There are records of fierce feuds among religionists. The histories of Europe,—the greatest nations of Europe, Germany, France, England, Scotland, Ireland,—are blurred and bloody with these pictures of persecution; and we only refer to the instance under notice in consequence of its historic connection with the day, and as a sad commentary on the love, mutual forbearance, peace, and good-will among men suggested by it. In the times of turmoil consequent on the placing of

William of Orange on the English throne, party complications were numerous as party hatreds were almost irrepressible. The Covenanters were disgusted with holidays and the reverence supposed to be involved in their observance. They conspired against the churches and the holiday-keepers, and in a spirit of reckless frenzy selected the day associated with the Heavenly Lamb on which to manifest their violent opposition to days of special religious feeling or fervor. Macaulay, while palliating, to some extent, their dreadful acts on account of the oppression suffered by them, gives a too suggestive picture of the result of their grim disgust:—

"On Christmas-day, therefore, the Covenanters held armed musters by concert in many parts of the Western shires. Each band marched to the nearest manse, and sacked the cellar and larder of the minister, which at that season were probably better stocked than usual. The priest of Baal was reviled and insulted, sometimes beaten, sometimes ducked. His furniture was thrown out of the window; his wife and children turned out of doors in the snow. He was then carried to the market place, and exposed during some time as a malefactor. His gown was torn to shreds over his head; if he had a prayer-book in his pocket, it was burned; and he was dismissed with a charge never, as he valued his life, to officiate in the parish again. The work of reformation having been thus completed, the reformers locked up the church and departed with the keys."

And so the Covenanters kept the Christmas, A. D. 1689.

In pleasing contrast to this recital of horror is the celebration of Christmas during the siege of Orleans in 1428; when, by mutual understanding, hostilities were suspended for twenty-four hours, during which the religious duties

* Macaulay's "History of England," vol. iii, pp. 198.

of the occasion were observed, national dishes cooked, and the merriment usual to the festivity indulged in, in a manner worthy of Christian gentlemen even if they were at war with each other.

In Ireland the Christmas festival is one of great cheer and unity. It is observed also with much imposing religious ceremony. It is a custom in most Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas-eve, in order to join in the devotions at that hour.

We agree with Gerald Griffin that "few ceremonies of religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before day-break." On this eve a candle called the Christmas light (previously blessed) is lighted at sunset. Griffin alluded to it:

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain."

It is considered a kind of impiety to touch, snuff, or use this Christmas light for aught save religious purposes, after. On Christmas-day the Irish people exchange Christmas-boxes—any gift being termed a box—but deriving the title from little boxes of turned wood stained red, which are given to young people and dependants with a coin to rattle in it:

"Gladly the boy, with Christmas-box in hand,
Throughout the town his devious route pursues;
And of his master's customers implores
The yearly mite; often his cash he shakes,
The which perchance of coppers few consists,
Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul with joy!"

The houses are decked with holly branches interweaved with ivy leaves. The holly has come down to us from the remote past as a favorite among the evergreens, and as being allegorically typical of the Redeemer's mission. The following is quoted from an old broad-sheet of a century and a half ago:

"The holly and the ivy
Now are both well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

"The holly bears a blossom
As white as the lily flower—
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

"The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood—
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

"The holly bears a prickly
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn."

All the relatives of an Irish family assemble at the house of the "head," or sometimes at that of the "most well-to-do" member, and keep up the time with wit and wassail, congratulations on the successes of the year, and words of hope and comfort to those who may have fallen in fortune; while the young exhibit their gifts and "boxes," sing, dance, and amuse themselves with healthy hilarity. Inextricably mingled with the delight of the Irish home and heart at such and every other festival, are thoughts and feelings which have inspired one of the most beautiful and touching of modern ballads by Martin McDermott, of which the opening will be sufficiently suggestive:—

"When round the festive Christmas board,
Or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured
—wine, melody, and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned,
Their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill,
And lips meet lips once more—
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some
woman's voice would say,
'Forget not those who're sad to-night—
poor exiles, far away.'"

There are few households among the people of Ireland, which have not some dear relative to be remembered on such an occasion—some voluntary or political exile far away.

The mummers are an institution in

rural places in Ireland, as well as in England and Scotland. They have their revels and doggerel dramas for the occasion also; some of them of similar descent, but taking color in their most popular and effective points from national feeling and love of satire, without regard to history. In one of these the chief characters are a "Master of the Play," whose duties are similar to those of Father Christmas in the Cornish play—"Oliver Cromwell," "St. Patrick," "Beelzebub," "The Turk," and "St. George" are also introduced; but the latter does not get off so victoriously as when in his own country. Oliver Cromwell announces himself:—

"Here come I Oliver Cromwell, as you may suppose,
I've conquer'd many nations with my copper nose;
I've made the French to tremble, and the Spanish for to quake
And beat the Dolly Dutchman till his heart did shake."

"St. Patrick" thus:—

"Here I come St. Patrick, the patron of the land,
I've banish'd snakes and serpents with my holy wand;
I've bless'd the land of Erin, I've blessed it o'er and o'er,
And in honor of St. Patrick the shamrock green is wore."

In reciting some of his adventures in a loud and boastful tone, St. George is flouted by the Turk.

St. George:—

"Many's the giant I did subdue:
I pierced the fiery dragon thro and thro."

Turkish Champion (advancing):—

"You lie, sir."

St. George:—

"Pull out your sword and try, sir."

They fight with great energy until the saint is killed by the Turk. After lying in the agonies of death, he is restored by a quack doctor who carried "a little bottle in the waist-band of his breeches."

On finding himself alive again, the saint exclaims:—

"A wonder! a wonder!
Was there ever such a wonder?
A man knocked out of his seventeen Senses into eighteen;
Yet let him be a bull or a bear
Three drops will cure him I declare."

* * * * *

This rigmarole, which can be continued *ad libitum*, and receives constant additions from the humor of the actors, is received with great glee by the audience, and concludes with the usual appeal for money. On the day succeeding Christmas, St. Stephen's-day, numbers proceed from house to house, soliciting contributions towards the "burying of the wren;" in fact, the getting up of a merry-making at night-time. They carry a wren in a rustic wicker cage, or a green branch of pine decked with ribbons, and sing—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's-day was caught in the furze,
Altho' he is little his honor is great—
Rise up, landlady, and give us a treat.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
A penny or two-pence to bury the wren—
Your pocket full of money and your barrel full of beer,
I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

This varies in some localities. One version, after the fourth line above, continues:—

"Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy;
And if you draw it of the best
I hope your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you draw it of the small,
It won't agree with the wren-boys at all!"

At night bonfires are blazing in front of the house or inn where the "wren-boys" and their friends meet, and there is considerable capering, toasting, and love-making both in and out of doors. The allusion to the wren being the king of the birds involves a story common to the legends of Germany and other countries, as well as to those of Ireland.

In Germany, Christmas is the most joyous period of the year, the population entering into its celebration with serious care as well as zest and humor. Active preparations commence as early as the first of December, and supply the subject of gossip and gay anticipation up to Christmas-day. At the beginning of the month the Christ market, or fair for the sale of toys, gifts, Christmas-trees and wax-candles, is opened—the booths, presenting bright and fairy-like appearances, being handsomely illuminated and dressed with the green boughs of the fir and pine. Bayard Taylor, who gives a pleasant description of the customs as he enjoyed them in his fresh youth, thinks the Christmas celebration the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals.

There is a custom observed on St. Nicholas'-day (6th December), which derives its significance from the belief that Nicolaus is regarded as the punishing spirit, in contradistinction to the Christkindchen, who is the blessed rewarding genius.

On the evening of the day in question, one of the family, grotesquely disguised in a fur robe, and wearing a mask and tall tapering cap, makes his appearance, bearing a bunch of rods, a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. He makes a sudden appearance, lays about him indiscriminately with his bunch of switches, so as to make a scattering of those present; he then empties his sack of apples and nuts, during the scramble for which he taps the boys and girls on the fingers if he can. The children are taught to say, "I thank thee, Herr Nicolaus;" and the rods which are sometimes gilded are hung up and displayed in the room till Christmas-day, to remind the children that they must be good to welcome, and win reward from, the Christkindchen. On Christmas-eve the children go about singing a rhyme to this effect:—

"Oh to-morrow is a glorious day!
How happy we shall be;
The Christ-child is not far away—
We'll see the Christmas tree."

On the day of *the* festival an interchange of gifts is general. There are great and anxious expectations for the sounding of Christkindchen's bell in the assembled families.—Hark! it rings! the darling Christkindchen's bell! The expectant troops run, leap, and tumble over each other to the room, where, amid a blaze of light, and surrounded with flowers and wreaths, and sweet-meats and gilded nuts, the offerings and rewards are arranged. The children now run shouting around the tables seeking their gifts, while older persons betray not less anxious, even if less demonstrative, pleasure in the same pursuit. As each one finds the gift intended, he or she seeks and embraces the giver. "What a chorus from happy hearts!" says Taylor, reverting to the occasion in which he took part. "What a chorus from happy hearts went up that evening to heaven! Full of poetry and feelings and glad associations, it is here anticipated with joy, and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home in America, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the past, but we would be certainly happier if some of those beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen thus their kindly sympathy. Even life-long friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreaths that bind them together.

In Italy, the Christmas festival is one of great and unusual pomp, especially in the City of Rome. In Venice, Florence, and Milan, also, there are active preparations for days preceding, and much delightful interchange of feeling and generosity on and after the

festival. The animation of central and northern Italy is, however, greatly outdone by the universal fairing, marketing, and wild glee of Naples, where it is the custom to hold a fast on Christmas-eve, which is more than overbalanced by the indulgence in wine which takes place, and the hospitality which follows. When a party is invited to supper on Christmas-eve, it is understood to extend to dinner on the next two days. In Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna," the allusions to the Italian pictures of the Adoration of the Shepherds give us glimpses of local Christmas customs. The painters paid more attention to the manners of their own time and country, than to that of the Nativity or Judea. It is the well-known custom in Italy for the shepherds of the Campagna, and of Calabria, to pipe before the Madonna and Child at Christmas time; and, adds Mrs. Jameson, "these Piffereri, with their sheepskin jackets, ragged hats, bagpipes, and tabors, were evidently the models reproduced in some of the finest pictures of the Bolognese school." As a striking proof, she instances the famous Nativity by Annibale Caracci, where a picturesque figure in the corner is blowing on the bagpipes with might and main.

In Norway, there is a beautiful custom associated with the great festival. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, barn-door, and paling is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on a pole, from which it is hoped "the birds of the air" will regale themselves throughout the holidays. There is a lesson in this from which many might take an example of forethought in generosity towards those whose resources may be cut off by the inclemency of the season.

At Bethlehem, the cradle of the great revelation, the festival is celebrated with peculiar and profound sanctity. On Christmas afternoon crowds

of pilgrims leave Jerusalem for Bethlehem, which is about six miles distant. The road is lined with camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, bearing those who are going to participate in the ceremonies. Many pilgrims are afoot. Bethlehem is all commotion. The people are on the flat house-tops to welcome the new arrivals, while the bells clang, and amid the general stir venders of figs and lemonade perambulate and utter their peculiar cries: "O soother of sorrows, O figs! O delight of life, O lemonade!"

The Church of the Nativity was constructed in the fifth century over the grotto which tradition has fixed as the birthplace on earth of the Saviour. The edifice is the oldest in the Holy Land. It is irregular in form, dilapidated in many places, and has several old cells beneath the main building, in one of which St. Jerome passed the latter part of his life in prayer and fasting.

The people of and pilgrims to Bethlehem gather in this church, which holds several thousand, in the evening; and a procession headed by the superbly-robed dignitaries of the Church, attended by acolytes bearing a profusion of lights, moves through the edifice. The procession halts at intervals to make "the Stations of the Cross," prayers commemorative of the Redeemer's progress to Calvary; and towards midnight the grand procession descends into the sacred grotto under the grand altar of the church. Of course, the limited size of the grotto precludes any but the chief persons of the crowd from entering. On the spot where our Blessed Lord was born is a star-fringed, flat ring set in a block of marble, with a suitable inscription in Latin commemorating the glorious event; and above it are ever-burning lamps of gold and silver, which are continuously attended by a monk to see that the lights are never extinguished. When the

ceremonies are ended in the grotto—after midnight—the bishops and priests return to the body of the church, and are hailed with shouts of joy and reverence by the pilgrims who, amid enthusiastic confusion, rush and crowd forward to light their tapers anew from those borne by the returning dignitaries. Again the procession is formed. As it moves around the church crowds press into its ranks; and the devotional fervor, accompanied by the chanting of voices and the sounding of bells, altogether makes the scene one of thrilling and exciting impressiveness, which never, never can be forgotten.

In the second canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*—where Ismeno the sorcerer is advising Aladine the King of Jerusalem to desecrate the shrine, and reviles the devotions of the Christians—we find a description of the grotto and the customs associated with it:—

“Low in the Christian temple, under earth,
Stands in a secret grotto the rich shrine
Of her who gave their buried God to birth,
The Virgin Mother and the saint divine;
Before the veil that screens her image shine
Undying lamps.

* * * * *

The sapient devotees their gifts suspend,
There in long vigils kneel, in dumb devotion
bend.”

Returning from the sacred grotto—the scene in which, eighteen hundred and seventy-four years ago, formed the earthly pivot, so to speak, upon which all the memories and devotions and customs we have glanced at revolve—to our own broad land, we know that the day is variously honored; and that year after year the observance of it as a glorious holiday, as the holiday of the Christian year, becomes more and more general, more and more delightful, more and more expressive of the generosity, good-nature, charity, Christian love, fervid devotion, and social amenity which illustrate and develop the Christian virtues. Throughout the

land there is a social illumination charming to think of. Hundreds of thousands of Christmas trees are brilliant with light, and typify all the resources thoughtful love and generous friendship can suggest, inspiring unbounded thanks, refreshing geniality, and innocent merriment. Let us hope that the various qualities of good-nature and good feeling, engendered or drawn forth by the happy occasion, will so bear their influences as to outlive the holidays, obliterate past trouble and ill-will, and carry “peace and good-will” far into the duties of the New Year. The conclusion inevitably arrived at by even our hasty glance at the Christian revels is, that it is healthy “to keep up the good old customs.” The memory of those days often embraces the greatest blessings that linger in the mind, chastening our thoughts with the feelings and pleasures of innocent days, and guiding us from error and evil by calling back the faces of good and pure people, or some solemn devotional scene of childhood, in connection with whose virtues, or awe-inspiring splendor, we could not dare to think of ill. We believe in holidays. They refresh mind and body, and lead to that social interchange which keeps alive the spirit of fraternal and human affection, and calls forth that charity, happily set forth as a duty by an old carol—an injunction we in conclusion earnestly echo:—

“Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

“When you the costly banquet deal
To guests, who never famine feel,
Oh, spare one morsel from your meal
To feed the poor at Christmas!

* * * * *

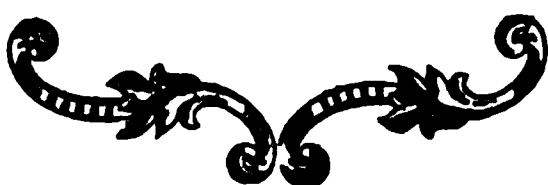
“So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer,
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the poor at Christmas.”



ANNOUNCEMENT.



The present editor of the Monthly desires to announce that his connection with its management ceases with this number. He will be succeeded by Mr. John Savage, whose reputation as an author is of too many years' standing to need any words of praise or commendation here. The readers of the MONTHLY, and, in fact, all who are concerned in the success of Catholic periodical literature, are to be congratulated upon the fact that such recognized talent and ability will hereafter be directly employed in the furtherance of one of their most important interests. Mr. Savage's editorship will begin with the January number, and will be signalized by an addition to the title of the MONTHLY, which will be known as THE MANHATTAN MAGAZINE AND DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.



CATHOLIC ITEMS.

The Catholics of Wilkesbarre have purchased an \$80,000 site for parochial schools.

The *Buffalo Catholic Union* says that the efforts of our young writers in college papers are of little avail for practical purposes, unless they study and put in tangible form as editorials, their own views on current topics.

“A Military Mass” was recently celebrated at St. Jarlath’s Catholic church in Chicago. The Irish Rifles, Capt. Cunniffe, attended. The only difference observable between a Military Mass and the ceremony usually witnessed at Catholic churches consists in the fact that the soldiers are permitted to carry arms into the church, and go through the movement of “presenting” them at different portions of the service, while the roll of the snare-drum takes the place of the beat of the gong. For instance, at the elevation of the host, the military come to a “present arms,” and the drums are beat in reverence. The Rifle Company marched into the church at “shoulder arms,” and took seats in the front rows of pews. At the proper time the arms were stacked in the centre aisle, and every member devoutly partook of the Holy Communion.

One feature of interest at Santa Fe is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, built of adobes, and said to have been erected about one hundred and sixty years ago. The building is nearly as large as any ordinary city church. The interior has a row of benches placed horizontally along the walls, but the centre of the church is without seats, the people kneeling during the service.

The following are the official statistics of

the Diocese of Boston as prepared for next year’s Catholic Almanac:—

Number of Priests,	175
Churches,	100
“ building,	15
Chapels and Stations,	84
Catholic Population,	810,000
Clerical Students,	68

The figures show an increase, since last year’s report, of 17 priests, ten churches, 3 churches building, 8 chapels and stations, and 10,000 Catholic population.

Is there something in this worth considering? The *National Teacher’s Monthly*, a Protestant publication, says:—

“The Catholic authorities of the city of Baltimore are erecting a magnificent building to be used as a Normal School for the training of Catholic teachers for Catholic schools. There is only one thing better that the Catholics could do towards improving their schools; that is, to pay their teachers better salaries. There are hundreds of Catholics teaching in the public schools who would be glad to teach under the auspices of their own religion, if they could do so on a salary that would enable them to live in comfort and respectability.”

The following extraordinary expression of opinion comes from the *Boston Globe*, in a literary notice:—

“As long as Protestantism is divided it will be a force; the moment its separate sects and churches merge in a sentimental ‘Unity,’ it will fall an easy prey into the jaws of the Roman Catholic wolf or lamb. It is, of course, not our business to decide whether the devourer belongs to the first or the second class in this theological Animal Kingdom.

Whether wolf or lamb, he will surely eat whatever he kills. We welcome, therefore, every indication of a revival of Protestant bigotry as one of the most promising signs of the times. It is foolish from the point of view of thought; it is wise from the point of view of action. The Roman Catholic Church, in this country, has openly come out as the adversary of modern ideas. It would send our thinking five centuries backwards, and make us babes in intellect. Protestantism, with all its faults, fooleries and shortcomings, at least tries to make us men. Every force of 'Unity' is monopolized by the Roman Catholic Church. It can be fought only by an unconscious but vital union of Protestants who disagree with each other in minor matters, which each sect and denomination still insists on considering as essential. We detest bigotry from our inmost soul; and yet we rely on it in its Protestant expression as the present safeguard of our republican government."

The *Southern Catholic*, published in Memphis, Tenn., now comes to hand with the name of William S. Powell as Editor, and P. M. Burrow, Associate Editor, Dr. Rogers having resigned.

Rev. N. H. Gillespie, for many years editor of the "Ave Maria," and the first graduate of the Notre-Dame University, died at Notre Dame, Ind., on Thursday, 12th inst., in the 48d year of his age.

An editorial correspondent of the *Western Watchman*, speaking of a visit to the Patent Office at Washington, says: "At the door of the building was a large book, on which visitors were requested to sign their names to a memorial to Congress, to build or finish the Washington Monument. We did not sign it, and do not intend to, till the stone which Pius IX presented, is placed in its old position."

The children of the Catholic Protectors at West Chester have purchased a present for the Pope, in the shape of a model of a ship in gold and silver, the hold whereof is filled with American coin to the value of \$420. The gift will be presented to his Holiness by

Father Moriaggi, of the order of Passionists, who is shortly to return to Rome.

A poor Irish woman asked a wealthy lady, the owner of a beautiful flower-garden in Detroit, for a flower or two to put on the coffin of her dead child. The good lady invited her to be seated, and very shortly brought a magnificent cross and wreath. The afflicted one was overcome, and as soon as she was able to express herself she said most fervently, "May our Blessed Redeemer meet you at the gates of heaven with a crown of flowers more beautiful than these!" A most touching prayer, in which many will join the afflicted mother.

Mr. Gladstone's son and heir is the god-child of Archbishop Manning.

There are in England 33 Catholic lords, 77 Catholic baronets, 6 Catholic members of the Privy Council, and 37 Catholic members of the House of Commons.

The English papers having asserted that the great Dr. Newman was once denied admission into the Society of Jesus, that eminent clergyman has published a letter that squelches the falsehood. He says that he never sought admission; and though he has ever held in the highest veneration individual members of the Society, he has never entertained the idea of entering it.

To Father Dalgarno is credited the honor of having converted the Marquis of Ripon. He is the author of several pious works, among the most noted of which is one entitled "The Holy Eucharist."

The papers and documents referring to the life and works of the *Cure d'Arc* are being arranged for the purpose of sending them to Rome, with a view to the beatification of the saintly man.

The Archbishop of Paris has at last selected a design, made by M. Louis d'Abbadie, for the national Church of the Sacred Heart, which is to be erected at Montmartre. The church will be built of striped marble, and

is to be an almost exact reproduction of the basilica of the Superga at Turin, which contains the tombs of the kings and heroes of the house of Savoy. The work will be commenced almost immediately.

The Order of Jesuits numbered at the beginning of the present year 9,101 members, of whom, 2,302 resided in France, 1,527 in Italy, and 1,080 in England and her colonies; 1,588 were employed on missions, and the rest reside chiefly in the United States where St. Louis is their chief seat.

The following are the dimensions of the principal European churches, and the number they can contain, allowing four persons to every square yard:—

	Persons.	Sq. yds.
St. Peter's.....	54,000	13,505
Milan Cathedral.....	37,000	9,025
St. Paul's at Rome.....	32,000	8,000
St Paul's, London.....	25,600	6,400
St. Petronio, Bologna...	24,400	6,100
Florence Cathedral.....	24,200	6,070
Antwerp Cathedral.....	24,000	6,000
St. Sophia, Constantin'le	23,000	5,750
St. John Lateran.....	22,900	6,725
Notre Dame, at Paris...	21,000	5,250
Pisa Cathedral.....	12,000	3,250
St. Stephen's, Vienna...	12,400	3,100
St. Dominic's, Bologna.	11,400	2,850
Cathedral at Vienna.....	11,000	2,750
St. Mark's at Venice....	7,000	1,750

It is stated that in the last fifteen years the Catholics of the world have sent the Pope over four million pounds sterling.

A letter from Rome states that when Pius IX heard of the arrest of Count Arnim, formerly Ambassador to the Holy See, he exclaimed: "What, Arnim, like myself, in captivity? He does not deserve it. If a character from me would be of any use to him, I would give him one, for, indeed, he did all he could against me and the Church." The *Cologne Gazette* remarks upon this that Arnim, when passing through Florence on the 4th of September, 1870, agreed with the Italian

Minister that forcible possession should be taken of Rome, yet that from the 10th to the 20th of the month he assured the Vatican that no such attempt would be made.

In Italy educated men in every department of science and art are uniting in organizations for the purpose of strengthening the Catholic element, and affirming Catholic doctrine in discovery and research. Perhaps the greatest movement in this way has been begun by the Catholic physicians of Italy. They have the advantage of a very high order of educational training, and as a body are very influential. It was through recognizing this, and realizing how greatly useful to the Church they might make themselves, that a Neapolitan physician, Alfonso Travaglini by name, founded on the 7th of last March, in commemoration of the centenary of St. Thomas Aquinas, a Christian association of medical men, to be styled "The Philosophico-Medical Society." It combats the prevailing materialism of the Italian schools of medicine. The programme, printed in one of the Catholic papers, did not excite general attention at the time. From the humblest of beginnings the Philosophico-Medical Society has in five months gained wellnigh the first place in Italian institutions of its class. It counts over a hundred members, and on the 2d of July received the crowning honor of a Papal Brief of congratulation and encouragement. Giving a first leader to the subject, the *Unita Cattolica* qualifies the infallible words of the Holy Father as "stupendously beautiful." Let us call attention to one passage: "The Philosophico-Medical Society has a rule not to admit any member who does not adhere to the theory of St. Thomas Aquinas respecting the union of the soul and body, and to the Aristotelean philosophy of matter and form." The Holy See recites and praises this exclusion: "Libentius videmus vos eos tantum sodales vobis adsciscere constituisse qui tenent et propugnaturi sunt Angelici Doctoris principia de animæ intellectivæ unione cum corpore humano *deque substantiali forma et materia prima.*" Could not a like association be formed in America? There is literary talent enough among the medical men of Baltimore to begin it.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The acid existing in the atmosphere of cities has an injurious effect upon all building-stones. The acids are brought in contact with the stones through the medium of the rain-water, which absorbs them from the atmosphere. These injurious acids exist in greater quantities in the atmosphere of those cities where bituminous coal is used.

A late writer accounts for the digestibility of raw oysters by the fact that the oysters contain their own gastric juice, and so, on entering the stomach, are ready to aid toward digesting themselves.

The great hammer at Krupp's works, at Essen, weighs one thousand pounds, and falls a distance of ten feet. Could all the heat generated by the fall of this hammer be utilized, it would be sufficient to raise seventy-eight pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point.

A powerful signal-light is placed on the houses of Parliament, London. It is located over the clock-tower at Westminster, and when in full blaze has the appearance of a pillar of fire, intensified every few seconds by brilliant flashes. The light is caused by the combustion of common street gas with the oxygen of the air. One of the important purposes of this light is to signal absent members when the approach of important motions demands their presence in the house. It is stated that in clear weather the light can be seen for twenty-five miles.

The pernicious habit of breathing through the mouth, while sleeping or waking, is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with the mouth open, and do not know it.

They may go to sleep with it closed, and wake with it closed; but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that the mouth has been open during sleep. Snoring is a certain sign. This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed and breathe through the nostrils, and retire with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus—not the mouth. A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose.

In the discussion that followed the reading of Professor Guthrie's paper on the flight of birds, before the British Association, Mr. Glaisher stated that he had experimented on the subject in connection with his balloon-ascensions, with certain interesting results. The value of the air as a resisting medium was demonstrated by the fact that, when birds were cast loose from the basket at a height of two miles, they sank as if unable to float in the air. The birds, moreover, seem conscious of this need of a dense atmosphere in which to fly, for, when the experimenter attempted to send them out at a distance of five miles above the earth, they would not leave the balloon, but clung to the car, as a tired swimmer would hold to a boat sent to rescue him.

It has been ascertained that in man the most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. This ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full

grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate for the average man of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about six-tenths of an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases. It has furthermore been observed that, in the same race, the mean size is a little larger in cities than in the country, a fact that will be received with doubt by many who have come to regard the rustic as the true model man.

Weilmann, after reducing the hourly observations made at Berne, Switzerland, for seven years, and deducing therefrom the laws of diurnal change of temperature, has investigated the influence of cloudiness on the daily variation, especially at night. He finds that the radiating power of the earth's surface is everywhere and at all times the same. The temperature in the morning is, he finds, in cloudy weather five or six degrees higher than in clear weather. And, again, that the simple atmosphere of the earth surrounds it like a protecting layer of clouds, and that without this the earth would experience daily an enormous variation in temperature. Even the clear sky, or rather the moisture present as an invisible vapor, protects the earth with an efficiency equal to about one-third of that exerted by a layer of clouds, against too strong a daily change of temperature.

Seth Green, pisciculturist, while exhibiting a tank of fish in public recently, made a few remarks on the nature and habits of these animals; and referring to the mooted question, "Do fish hear?" answered emphatically in the negative. To demonstrate his opinion, he asked the band to arrange themselves in close proximity to the tanks, and blow their loudest blast. This they did, but not one of the multitude of fishes stirred a fin. Mr. Green then said that, although fish were thus unsusceptible to sound, they were keen of vision, and sensitive of the slightest jar. To illustrate the latter point, he tapped on the bottom of one of

the trout-tanks with just enough force to cause a slight vibration in the water, when every inmate of the tank darted off like a flash.

The Paris Mint lately completed the manufacture of a bar of irradiated platina of the enormous weight of 500 pounds, and worth 210,000 francs, the exhibition of which recently took place at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers of Paris, in the presence of delegates from foreign countries and members of the Academy of Sciences, invited by General Morin, director of the establishment. That mass of metal, quite exceptional for size and homogeneousness, is to be used in making the standard meters and kilograms required by various Governments for the adoption of the metrical system, or the comparison of their weights and measures. Each set will cost 8,500 francs, and forty-five have been ordered by different powers. The fusion of the metal was effected by the aid of seven blowpipes of oxyhydrogen gas inserted in the cover of an enormous crucible; forty cubic meters of that fluid were sufficient to keep up the combustion of the seven jets of ordinary gas during the two hours the combustion lasted. The light of the incandescent metal was so intense that the melting pot could only be looked into with the aid of a colored glass. Many centuries may pass before the occasion should arise for such a work as that executed, as the production of platina is very limited, and does not exceed from a ton to a ton and a half annually.

The value of self-registering meteorological instruments is strikingly illustrated by the following incident in the history of the South Polar expedition:—In 1829, Capt. Henry Foster was sent out by the British Government to make observations on the physical geography of those regions. Before leaving his quarters at Pendulum Bay, on the island of Deception, he fixed in an exposed position a self-registering maximum and minimum thermometer. In 1842, after an interval of thirteen years, Captain Smiley, landing at this point, found the minimum thermometer in good condition, the index showing that the lowest temperature during that long interval had been four degrees below zero; unfortunately, the maximum

thermometer had got out of order, and could not be read.

An English scientist has devised an extremely sensitive photometer which he proves that solar light penetrates to a depth of one hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea. Hitherto it has been supposed that thirty fathoms marked the limit to which the sun's rays reached.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal*, referring to the peculiar and offensive odor given forth from the body of the rattlesnake when the reptile is enraged, recalls a remarkable instance of escape, which may be credited to a knowledge of this fact, coupled, however, with presence of mind, which fully atones for the rashness of the act which called it into exercise. Dr. Hamilton Roe, having opened a box directed to the superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens, London, put his hand under the layer of dry moss which appeared, to see what was there. He touched something alive, and the smell told him it was a rattlesnake. Had he withdrawn his hand rapidly, he would have been bitten to a certainty, since the odor is only apparent when the animal is enraged. Knowing this, he had the presence of mind to stroke the reptile, which allowed him to take his hand gently away. So powerful and permanent is this odor that, when a snake is irritated, and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him, the implement often retains the odor for months.

M. Cherim, of Lyons, has for some years past practised a method of curing stammering, the efficacy of which is vouched for by a commission of scientific medical gentlemen especially appointed to investigate and report thereon. The entire course of treatment occupies three weeks. During the first period the stutterer is restricted to absolute silence, in order to break his vicious habit in articulating; in the second stage, he is exercised in the deliberate and distinct pronunciation of vowels, consonants, syllables, and sentences uttered while the breath is evenly expelled from the lungs after a slow and full inspiration; and the final stage is devoted to acquir-

ing fluency of speech. This method is reported to have proved efficacious in the worst cases, and the permanency of the cure is assured if the patient will occasionally practise by himself the exercises taught.

It is a well-known fact that, while a large volume of water thrown in a single and constant stream upon a fire will extinguish it, a less quantity delivered in fine jets often increases the conflagration. This may be explained as follows: In the case of the large stream the surface attacked is so extended and the supply so constant, that the sheet of water acts as an air-proof covering, by means of which the oxygen of the air is excluded from the burning surface, which is soon lowered to a point below that of ignition. In the case of the fine jets, however, the first result is the conversion of the spray into steam, which, in turn, is converted by direct contact with the heated mass into carbonic acid and hydrogen; that is, the oxygen, if the water combines with the incandescent carbon of the wood, forms the carbonic acid, leaving the hydrogen—the second constituent of the water—free. The carbonic acid is in turn decomposed into carbonic oxide, which, together with the hydrogen and certain hydro-carbons, are ignited, thus adding to the intensity of the flames.

The power of chemical agency has a singular illustration in its modifying effect upon the properties of cotton. When examined by a lens, the fibre of cotton is found to consist of a flattened or ribbon-shaped tube, but when treated by chemical process, with a cold strong solution of caustic soda, it appears to shrink, and assumes the form of a simple cylinder. Thus, three important and very remarkable alterations occur at the same time—that is, the fibre becomes stronger, it acquires increased attraction for coloring matter, and it becomes smaller. In most cases where chemical agency is employed in the preparation of vegetable fibres, either to remove impurities, to destroy color, or indeed for any other purpose, the object in view is generally attained at the sacrifice of a little strength, but in this case there is increased tenacity imparted.



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